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THE 'EATHEN.

By Rudyard Kipling.

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The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful; 'e leaves 'em all about;
An' then comes up the Regiment, an' pokes the 'eathen out.

All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less,
All along of abby-nay, kul,† and hazar-ho;‡*
Mind yer keep your rifle an' your kit jus' so!

The young recruit is 'aughty—'e draf's from Gawd knows where;
They bid 'im show 'is stockin's an' lay 'is mattrass square;
'E calls it bloomin' nonsense—'e doesn't know no more—
An' then comes up 'is Company, an' kicks 'em round the floor!

The young recruit is 'ammered—'e takes it very 'ard,
'E 'angs 'is 'ead an' mutters—'e sulks about the yard,
'E talks o' "cruel tyrants" 'e'll swing for by an' by.
An' the others 'ears an' mocks 'im, an' the boy goes orf to cry.

The young recruit is silly—'e talks o' suicide;
'E's lost 'is gutter-devil; 'e 'asn't found 'is pride;
But day by day they kicks 'im, which 'elps 'im on a bit,
Till 'e finds 'isself one mornin' with a full an' proper kit.

Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess,
Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather-more-or-less;
Not so fond of abby-nay, kul, nor hazar-ho;
Learns to keep 'is rifle an' 'is kit jus' so!

The young recruit is 'appy—'e throws a chest to suit;
You see 'im grow mustaches; you 'ear 'im slap 'is boot;
'E learns to drop the "bloodies" from every word he slings,
An' 'e shows an 'ealthy brisket when 'e strips for bars an' rings.

* Not now. † To-morrow. ‡ Wait a bit.

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The cruel tyrant Sergeants, they watch 'im 'arf a year;
They watch 'im with 'is comrades, they watch 'im with 'is beer;
They watch 'im with the women at the regimental dance,
And the cruel tyrant Sergeants send 'is name along for "Lance."

An' now 'e's 'arf o' nothin', an' all a private yet;
'Is room they up an' rags 'im to see what they will get;
They rags 'im low and cunnin', each dirty trick they can;
But 'e learns to sweat 'is temper, an' 'e learns to know 'is man.

An', last, a Color Sergeant, as such to be obeyed,
'E leads 'is men at cricket, 'e leads 'em on parade;
They sees 'em quick an' 'andy, uncommon set an' smart,
An' so 'e talks to Orficers which 'ave the Core at 'eart.

'E learns to do 'is watchin' without it showin' plain;
'E learns to save a dummy, an' shove 'im straight again;
'E learns to check a ranker that's buyin' leave to shirk;
An' 'e learns to make men like 'im so they'll learn to like their work.

An' when it comes to marchin', he'll see their socks are right;
An' when it comes to action, 'e shows 'em 'ow to sight;
'E knows their ways of thinkin' an' just what's in their mind;
'E feels when they are comin' on an' when they've fell be'ind.

'E knows each talkin' corpral that leads a squad astray;
'E feels 'is innards 'eavin', 'is bowels givin' way;
'E sees the blue-white faces all tryin' 'ard to grin,
An' 'e stands an' waits an' suffers till it's time to cap 'em in.

An' now the hugly bullets come peckin' through the dust;
An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must;
So like a man in irons which isn't glad to go,
They moves 'em off by companies uncommonly stiff an' slow.

Of all 'is five years' schoolin' they don't remember much
Excep' the not retreatin', the step, an' keepin' touch.
It looks like teachin' wasted when they duck an' spread an' 'op;
But if 'e 'adn't learned 'em, they'd be all about the shop.

An' now it's "Oo goes backward?" an' now it's "Oo comes on?"
An' now it's "Get the doolies;" an' now the Captain's gone;
An' now it's bloody murder; but all the while they 'ear
'Is voice, the same as barrack-drill, a-shepherdin' the rear.

'E's just as sick as they are; 'is 'eart is like to split;
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em, till 'e feels 'em take the bit;
The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play,
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge that wins the day!

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began,
But the backbone of the Army is the non-commissioned man!

Keep away from dirtiness—keep away from mess;
Don't get into doin' things rather-more-or-less;
Let's ha' done with abby-nay, kul, an' hazar-ho;
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES DESCRIPTIVE AND CRITICAL.—HENRI REGNAULT AND BASTIEN-LEPAGE.—JULES BRETON AND HIS LIMITATION.—MEISSONIER THE ACCEPTED LEADER OF HIS COUNTRY.—HÉBERT, CHAPLIN, AND CABANEL.—THE PORTRAITISTS BONNAT AND DURAN.—TWO EXAMPLES OF HISTORICAL PAINTING.

By Will H. Low.

TO reduce one's material to a strictly chronological and classified order is almost impossible when dealing with a subject so contemporaneous as the art of our own century. My effort in these papers has been thus far to put myself in the place of the reader interested in art and, divesting the subject of its purely technical aspect, to retrace the steps by which a general knowledge of modern painting has been acquired by me; and it seems wise now to profit by the elasticity of the scheme adopted and take my readers still more into my confidence. In this and the following papers I shall endeavor to note down the impressions which the painting of Europe has made on the mind of a student of art, venturing to take myself as such typical student.

The American student of art whose lines were cast in Paris in the early seventies was fortunate. The great school of 1830 was firmly established, and many of its chief men were still alive, in the full force of production. The museums were filled with their works, their pupils seconded their masters' activity in the current exhibitions, and throughout the city the dealers' galleries were rich in examples of the great modern painters. In opposition to this, giving the spice which variety brings, was the nascent school of Impression-

SALOMÉ. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HENRI REGNAULT.

It was Salome who, at the instigation of her mother Herodias, obtained the gift of the head of John the Baptist in a charger. This picture created a profound sensation at the time of its exhibition at the Salon. It is an audacious experiment in color: the draperies, costume, and the golden charger on the knees of the figure are painted in different tones of yellow, with which the amber notes of the flesh and the purple black hair contrast effectively.

REST (LES FOINS). FROM A PAINTING BY JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

The original was painted at Damvillers, in the open air, in 1877, and was the notable picture of the Salon in the following year.

ism. In the middle ground the great army of average painters, with their almost countless contributions to the annual Salons, were upheld by the no less numerous body of students. The country itself furnished no little of the element of interest with which life within its precincts was endowed. France had been rudely shaken by its German foe, and well nigh overthrown by the disturbances of the Commune. But with the courage of despair, the country had paid its milliards, and restored order within its borders. In the new life which then began, every phase of human endeavor seemed to take on renewed force, and art shared this impulse.

The effect of this active artistic environment upon a youth in his teens was essentially stimulating, though at times confusing. To a youth from the United States, though from its greatest city, it was the transition from darkness to light. Those whose interest in art leads them to exhibitions and galleries in New York to-day can hardly realize what has been accomplished in the last twenty-five years. In the days of which I write the Metropolitan Museum, with a beggarly array of pictures, had just been founded, and was sheltered within a private house in Fourteenth Street. The Academy of Design and the American Water Color Society furnished annual exhibitions, in which even the best of the pictures were injured by the provincialism of the whole exhibit. Goupil, or his successor, had just moved from Ninth Street "away uptown" to Twenty-second Street. There could be seen the works of French, Belgian, and German painters, many of them now justly forgotten, but a few of them giving token of an art wider in its scope and stronger technically than could be seen elsewhere in the city. It was there that my first Corot charmed me. It seems

strange to-day to think that this acknowledged master, whose reputation in Europe at that time even was beyond cavil or dispute, had all the attraction of a forbidden fruit to a young art student in 1872. Such was the fact, in New York at least; our Boston cousins, thanks to the teachings of William Morris Hunt, having considered Corot seriously a few years earlier. I well remember the scornful question addressed to me by a painter of great local reputation at that time as to what I "pretended" to see in that "daub painted with cigar-ashes." The daub was a Corot which, to my young eyes, opened a vista through the wall on which it hung and gave me a sense of atmosphere, which the painfully precise and stippled landscapes of local production failed to do.

Most of the pictures, however, to be seen in the dealers' galleries, were selected from a commercial standpoint. The one collection which might have given an insight, though an insufficient one, into the methods of the old masters was then, as now, surrounded by a labyrinth of forms to be observed before an entrance could be effected. The New York Historical Society's collection comprised, along with many indifferent pictures, a few lovely examples of old painting; but it was, as it still remains, difficult of access, and I am but one of many art students who have thus missed a preliminary acquaintance with the works of those men of whose paintings the Louvre possesses such a plenteous store. From this picture of New York in the past, it would be injustice, however, to omit mention of the few private collections, like that of Mr. John Taylor Johnston — welcome oases in the artistic desert of the time.

This almost total unfamiliarity with the productions of the past gave the American student, on his arrival in Paris, too wide a horizon, and, necessarily, the first impressions were of the most confused order. Arriving in Paris late on Saturday night, my first steps on Sunday morning were directed, by the aid of my guide-book, to the Champs Elysées. There, under the spell of the magnificent avenue, I blindly followed a crowd entering a large building which, in my ignorance, I did not know to be the Palais de l'Industrie, where the annual Salon is held. To suddenly find oneself in the midst of a couple of thousand pictures, the majority of which were, technically, at least, of greater merit than those to which I was accustomed, was enough delight for one day. I know that when, hours after, I dragged my tired self away, I car-

THE GLEANER. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES ADOLPHE BRETON.
This picture was first exhibited in the Salon of 1877; afterwards purchased for the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris, where it now is.

SOAP-BUBBLES. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CHARLES CHAPLIN, FORMERLY IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

ried but a confused idea of what I had seen. Subsequent visits cleared away this vagueness somewhat, though to-day I am glad that my chief remembrance of the Salon of 1873 is that it was there that I first knew the work of Puvis de Chavannes, of whom I wish to speak later, which has ever since excited my warmest admiration.

In the Luxembourg of that day were to be seen many of the pictures already reproduced in these pages. Corot was still living. Rousseau, Delacroix, and Ingres were so lately dead that the requisite ten years which must elapse after his death before an artist's work can be placed in the Louvre had not yet passed. The gallery was then, as now, the best standpoint from which to view the contemporaneous art of a people which any nation possesses. The New Museum at Berlin, with its admirable chronological arrangement, aims at a greater result, but, on the whole, is less typically representative, than the Luxembourg gallery. The conservatism of the directors of the Luxembourg accords little sympathy to the men whose position has not been confirmed by public appreciation; but too great laxity in admitting pictures would result in a complete reconsideration every few years, and a consequent "weeding out," which would

be detrimental to the authority that a great museum should exercise. Of the pictures in the gallery in 1870, or added to it during the ten years following, a selection is reproduced here, together with other pictures which, during the same epoch, were at one time or another the talk of the town. In art, at least at that time, it might be said that Paris spoke for the world.

Of the painters of modern times, none, perhaps, has had a more brilliant career, nor a more glorious death, than Henri Regnault. He was, perhaps, the last full flower of the romanticism of which Delacroix was the sturdy root, and perhaps death closed his career at its apex. It is certain that splendid as his work is, we view it to-day with eyes more indifferent to brilliant painting and complete mastery of the palette than twenty-five years ago. Less influence from other pictures, and more reliance on individual impressions from nature, enlist our sympathies to-day. Since Regnault, who was born in Paris, October 30, 1843, ran the gamut of scholastic success, other men, more plodding, perhaps no less sincere, but less subservient to outside influences, have turned the current of art into another channel. Throughout his brief life, which ended in a skirmish at Buzenval in 1871, where he was killed, with "possibly the last bullet fired in the Franco Prussian war," as one of his compatriots has written, he was successful in everything he undertook. By birth allied to all that was artistically influential in France, his father a director of the manufactory at Sèvres, which had proved so good a school for Troyon, Dupré, and Diaz, he was the prize pupil of different masters and schools, until, at twenty-three years of age, he won the Prix de Rome. From Rome he sent home the superb canvas now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts of "Automedon Taming the Horses of Achilles," in which burns much of the fire of Delacroix, tempered by severity of form such as the greater master rarely attained. Handsome, accomplished in many directions, a favorite with all who knew him, the Director of the French Academy in Rome allowed him unusual liberty. Fortuny's work, which he first saw in Rome, impressed him greatly, and the stipend of the Roman prize-man being added to from

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ALEXANDRE CABANEL, FORMERLY IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

The story of Francesca da Rimini forms a well-known episode in Dante's "Inferno." Francesca falls in love with her husband's brother, and the husband, on discovering her unfaithfulness, assassinates both her and her lover.

home, he visited Spain. It was there that he painted the portrait of General Prim, the Spanish leader, in so daring a fashion that, fortunately for the Luxembourg, where it hung at the time of which I write (it is now in the Louvre), the Spaniard refused it. Visits to the Alhambra, resulting in many brilliant studies, and the tragical "Execution without Judgment," also in the Louvre, filled out the space of his brief life until the alarm of war called him home, where, doing duty as a private soldier, he met his death.

In 1874 there was held in the palace of the *Corps Legislatif* a great art exhibition in aid of those in the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which had been annexed by Germany, who had chosen to retain their French nationality, thereby causing their expulsion from the conquered territory. For such a cause the great private art collections of France lent their chief treasures, and probably never has so fine an exhibition been gathered together. It was there that the "Salome" of Regnault, reproduced here, was shown for the second time, the painter having sent it to the Salon of 1869 from Rome, where it was painted. Of the "Daughter of Herodias" there may not be much—in fact, the picture is said to be a portrait of a young Italian model—but as what was at the time a most audacious experiment in color, it was remarkable. We have grown accustomed to pictures, symphonies, in the popular term, executed in differing tones of the same color. Regnault's picture was of the most intense yellow, from the curtain behind the figure, through various tones of the same color in the basin which she holds, to her draperies and slippers; in the midst of all which her purple black hair and amber flesh contrasted superbly. The picture added greatly to the painter's reputation in the Salon of 1869, and its success was confirmed in the Alsace-Lorraine exhibition.

Nothing could show the change of tendencies in a few short years better than the contrast between "Les Foins" of Jules Bastien-Lepage, which was painted in 1877, and the work of Regnault. It is the contrast of the splendors of the last days of the Second Empire with the purposeful regeneration of France which has lent stability to the Republic. The painter, like Regnault, was doomed to die young,—in his thirty-seventh year. He was born in Damvillers (Department of the Meuse), November 1, 1848, and died in Paris, December 10, 1884. He was, like Regnault, a pupil of Alexandre Cabanel, and, despite his resolute independence in refusing to follow the traditions of the École des Beaux-Arts, was a favorite pupil of his master. It was Cabanel's preference for a more submissive pupil, however, which prevented Bastien from receiving the Prix de Rome in 1875, which had been conceded him by all the artists outside of the Academy and by many within. The young painter's vindication three years later was the picture now in the Luxembourg.

"Les Foins," which, literally translated, means "the hay," can be as well called "Rest." It is a more literal rendering of the sentiment expressed by Millet in the "Man with a Hoe;" and it is a typical sign of the times that the storm of protest which the earlier picture had called forth was changed to a chorus of praise when "Rest" was exhibited. The change was not wholly that of time, however, for the picture by Bastien-Lepage met its public half way; and where Millet, with his impressive silhouette, was tragical, Bastien, with his carefully-studied detail, with the portrait-like character of his figures, which brought them well within the ken of humanity, was almost idyllic. The picture, indeed, does not give quite the impression of reality which the painter aimed at. His qualities as a painter were at their best in a more circumscribed space. A portrait, especially a portrait of less than life size, brought out the charm of his work. Spread out over a large canvas it becomes somewhat fatiguing through excess of detail. In the picture here presented, however, the degree of failure counts but little against the mastery of form and the expression of subtle gradations of space between the objects represented. The character of the woman, pitting her young strength against the invincible adversaries of sun and work, and beaten in the contest, is finely rendered, and foretells the future grasp of character of higher import in the "Jeanne d'Arc," which we are so fortunate as to possess in the Metropolitan Museum.

Before exhibiting "Les Foins" Bastien had gained the public of the Salon, as well as the suffrages of his artistic compeers, by a number of portraits, notable among which were that of his grandfather, a superb rendering of an old man seated out of doors in the shade, and the exquisite study of a young girl dressed in white for her first communion. Of his life little can be told here, though it chanced that when I went to Paris I was thrown into the intimacy of a group of young French artists of whom Bastien was one. In a little restaurant frequented by cab-drivers, a small room

PORTRAIT OF LÉON COGNIET. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LÉON BONNAT, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

The subject of this portrait was a distinguished French painter, the master of Bonnat.

looking on a garden, where the prospect was pleasing, though the fare was vile, was reserved for us; and with the freedom of student life, intimacies were quickly formed. As he was with his comrades of that day, Bastien remained to the end. Alert, courageous, with something of the old German masters, inherited through his Lorraine ancestry, in his make-up, he was quick to receive, and patient to elaborate, the message of his time.

In appearance Bastien was of rather small stature, of sturdy aspect, blond, with a slight beard, and hair combed low on his forehead; keen blue eyes, somewhat pugnacious in expression, which was further accented by a nose that was almost impudently *retroussé*, and a mouth firm-set and resolute. Gifted with greater physical strength, no nature could be better fitted to cope with the art world of Paris, which seeks to drag down to-day the master whom yesterday it acclaimed. The burden was greater than his young shoulders could bear; but he had won the battle before he laid down his arms to die. If, skilful tactician as he proved himself, he had been obliged to make certain sacrifices, and had won the disdainful appreciation of the incorruptible Degas, who called him the "Bouguereau of real-

THE LADY WITH THE GLOVE ("LA DAME AU GANT"). FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CAROLUS DURAN, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

This portrait, painted in 1869, represents the painter's wife.

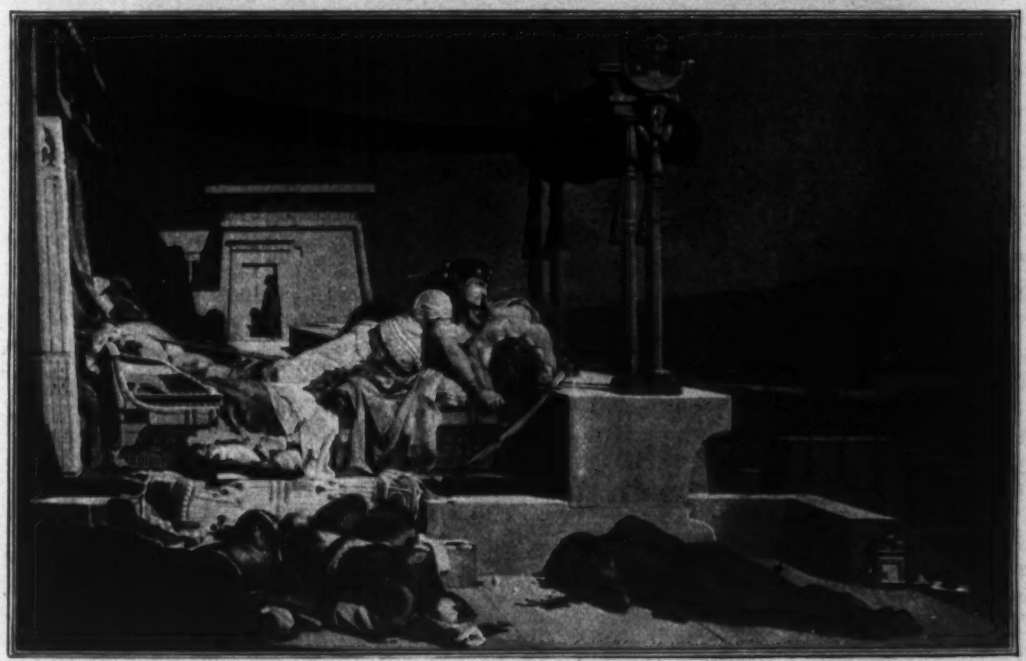
ism," he left, at least, as a legacy to those who follow, a confirmation of the truth which cannot be repeated too often. Simple reliance on nature was his highest quality, and when, by the peculiarities of his temperament, he measured his art with an absolutely fitting theme he produced a masterpiece.

The cause which Bastien-Lepage gained might have been won years before, it would seem, by an elder painter in whose hands the themes of Millet had been divested of their rugged aspect and endowed with a pleasing glamour of sentiment calculated to charm all comers. Jules Breton, in fact, pleased the public, but behind the public lagged the painters and their artistic following. It has been in vain, therefore, that eager collectors have fought in public sales for this or that picture, and that official honors, medals, and membership in the Institute have been showered upon him. Truly it profits little that an artist gains the whole world if he lacks the support of his profession. Yet it is curious that so able a painter, sincerely attached to his art, holding beliefs which on the surface are so closely akin to those of Millet or Bastien, should fail to reach the high place attained by at least one of these men. Breton re-

mains, therefore, in a plane like that occupied in literature by Longfellow, assuredly great, but limited by excess of culture; superior in intelligence, but lacking the blind intuition which leads the artist to heights which wisdom, if he possessed it, might lead him to fear. "The Gleaner," from the picture in the Luxembourg, is a good example of Breton, superb in carriage, noble with the nobility of the received standards of beauty, but as far removed from the grandeur of Millet's "Gleaners," which likewise descends from the same Greek parentage, as it is from the Holbein-like accuracy of the realism of Bastien-Lepage.

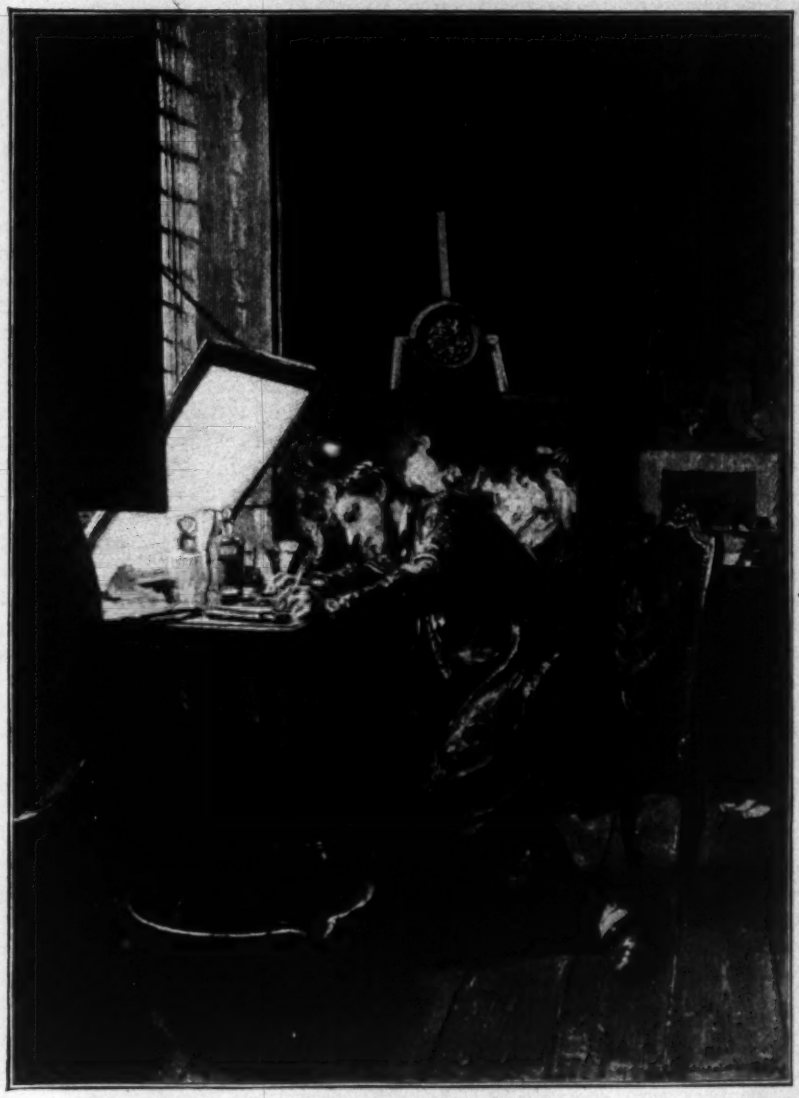
Jules Breton was born at Courrières (Department of Pas-de-Calais), May 1, 1827. He has passed his life there, in the midst of the scenes which he loves to paint, and in a volume of charming verses, as well as in an autobiographical volume of souvenirs, displays the same simple, contained spirit as that which marks his painting.

"Meissonier (Jean Louis Ernest), born at Lyons, February 21, 1815; died in Paris, January 31, 1891; pupil of Léon Cogniet; chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1846; officer, 1856; commander, 1867; grand officer, 1878; great cross of the Legion, 1889; member of the Institute, 1861; great medal of honor, 1855, (Exposition Universelle); medal of honor, 1867, (Exposition Universelle); *rappel* of medal of honor, 1878, (Exposition Universelle)." Such are the honorific titles of him whom the French are prone to consider their greatest painter, as they appear in the catalogue of the Luxembourg gallery. The memberships allotted him in foreign academies, the medals obtained in the salons at home, are omitted; but there is enough to show the esteem in which he was held during a long and busy life. The influence which he exercised was in the direction of honest and healthy painting. A man of set purpose, absolutely lacking in imaginative quality, he broadened with the years, and accepted and made use of the discoveries of his period in painting light and out-of-door effects. His pictures lack atmosphere, perhaps from the fact that his microscopic eye refused to follow the promptings of his mind. The singularly small scale on which he conceived his work, "painting a battlefield on a visiting-card," as one critic humorously complained, influenced many others to follow; and the result for a time was a host of pictures in which smallness of execution vied with their diminutive scale. His own works, however, were free from this fault, and many of his inch-high figures could be



THE BEARERS OF ILL-TIDINGS. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES JEAN ANTOINE LECOMTE-DU-NOUY, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

The subject, depicted with rare dramatic power, is taken from a story of Théophile Gautier's. Pharaoh awaiting news of a battle, and exasperated with the tidings brought, hews down the successive messengers as they appear.



THE ETCHER. FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER.

This picture is an example of Meissonier's painting of interiors, not unlike and equal to the better known "Waiting" (*L'Attente*), which the painter bequeathed to the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

enlarged to life size without loss of force. His life and works are so well known, and their consideration would entail such comprehensive treatment, that the painting here reproduced must stand in place of it.

The memory of the Luxembourg of twenty years ago always brings to mind three men whose works in different ways were extremely typical of the French race. The works of Auguste Ernest Hébert, born at Grenoble, November 3, 1817, represent the somewhat morbid tendencies of romanticism. Hébert was a Prix de Rome in 1839, is now a member of the Institute, and for a number of years after 1867 resided at Rome as the director of the French Academy.

Charles Chaplin, born of English parents at Les Andelys (Department of Eure), June 8, 1825, died in Paris, a naturalized Frenchman, January 30, 1891. His loyalty to his adopted country would never be called in question on the testimony of his works, which seem lineal descendants of those of Boucher, Fragonard, and other painters of the eighteenth century. At its best Chaplin's work has also something of the honest simplicity of Chardin, the painter beloved of painters. At all times he is facile, gracious, and interesting. His themes are

THE PEST IN ROME. FROM A PAINTING BY JULES ÉLIE DELAUNAY, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

". . . And then appeared to all eyes a good angel, who commanded a bad angel to strike the houses with a spear, and as many as the strokes of the spear, so many were the deaths therein."—Jacques de Voragine: "The Golden Legend." This quotation, taken from the catalogue of the Museum of the Luxembourg, explains the subject of this admirably conceived picture.

futile enough, but the charm of execution, the lack of pretence, excuses all. The young girl blowing soap-bubbles, which is no longer in the Luxembourg, greets one like an old friend in these pages; and a painter can recall with delight the suave painting of the satin, the simplicity and naturalness of pose, and the direct impression of the picture. Less admirable in sentiment, as though tainted by a decadent spirit, are the two works which have been chosen to replace the earlier picture in the present Luxembourg, though equally admirable in execution.

Alexandre Cabanel, the third of this typical trio, was for many years the embodiment of the academic spirit in France. Directly or indirectly, the Prix de Rome was given, and the medals in the Salon were awarded, through his influence. Strictly submissive to academical rule, he was Prix de Rome in 1845, at twenty-two years of age, having been born at Montpelier (Department of Hérault), September 28, 1823. For many years, until his death in 1889, he was one of the most successful teachers in the École des Beaux-Arts, and his many pupils constituted a following which was all powerful in school and Salon. The "Francesca da Rimini," of which a reproduction is given here, has been replaced in the Luxembourg by the "Birth of Venus," which was an ornament of the Tuileries until the fall of the Second Empire. As students, I recall how often we were called upon to admire the foreshortening of the legs of the fallen figure in the "Francesca da Rimini," and they are certainly admirably well drawn, as is indeed the whole picture. It may well serve as typical of the fondness for tragical subjects which even still characterizes the painters of France. It is a comparatively mild example, but, like them all, its tragedy is that of the theatre.

In competition with Léon Bonnat and Carolus Duran, Cabanel was the popular portraitist of the time, and a long line of fair women owe the preservation of their beauty on canvas to his aristocratic brush.

No better example of the distinction which lived on his canvas can be found than the portrait of Miss Catherine Wolfe in the Metropolitan Museum. With Léon Bonnat it is the masculine portrait which has given him deserved fame. We owe to his brush the portaits of many of the greatest men of modern France. No one of his works represents him better than the portrait of his master, Léon Cogniet, which, true labor of love from pupil to master, figures in the Luxembourg gallery, and is reproduced here.

To the last of the three portraitists mentioned, to Carolus Duran, I owe personally the respect due from pupil to master. As the three men had their respective *ateliers* at the time of which I write, so the partisan students met and fought wordy battles over the merits of their respective masters. Time, which has stilled the youthful animosity to all that claimed kin with Bonnat, has not lessened my admiration for Duran's great gifts, if it has made me somewhat more clear-sighted in regard to his deficiencies. The portrait of the "Lady with a Glove," which vied by contrast of sobriety with Regnault's "Salome" in the Salon of 1869, has long hung in the Luxembourg. It is full of dignity tempered by grace; and the painter who is known to us now as an audacious colorist, won his first success by this black-robed woman, with the simple gray background. The portrait of Mademoiselle Croizette of the Comédie Française, on horseback at the edge of the sea, was another of the early achievements of Carolus Duran. It met with merited recognition at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876. Though chiefly a painter of portraits, Duran has attempted with success numerous compositions since the early "Assassination in Rome," which is now in the gallery at Lille, from which city, where he was born in 1839, he was sent to Rome as a *pensionnaire* of the School of Fine Arts. There are many of his portraits in this country; and a number of his pupils, of whom John S. Sargent is the most gifted, have been Americans.

Not the least of the advantages which a student enjoys in Paris are the posthumous exhibitions held in the École des Beaux-Arts soon after the death of the more prominent painters. From such an exhibition of the collected works of Eugene Fromentin, held in 1877, a better idea of his work could be formed than by the scattered productions which are seen from time to time. His earlier works, representing the sylvan life of the fabled Centaurs, brought into play a generally ignored vein of imagination, and from these creations of fable the transition to the modern Centaurs of Algeria was but natural. But Fromentin's greatest work is in his volume of criticism "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois," than which no art criticism has ever risen higher.

An early picture by a painter who has hardly fulfilled the promise of his youth is included here, partly because the writer remembers that, after the Salon of 1872, a photograph of the picture found its way to New York. The admirable draughtsmanship of the picture, no less than the clear presentation of the subject, created a profound impression in our little band of students, all yearning for the advantages of study in Europe. Something of this on a larger scale had followed the exhibition in the Salon of the "Bringers of Bad Tidings," and the picture won its place in the Luxembourg. Lecomte-du-Nouy has not fulfilled the promise of his youth, but as an example of the art which owes its creation and acceptance to Jean Léon Gérôme this picture remains notable.

Of far greater importance is a picture by Jules Élie Delaunay which from my student days till now has stood the test of changing opinions. Delaunay's "Pest in Rome" is an admirable example of a picture conceived within the limits of academic convention and executed with fervor and intensity of feeling. Dramatic to the last degree, it is in no wise theatrical, and the extract from the "Golden Legend," from which the painter drew his inspiration, is no more naïvely credulous in its belief in the appearance of the "good and bad angels" than the apparent conviction of the artist in depicting the scene.

The recollections of Paris in the seventies crowd upon the writer, who must here adjourn their registration until another month, when other influences than those exclusively French may have consideration; for Paris is distinctly cosmopolitan, and its art influence is that of the world at large.

IN THE TIME OF THE SWEETBRIER.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Author of "A Master Spirit," "Marquis of Carabas," etc.

IF Sally had not known Tom all her life, so that he was as much a feature of the universe as the air or the sunshine, it might have been different. But suddenly the other one came home from sea, having run away a boy and returned a dark and towering man, and Tom's day was over.

Humphrey simply took things for granted. Here was the loveliest girl on the Shore. The loveliest girl on the Shore was his by right. He did not hesitate to possess himself. And she fluttered like a bird to his hand. Her tender brown eyes glowed, her soft cheek flushed, her mouth dimpled at the sight of him, the thought of him. She had entered an enchanted country in which there dwelt no one but Humphrey and herself—and perhaps the great-grandmother: a little woman so old that she had no grasp upon the passing moment, and neither care nor sorrow touched her as she sat wrapped in a cloud of memories.

And Tom stood off, astounded, half-angry—how could he be wholly angry with one as much a child as a woman and sweet as a flower? And how could Tom be angry with Humphrey, who once had been his other self; who seemed to him, come home from foreign lands, like one who had the freedom of great seas and cities? And an old, admiring loyalty was still faithful to him.

Humphrey took Tom into his confidence; he was going to settle down now to a trade; he was going to marry Sally. And Tom, too much aghast at the suddenness of the proposition for speech, found afterwards that silence was golden. But the heart went out of his stroke and the cunning out of his hand.

The late summer sunlight that came through the door opening above the river, and lay level in the shop, always hailed with impatience before, now was only a mockery. The other men, one evening, had been gone some time; but he had lingered alone among the piles of lumber, in the fragrance of the freshly cut wood. It was a pretty boat he had drafted—the season being dull—for himself and Sally. He had made it of the best pine; there was to be a back and a cushion to the seat in the stern, and it should carry a light sail on occasion,—he had chosen the stick for the mast, and hewn out its eight sides, and smoothed and polished and oiled it till he could do no more. And all the time he worked he was dreaming of happy hours with Sally, now rowing into the sunset where high banks, and mid-tide rocks, and mirroring water and flowing flame melting into blue mists, made it like sailing the seas of fairyland—not that Tom knew much about fairyland, but that in every one's consciousness there is something answering to that charmed meridian; now off on the other side, into the Island River, with sails in silver creeks, across reaches of emerald marsh, with yellow sandhills and skimming flocks of peeps and plovers. And not that he had any right to think of Sally as his companion, but that it was his hope and pleasure—and now—ah, was it really with Sally that he had rowed out into the afterglow as if they would penetrate a bubble, or had sat on the doorstone of the little house in the field where she lived with her great-grandmother? Humphrey would be sitting there now. And Tom stayed on alone in the shop, seeing twilight steal up the river with the tide, till it was as dark about him as his own thoughts.

He had gone outside on the platform over the water at the back of the shop, when he heard a movement within, and saw the gleam of a lantern.

Presently there was a tumbling among the boards, and a muttering voice; then the lifting and falling of lumber and the steady sound of a saw.

"What you doing there?" called Tom.

"Don't you know what I'm doing?" answered Humphrey, sullenly. "I'm making her a wooden cloak, by king!" And Tom remembered, with a sudden pang, the tradition that the father of Humphrey's mother had lost his wits, and that his madness began with making a coffin for his wife.

"No, no!" Tom cried out. "My God!"

He darted into the inner shop, and Humphrey, taken unawares in the gloom, sprang at him and grappled, and in a moment, Tom held fast in the mad young giant's grip, they were rolling and tumbling out upon the platform, and had plunged together into the tide beneath.

Perhaps the shock of the cold water quenched some of the fire in that hot brain. They swam out, and climbed the shore. "Good Lord, Tom Brier," said Humphrey, "keep your mouth shet! The' ain't nothin'—ben kinder het up worryin' by spells. I do' know's I think a feller thet hes them spells hed oughter marry Sally. Now, do you think he hed?"

"No," said Tom, "no."

Humphrey stopped, all dripping as he was. "That's because you want her yourself!" he cried fiercely.

"I'll make a bargain with you," said Tom. "Ef you'll stan' off, I will."

"An' let another man hev my Sally fer his wife?" He gave a roar like a young bull, and started away on a run through the dark night, Tom following. And Tom and Jo Burns took care of Humphrey then through a smart season of what was called brain fever. As soon as Humphrey was able, he went to sea again with Captain Mather in the "Man of Mull," and he went without bidding Sally good-by. And Sally didn't pretend to hold up her head; and even the little old grandmother felt dimly through her haze that the sun was not shining. "Seem's ef I was goin' ter a berryin'," she moaned now and then.

"Wal, so ye be," said Mrs. Mather, the captain's young black-eyed bride, "unless Sally here—I sh'd think you'd hev more pride, Sally!"

"I ain't any pride," said Sally, slowly, the tears welling up and standing in her eyes till they looked like some great unknown brown jewels.

"Now, Sally, child, don't! I guess you're jest's well off."

"Would you 'a' ben as well off ef Cap'n Mather'd lef' you 'thout a word?"

"I sh'd think there was some difference," said Mrs. Mather, with a pretty dignity, "w'en I'm Cap'n Mather's wife."

"I'm the same thin' es Humphrey's," said Sally, the tear sparkling in a thousand points as it fell and broke upon her needle.

"Be you! Sally, now, the's a good many o' yer fren's precious glad you ain't!"

TOM.

"I do' know w'y!— Yes, gran'ma'am, I'll put the plums in yer porritch. It's real dull fer ye, dear soul. She likes ter hev me sing, but somehow I can't seem ter bring a soun' out'n my throat."

"Sally, you jest listen ter reason. Humphrey Lavendar comes of a strange sort. An' thet's drorin' it mild. It's more'n likely he's gone off teched now. I feel all nervoused up w'enever I think he's on the brig 'ith the cap'n. Ef Tom Brier hedn't shet up shop an' gone erlong tew, I couldn' stan' it no way. Tom's got a notion o' lookin' out fer Humphrey, an'll keep him out o' harm's way. But you know mos' folks agrees," continued Mrs. Mather, rubbing her knitting-needle through her hair, her own color mounting as she saw the mounting color on the downcast face before her, "in condemnin' crazy folks fer marryin' an' bringin' grief to them thet's unborn—"

"I'm real ashamed o' you, Ann Mather!" suddenly cried the little old grandmother, with a spark of to-day's life. "You ain't a mite modest, a-talkin' so. An' t' our Sally, tew!"

"My land, Mis' Good'n, how ye started me!"

"Sally's my gran'darter—or I'm hern—I do' know jest how't come—W'y, tain't but t'other day I turned up my hair. Lisha said, thet day, I rekerlec' jest es ef 'twas yestiddy, 'An' the hair of thine head like purple.' It wuz—all pupply black;" and the old voice went babbling on like a bee in a flower.

"Oh, Ann, Ann, I wisht you wouldn'! I know ye mean well. But I wisht you wouldn'!" cried Sally, hiding her face in both hands. "You do' know! Oh, I feel's ef Humphrey an' me's ben one soul in all the lives thet's ever ben, an' was ter be one soul in all the lives thet is ter come, an' jes' becos his head goes wrong now an' then in this 'ere one, I guess it ain't goin' ter break all thet up—ef it doos go wrong—I can't say. An' I couldn', oh, I couldn', talk ter you so, ef I didn' feel sure he'd come back, an' you an' me allus sech frien's—"

"Don't you think you'd better be runnin' home?" asked the grandmother in a coaxing tone, suddenly observing Sally's sobs. "I guess yer ma'am'll be a-lookin' fer ye. It's mos' supper-time, tew, an' I shouldn't wonner ef yer stent's all knit up. I guess you'd better be a-runnin' home."

"Wal, yis, Mis' Good'n, I guess I be," said Mrs. Mather, laughing, and rolling up her work. "I wisht I was goin' ter see the 'Man of Mull' rounding the corner of Great Rock," she said then.

"I wisht you was," said Sally.

But it was many a month before the "Man of Mull" rounded the corner of Great Rock; and when she stood off in the harbor like a glimmering twilight ghost, Sally was the one who knew it first, running home over the back pasture, and waiting breathless at the foot of the field that night for Humphrey.

But Humphrey did not come. And when a week passed he had not come. She had upbuoyed herself by unexpressed hope that he had gone away to test their affection. And now she did not know what to think.

"Ef she'd on'y the leastest mite o' sperrit, she'd be mad an' git over it," said Mrs. Mather to the captain. "My! I sh'd like ter see myself ef you'd acted the way Humphrey hes—"

"I shouldn't, then," said the captain.

Three weeks of the dull spring weather had passed, and now the sun shone, and the soft winds curled, a shimmer of golden green bathed all the air, and the rose and snow of clouds of apple-bloom seemed to give wings to the world. Only Sally crept about as if her feet were leaden, and her heart was leaden, too. There were no wings for her, not even when the pungency of the lilacs had vanished and the sweetbriers were shedding their delicate spice upon the air of all the soft June days.

"Be I never goin' ter meetin' any more?" moaned the little old grandmother, as she heard the evening bell ring out across the shore. It made no difference to the happenings of her thought that she had not been there in twenty years; the fact that the bell was ringing and Sally was not going, worked that way in her dim mind. "Where's my bunnit, Sally? There'll be a dretfle goin' in the mulberries ef I stay away frum meetin'."

"I guess we won't hurry," one sitting on the doorstone heard Sally's soft voice say.

"Be you expectin' anybody, Sally?" asked the grandmother in a puzzled tone.

"Be I? Oh, no, indeed, gran'ma'am, not any more. Oh, no." And the voice was so low and tired that the chair-bound old woman paused a moment, considering it, before she said, "All het up, you be. Go an' set down in the door an' git cooled off afore we start. An' fetch me in a bit o' the sweetbrier. I allers like ter wear a sprig o' sweetbrier w'en I go ter meetin'." And she began to sing in a thin little pipe her treble part in the fugue that many and many a season ago she had sung in the singing-seats:

> "Come, my beloved, haste away,
> Cut short the hours of thy delay."

Sally went out and sat down upon the doorstone, and leaned her head against the post, where a thorn of the vine caught her hair. Then, as she lifted her hand wearily to free the fluttering tress, for Sally's hair was always blowing about her eyes, she became conscious that some one else was sitting on the stone. And before she could exclaim, or before her eyes had become accustomed to the clear dark, she knew that it was Humphrey. "I couldn't help it, Sally," he murmured. "I couldn't help it no way. I tried to keep away. I had to come."

And, all at once, with an unaccountable caprice of love and reproach and sorrow, Sally felt the floods of indignation sweeping over her in a hot wave, and she could

SALLY SIGHTS THE "MAN OF MULL."

not have spoken or have turned her head to save her life.

That he could have subjected her to all these months of suffering and shame! "Sally," said he, "ain't ye goin' ter speak ter me?" That he should have tried to keep away! That he should come now, as if she were a poor, spiritless thing who only had to be called!

"Sally," he said again, with a faltering voice, "I 'most broke your heart, I know. You ain't a-goin' ter break mine?"

She would have liked to utter some short, sharp sentence, if her voice could obey her. She would have gone in and left him, if her knees had not trembled so. She was only half conscious of herself, but wholly conscious of wrong and outrage. It was the flame in which the last flicker of self was burning out. And then the wind stirred the sweetbrier climbing up the doorway, and the dewy deliciousness of its odor crept about them, and she remembered a starlit, soft-blowing night a year ago when he had said— She would be crying in another moment. She must tell him a man was not to play fast and loose with her. She must tell him she never wanted to see his face again. Then the little old voice within quavered in its high-pitched key, "Is that Lisha on the step?" Lisha was the husband dead and gone this three-score years. "Tell 'im I'm comin' in a minute," she said. "I wisht I wasn't so shame-faced. We was called in meetin' last Sabba' day. I seen Loisy Burns crane her neck roun', an' I was pink es my ribbins, an' I growed pinker an' pinker tell I couldn' stan' it a minute more, an' ups an' runs out o' meetin'. An' Lisha, he growed red, an' he growed redder, they ses; an' he wanted ter foller, an' he didn' darst; an' at lenth he'd 'a' bolted sure, but Jane wouldn' let him by. An' ma'am ses the elders 'll be up ter deal 'ith me."

There was a moment's silence; and Sally could hear her own heart beat before the voice went singing on again, the little old woman in there thinking her own thoughts aloud. "I do' know how I'm ever goin' ter stan' it ter walk out bride," she said. "Sally's trimmed my bunnit with pink

sweetbrier, sister Sally. I hed a notion fer sweetbrier. I was all twisted roun' in a bush of it w'en it fust come ter Lisha thet mebbe I was pretty. I like ter hev Lisha think I'm pretty. An' I be pretty," chirped the little old woman, whose withered face was a woven work of lines, and whose purblind eyes were sunken in their pits. "An' the' ain't many young men like Lisha, fer all o' Jeff. They useter say the' was Injun in thet blood, he was thet tall an' stret, an' his eyes like black coals 'ith the fire in them. Wal, ef the' is, Injun blood's good blood, certain; the blood o' kings an' chiefs, upright and downright; an' w'en he's said a thin' onst, he's said it fer good an' all. I guess I hed reason ter know." The voice ceased then a space. But Sally did not stir.

Perhaps a light slumber overcame the tired old speaker; for when in a few moments she spoke again, the scene had changed in her fancy. "The's nothin' like the smell o' the sweetbrier in the mornin'—you gittin' me a sprig, Sally? It's got the hull o' the summer in it. The wind's allers blowin' fresh an' soft, an' the sun's shinin', an' the's cobwebs on the grass, an' dew onter them a-twinklin' like the jewels in the high-priest's breas'plate, w'en ye smell the sweetbrier. I s'pose it's erlong o' my gittin' tangled in thet vine in the swamp where I'd run down fer some sassafras sticks, an' he come by drivin' the w'ite heifer thet stole her calf. An' I see him a-comin', an' tried ter git quit o' the vine an' on'y got tangled more, tel I was twisted ev'ey which way 'ith the blows, an' there come a gret bumbly-bee a-buzzin' an' a-boomin' inter the flowers an' a-bangin' agin my face. An' I was all in a shiver,—I never could abide the bumbly-bees—an' I screamed. 'He teks it fer one o' the flowers,'ses Lisha, ses he, leavin' the cow. An' he flirted off the bee with the branch he kerried, an' he bent his face es ef he was goin' ter kiss me, an' I was mad enough, I tell ye. An' then he straightened up es ef he'd never thought of it, an' I was madder still. 'W'en I do kiss ye, Sally Brent,' ses he, 'you'll hev ter ask me ter,' ses he. An' then I jest wrenched my ginggum gown out'n thet vine tell 'twas mos'ly slits an' catry-corners, an' scampered. But he come up the yard thet night, slow an' l'iterin' like, an' stood leanin' agin the porch, an' he was a-talkin' 'ith Jeff w'ether 'twas wuth w'ile ter hev planted es many o' them new-fangle pertaterses es they hed, an' I sot on the stun a-sayin' nothin'. An' jest's he was goin', he pulled down a stem o' the sweetbrier thet was growin' over the porch, an' he stooped an' said, low like, 'The' ain't but one thin' sweeter'n sweetbrier is, I cal-h'late;' an' then he pulled hisself up, an' kinder laffed, an' was off. An' it warn't no fault o' mine ef my heart was off arter him. An' w'en I went ter prayer-meetin' nex' time, it was Lisha thet was comin' home my way; an' w'en singin'-schule was over, it was Lisha thet kep on beside me; an' it was Lisha thet stepped furrud w'en I come out o' meetin' Sabba days; an' it was Lisha thet, w'en we all went berryin', kerried my pail; an' it was Lisha thet never so much as took a holt of my han'; an' it was Lisha thet kep all the other boys as far away es ef they lived in the nex' township; an' it was Lisha thet come up the yard ev'ey durin' evenin' ter talk crops some consid'able 'ith Jeff, or else ter argy about free-will an' predestination. 'The's more thin's 'n one thet's predesternated,' he ses ter me, as he was goin' onst, an' p'raps his han' thet he leaned agin' the porch 'ith trem'led a mite, I do' know. But down fell all the last o' the sweetbrier round me,—the porch was so old 'twas jes' punk. An' it tuk him no eend o' time ter git the vine back,—fer Jeff hed gone off mad w'en Lisha said he din' b'lieve in no eternal damnation,—an' then to git the thorns out'n my han's. An' our faces was ferfle- clost together, an' I could see the moonlight a-sparklin' in them gret black eyes o' his'n es ef I was lookin' down a well. An' I felt's ef he was sayin', 'Now's yer chance,' an' I thought ter myself I'd die fust! An' Jeff come ter the door an' called me in—we'd got sech a habit o' mindin' Jeff, 'ith him a-managin' the farm, though the farm warn't no more his'n than 'twas Dolly's an' Betsey's an' Sally's an' mine, thet I jes' crep' in. An' Jeff come out, an' begun the argyin' over agin, hammer an' tongs, fer they'd ben gittin' real stormy 'ith their talk, es ef all creation hinged on't; an' nex' day Jeff went at it agin full chisel 'ith us gals, an' called Lisha, Abaddon an' Apollyon an' all the rest on 'em, an' I was tew shamed ter open my mouth. 'Twas the very nex' night, jest arter Lisha come sarnterin' up the yard, and Jeff hed tackled him 'thout regards ter time o' day nor manners, thet Deacon James come sarnterin' up tew, an' presen'ly who should come arter him but the elder. An' then I see w'at Jeff was up ter. He didn' like Lisha no way, an' he warn't goin' ter hev him merryin' me, an' he was goin' ter

"'SALLY,' SAID HE, 'AIN'T YE GOIN' TER SPEAK TER ME?'"

show him up fer an unbeliever an' hev him hauled over the coals. 'Hear him!' he cries to the elder. 'Hear this feller a-denyin' the fundermentle princerples o' religion. He don' believe thet the's some folks foredoomed frum all eternity—'

"'No, I don't,' ses Lisha. 'An' I don't believe in the damnation o' babies.'

"'Nor of anybody else!' cries out Jeff.

"'Nor of anybody else,' says Lisha.

"'He don't believe in an angry an' offended God—'

"'No, I don't,' ses Lisha. 'I don't believe in a cruel being thet makes folks jes fer the pleasure of damnin' 'em, an' I wouldn't worship him ef I did!'

"'An' the nex' thin' he'll be sayin' he don't b'lieve the worl' was made in six days—'

"'No, I don't,' ses Lisha.

"'He's chock full o' Antinomian heresy, he's a condemned Arian, he's a free-thinker!' roars Jeff. An' then es I see Lisha a-stan'in' there in the moonshine, one agin all the rest on 'em, my heart begun to swell. 'An' I demand you shall call the deacons an' members together, an' hev him read out o' meetin',' shouted Jeff. 'I won't fellorship 'ith no sech—'

"'Then you won't fellership 'ith me!' I cries, an' I sprung up an' run an' caught Lisha's han' an' pulled his arm roun' me. 'Fer I b'lieve jest es Lisha doos,' I ses. The' was dead silence. I see Dolly an' Betsey an' sister Sally, who'd a ben settin' in the door behind me, all give a start, an' then stop, an' then of a sudden, an' in a minnit, jes 's ef 'twas now or never, they all come runnin' ter where I was. 'We b'lieve jest 's Lisha doos,' they ses, ses they, es solemn like es ef they was on public trial. An' nobody spoke. An' it seemed ter me 'twas time for sun-up afore the elder cleared his throat. 'Brother,' ses the elder to Jeff, 'the fundermentle princerple o' religion isn't hate. It's love. The Lord didn't put us here ter say w'at he's done an' w'at he's goin' ter do, nor w'at he is an' w'at he isn't. I guess I wouldn' read Lisha out o' meetin' because

he thinks better o' God than ter believe evil of Him. Ef he loves the Lord with all his heart, an' with all his soul, an' with all his strenth, an' with all his mind, an' his neighbor es himself—'

"'I du!' ses Lisha.

"'Then he's obeyin' the fundermentle princerple o' religion es our Lord an' Master give it us himself. I guess you'd better let argyments go, Jeff, an' shake han's 'ith Lisha. The's more religion in brotherly love,' ses the elder, ses he, his old face w'ite an' shinin' in the moon, 'than there is in doctrines an' damnations. How's yer cider, Jeff? I do' know es I know of a pootier thin' in all natur' than the way the cider down in the close bar'l in the dark suller feels the blossomin' o' the apple-trees up in the light an' the air, an' gits all worked up, at the same time, a-rememberin' or a-sympathizin' 'ith the stir o' the new life. It's full o' speritooal significance,' ses the elder, es they all went in. But Lisha kep' his arm clost roun' me—he never lemme go—an' we sot down together on the doorstun there. 'I guess I ain't ben livin' up ter my princerples,' ses he, low like ter me, 'boun' ter hev my own way, an' a-actin' like a child, an' showin' temper towards you, w'en all the time I loved ye so. Ain't ye goin' ter kiss me now?' ses he. Oh, me, me, me! It's I do' know how many years ago! Oh, my! ef I could feel them lips on mine agin! Ef I on'y could! I be a little wizened-up old woman,—I sense it, oh I du—but the old love allus stirs in me in sweetbrier time, jes's the life doos in the cider come apple-blow. Sometimes my heart jest aches fer the kiss I wouldn' give you onst. Ef ye could on'y kiss me now, Lisha,"—and she was crying to herself before she fell asleep again.

For a moment after the little piping voice was hushed Sally sat stone still. Then she put out her arm gropingly in the dusk between the playing of the low summer lightnings. "I do' know w'y you went away, nor w'y you stayed away," she whispered; "but you're here now! And, oh, Humphrey, no matter what happens"—and Humphrey felt a face as soft as the brushing of rose-petals, and two warm, trembling lips on his, and the present was all heaven, and the future was hidden in the dark.

THE DISCOVERY OF ANÆSTHESIA.*

Dr. W. T. G. MORTON AND HIS HEROIC BATTLE FOR A NEW IDEA.—HOW PAINLESS SURGERY BEGAN FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Elizabeth Whitman Morton.

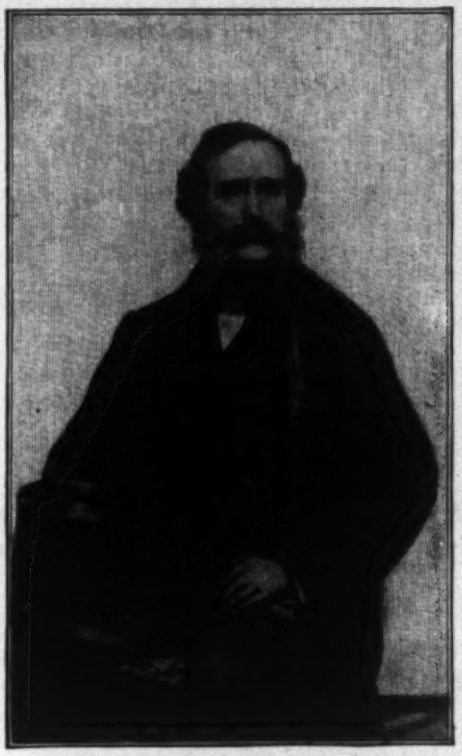
MY husband, whose full name was William Thomas Green Morton, was born in Charlton, Massachusetts, August 19, 1819. The family house stood on a farm of about one hundred acres, and was an old-fashioned wooden structure with an immense stone chimney in the centre. It was shaded by old trees, and covered by creepers and climbing plants. It was a typical New England farm-house, and the boy grew up among wholesome surroundings, gaining a strength of body that served him in the severe strain of later years. Curiously enough, even at an early age his mind turned naturally toward medicine, and he was nicknamed "doctor" by his playmates, for whose imaginary ills he used to prescribe learnedly from an outfit of elder-tree vials and bread pills. On one occasion he nearly caused the death of his little sister by pouring down her throat some extraordinary concoction of his own, while she lay asleep in her cradle.

The instruction he received was imparted in the schools of his native town and at the neighboring academies of Leicester and Northfield, where he studied hard for three years, leaving at the age of seventeen, when he went to Boston to begin earning his living. Here he gained employment in the publishing house of the editor of the "Christian Witness," James B. Dow, whose beautiful wife took a great interest in him and arranged that he should live with them. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dow showed themselves staunch friends to the

* It will be fifty years on the 18th of next October since Dr. Morton publicly proved his priceless discovery, and the jubilee of the event is to be duly celebrated in Boston. This gives a special timeliness to Mrs. Morton's paper, the only intimate personal account of Dr. Morton's labors and trials ever published.—Editor.

young man, and recognized his unusual talents. The friendship was maintained to the end of Dr. Morton's life. Kind as they were to him, however, he soon became dissatisfied, his duties allowing him little time for study, which was his great ambition. So devoted was the boy to books that all his leisure moments were spent in reading. A few months of this busy life convinced him that he could never be happy in that way of existence, and, uncertain what to do and homesick, he went back to his father's house in Charlton. He then concluded to study dentistry, which at that time had attained the dignity of a respected profession.

His success was rapid. In 1844, two years after his graduation at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery (the first dental college established in America), he was earning from his profession an income of about ten thousand dollars, being already recognized as one of the most skilful dental surgeons in Boston. He had established himself in Boston a little before our marriage, I being a young girl of seventeen, just out of Miss Porter's school at Farmington, Connecticut, where my father lived. For a year before, Dr. Morton had paid me attentions, which were not well received by my family, he being regarded as a poor young man with an undesirable profession. I thought him very handsome, however, and he was much in love with me, coming regularly from Boston to visit me. I learned later on that from the first day he saw me he had determined to marry me if he could, and after his death I found in an old diary of that year an entry written just after my first meeting with him, where he expressed his intention of making me his wife, and even noted the gown and hood I wore. In my eighteenth year he took me from the fine old homestead we lived in—quite an historic mansion it was, where John C. Calhoun had often visited my father's family—and brought me to Boston. My uncle Lemuel was then a classmate of Calhoun's in Yale, and later on a member of Congress from Connecticut. Two others of my Whitman ancestors, father and son, were graduated at Harvard, one in 1668, and the other in 1696. The son settled in Farmington as one of the earliest ministers.



DR. WILLIAM T. G. MORTON.
From a photograph taken in 1854 by Silsbee, Case & Co., Boston, Massachusetts.

Dr. Morton was one of those tremendously earnest men who believe they have a high destiny to fulfil. How many times he said to me in the months preceding his great discovery: "I have a work to do in this world, Lizzie!" Or, again: "The time will come when I will do away with pain!" During our early married life, while he was making himself known as one of the most skilful dentists in Boston and carrying on an enormous business, he found time in addition to pursue his medical studies at the Harvard Medical School, in order to take a medical degree, for he had promised my mother to give up dentistry. Every morning he used to rise between four and five o'clock to get time for what he called his serious work; and never shall I forget my sensation as a young bride at sleeping in a room where a tall, gaunt skeleton stood in a big box near the head of the bed. After the first successful use of the sulphuric ether, the immense responsibilities that came upon him, and the unceasing anxiety and annoyances, compelled him to give up the study of medicine and devote himself to anæsthesia. This was a great grief to him, because he was at that time within a few months of taking his degree.

At the time of our marriage Dr. Morton was twenty-four years old, and, as I have said, his mind was already occupied with

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

1. Dr. Henry H. J. Bigelow. 3. Dr. J. Mason Warren. 5. Dr. Morton.
2. Dr. A. A. Gould. 4. Dr. John Collins Warren. 6. Dr. Samuel Parkman.
7. Dr. Geo. Hayward. 8. Dr. S. D. Townsend.

DR. MORTON MAKING THE FIRST PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION OF ETHERIZATION AT THE MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL, BOSTON, OCTOBER 16, 1846.

After a steel engraving published in "Trials of a Public Benefactor," by Nathan P. Rice, M.D.; Pudney and Russell, Publishers, New York, 1859.

thoughts destined to lead to his discovery. Every spare hour he could get was spent in experiment. At Wellesley, Massachusetts, where was our summer home, there was a spring which contained a number of gold-fish, and I noticed that my husband would often go to it, and I would see him catching the fish and looking at them intently as if studying them as he held them wriggling in his hand. Then he used to make experiments nearly every day on "Nig," a black water-spaniel, a good-sized dog that had belonged to his father. I was only a girl of eighteen at this time, and had not the least idea of what he was trying to do; nor would I have understood the importance of his experiments had he told me. I only knew that his clothes seemed always saturated with the smell of ether, and I did not like it. One day he came running into the house in great distress (for he was always tender-hearted), leading the dog, which walked rather queerly, and said:

"Poor Nig; I've had him asleep a long time. I was afraid I had killed him."

"Do you put the fish asleep, too?" I asked, laughing.

"I try to," he said, quite seriously, "but have not succeeded yet."

I laughed again, thinking it was all a joke, but my husband became very grave, and said:

"The time will come, my dear, when I will banish pain from the world."

It was at this time also that he used to bottle-up all sorts of queer bugs and insects, until the house was full of crawling things. He would administer ether to all these little creatures, and especially to the big green worms he found on grape vines.

I remember how Dr. Morton's friends laughed at these queer experiments, and I am afraid I joined with them sometimes. But he continued on his way undaunted, frequently saying: "I shall succeed; there must be some way of deadening pain."

As he began to near success I became alarmed, for, not satisfied with trying the ether on bugs and animals, my husband began experimenting upon himself. He sent out his assistants offering a reward of five dollars to any person who would have a tooth drawn while under the influence of his pain-annulling agency. There were many people suffering from aching teeth which needed to be extracted, and the five dollars was an object; but no one could be induced to take the risk. Finally his two assistants allowed him to experiment upon them, but the result was not satisfactory, because of impurities in the ether. Having detected this, my husband, with characteristic persistence, at once procured a supply of pure ether, and, unwilling to wait longer for a subject, shut himself up in his office, and tested it upon himself, with such success that for several minutes he lay there unconscious. That night he came home late, in a great state of excitement, but so happy that he could scarcely calm himself to tell me what had occurred; and I, too, became so excited that I could scarcely wait to hear. At last he told me of the experiment upon himself, and I grew sick at heart as the thought came to me that he might have died there alone. He went on to say that he was resolved not to sleep that night until he had repeated the experiment, and declared that, late as it was, he must still find a patient. Returning to his office, he could find no one who could be induced to have a tooth

drawn by the "painless method," which was what the doctor was now so eager to demonstrate. Discouraged, he was on the point of etherizing himself once more, and having one of his assistants extract a tooth from his own head, when there came a faint ring at the bell.

It was long past the hour for patients, but there stood a man with his face all bandaged and evidently suffering acute pain. And strangest of all were his words.

"Doctor," he said, "I have the most frightful toothache, and my mouth is so sore I am afraid to have the tooth drawn. Can't you mesmerize me?"

The doctor could almost have shouted with delight, but, preserving his self-possession, he brought the man into his office and told him he could do something better than mesmerize him. Then he explained his purpose of administering the sulphuric ether, and the man eagerly consented. Without delay my husband saturated a handkerchief with ether, and held it over the man's face, for him to inhale the fumes. The assistant, Dr. Hayden, who held the lamp, trembled visibly when Dr. Morton introduced the forceps into the mouth of the man and prepared to pull the tooth. Then came the strain, the wrench, and the tooth was out, but the patient made neither sign nor sound; he was quite unconscious.

ELIZABETH W. MORTON, WIFE OF DR. MORTON.
From a photograph taken in Washington in 1862.

Dr. Morton was overjoyed at the result. Then, as the man continued to make no movement, he grew alarmed, and it flashed through his mind that perhaps he had killed his patient. Snatching up a glass of water, he emptied it full into the face of the unconscious man, who presently opened his eyes and looked about him in a bewildered way.

"Are you ready now to have the tooth out?" asked the doctor.

"I am ready," said the man.

"Well, it is out now," said the doctor, pointing to the tooth lying on the floor.

"No!" cried the man in greatest amazement, springing from the chair, and, being a good Methodist, shouting, "Glory! Hallelujah!"

From that moment Dr. Morton felt that the success of sulphuric ether was assured. Thenceforward he was unceasing in his efforts to bring his discovery before the medical world, and, after many discouragements, he succeeded in inducing Dr. John C. Warren, senior surgeon in the Massachusetts General Hospital, to allow him to visit the hospital and try his discovery upon a patient who was about to be operated upon.

The night before the operation, my husband worked until one or two o'clock in the morning upon an inhaler he had devised, and then regarded as essential to the operation, although it has since been discarded. I assisted him, nearly beside myself with anxiety, for the strongest influences had been brought to bear upon me to dissuade him from making this attempt. I had been told that one of two things was sure to happen: either the test would fail and my husband would be ruined by the world's ridicule, or he would kill the patient and be tried for manslaughter. Thus I was drawn in two ways; for while I had unbounded confidence in my husband, it did not seem possible that so young a man (he was only twenty-seven years old at this time) could be wiser than the learned and scientific men before whom he proposed to make his demonstration.

After resting a few hours, Dr. Morton was off early in the morning to see the instrument-maker, for there were still changes necessary in the inhaler. From that moment I saw nothing of him for twelve hours, which were hours of mortal anxiety. How they dragged along as I sat at the

DR. AND MRS. MORTON AND THEIR CHILDREN AT THEIR SUMMER HOME AT WELLESLEY.

Drawn by Victor Perard from a photograph taken in 1856.

window, expecting every moment some messenger to tell me that the patient had died under the ether and that the doctor would be held responsible! Two o'clock came, three o'clock, and it was not until nearly four that Dr. Morton walked in, with his usually genial face so sad that I felt failure must have come. He took me in his arms, almost fainting as I was, and said tenderly: "Well, dear, I succeeded."

In spite of these words his gloom of manner and evident depression made it impossible for me to believe the good news. It seemed as if he should have been so highly elated at having accomplished one of the most splendid achievements of the century, and yet there he was, sick at heart, crushed down, one would have said, by a load of discouragement. This was due not only to bodily fatigue and the reaction after his great efforts, but to an intuitive perception of the troubles in store for him. It is literally true that Dr. Morton never was the same man after that day; his whole after life was embittered through this priceless boon he had conferred upon the human race.

Of the three men now living who saw this first operation upon a patient under the influence of ether, one is Dr. Robert Davis of Fall River. He was then a medical student in Boston, and he has given me the description of what happened on this memorable occasion. The amphitheatre of the operating-room was crowded with members of the medical profession, doctors and students, all curious, and all skeptical, as to the outcome of the experiment to be made. All the great surgeons of Boston were present, including the celebrated Dr. Jacob Bigelow, whose son, Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, a young and enthusiastic surgeon of about Dr. Morton's age, was a warm friend of Dr. Morton's, and perhaps the only man present who had faith in him. It must be said, however, that he had more grounds for his belief than the others, since he had been privileged to witness some of my husband's previous tests with ether in private.

The hour for the operation arrived and Dr. Morton was not on hand. Five minutes passed, ten minutes, and then Dr. Warren, the eminent surgeon, looking around with a smile on his face, slightly sarcastic, suggested that, as Dr. Morton was not present, it might be well to let the operation go on in the usual way. The patient had meantime been brought in, and was lying on the operating-table deathly white, doubly apprehensive of what was to come. At that moment Dr. Morton came in, breathless from haste, carrying the inhaler, which had just been delivered to him by the maker and had nearly been the cause of the failure of the test.

Without any delay, and with a coolness and self-possession in strong contrast with the general nervous tension of the assembly, Dr. Morton proceeded to administer sulphuric ether to a human being, for the purpose of destroying pain by forced anæsthesia in a surgical operation, for the first time in the world's history. Pouring the liquid into the inhaler, he lifted the latter to the patient's nostrils, and held it there for some minutes, allowing the man to breathe the fumes. Then, looking into his face intently, and feeling the pulse, he turned to Dr. Warren, who stood near with his surgeon's knife behind him, and said, in a quiet tone that sounded plainly through the silence:

"Your patient is ready, doctor."

Then in all parts of the amphitheatre there came a quick catching of the breath, followed by a silence almost deathlike, as Dr. Warren stepped forward and prepared to operate. The sheet was thrown back, exposing the portion of the body from which a tumor was to be removed, an operation exceedingly painful under ordinary conditions, although neither very difficult nor very dangerous. The patient lay silent, with eyes closed as if in sleep; but every one present fully expected to hear a shriek of agony ring out as the knife struck down into the sensitive nerves. But the stroke came with no accompanying cry. Then another and another, and still the patient lay silent, sleeping, while the blood from severed arteries spurted forth. The surgeon was doing his work, and the patient was free from pain, so it seemed at least; and all in wonder strained their eyes and bent forward, following eagerly every step in the operation. Those in the front rows leaned far over or knelt on the floor, so that those behind might see better. The operation advanced quickly and easily to its finish. The tumor was taken away, the arteries fastened with ligatures, the gaping wound sewed up, then dressed and bandaged. Half an hour covered the whole of it. During that time no cry or groan escaped the patient, no indication of suffering.

Dr. Morton aroused the patient after the operation was completed, and said, "Did you feel any pain?" The patient replied, "No." Then Dr. Warren, turning to the company, said in his impressive manner, "Gentlemen, this is no humbug." All pressed about Dr. Morton and congratulated him upon his success.

Many successful operations followed quickly. The hospital authorities, though, refused to make further use of the discovery, on the ground that they did not know the nature of the drug employed in inducing unconsciousness. My husband at once offered to give them full information on this point; but opposition had been aroused, and for several weeks operations at the hospital were performed by the old method of making the patient bear the torture.

Partly with a view to keeping his discovery out of the hands of persons who might use it unwisely, and acting upon the advice of Rufus Choate and Caleb Cushing, lawyers of national reputation, Dr. Morton patented his application of sulphuric ether; but he never enforced the patent, for his humanity was too great to keep back from suffering millions so precious an agency of relief. Yet he was criticised on all sides for taking out the patent, and cruel attacks were made upon him that cut him to the heart. At this time, it seemed to us who had to bear the brunt of these attacks that the value of this greatest of blessings, brought so suddenly and unexpectedly to the suffering, was lost sight of in the attempt to traduce the discoverer's character and motive. Abuse and ridicule were showered upon him by the public press, from the pulpit, and also by prominent medical journals, for presuming or daring to claim that he could prevent the pain of surgical operations. In those days I feared to look into a newspaper, for what wife does not feel more keenly unjust aspersions on her husband than he for himself? Then, too, the world's way—jealousy, malice, and envy—was new to me. Soon there sprang up contestants to Dr. Morton's title of discovery: men who claimed as theirs the work which he had accomplished with such infinite labor and for which he had hazarded life and reputation.

After the successful use of the sulphuric ether at the hospital, it became necessary to find a name for the new agent, and much discussion ensued. A meeting of physicians was called at the house of Dr. A. A. Gould, among those present being Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Professor Agassiz, and Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, one of Boston's most eminent surgeons, who had encouraged Dr. Morton in his experiments at a time when many were in doubt or against him. Dr. Gould read a list of names that had been suggested, and on hearing the word "Letheon," my husband exclaimed: "That is the name; I want the discovery christened 'Letheon.'" Others were of the same opinion, but finally the suggestion of Dr. Holmes was accepted, and the word "anæsthesia" was chosen.

In spite of various efforts that were made during subsequent years to obtain recognition from the United States government of Dr. Morton's services to the country and to the world, nothing was ever done. This was, perhaps, the greatest sorrow of my husband's later years, a sorrow rendered all the more keen from the fact that other governments hastened to bestow upon him orders and decorations. Russia gave him the "Cross of the Order of St. Vladimir;" Norway and Sweden gave him the "Cross of the Order of Vasa;" and the French Academy of Arts and Sciences sent him a gold medal, the Montyon prize. What he regarded as his greatest treasure was a small silver casket containing one thousand dollars in money, and presented by the trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital. This was given "in honor of the ether discovery, September 30, 1846." The casket, medal, and decorations are now in the Historical Rooms in Boston, as well as many original documents relating to the discovery, the medal, and the orders. In 1852 Dr. Morton received the honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine from his original alma mater, the Washington University of Medicine, afterwards merged into the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of Baltimore, Maryland.

During the war my husband served with Grant in the battle of the Wilderness, and with General Burnside at Fredericksburg, and had abundant opportunity to demonstrate the value of his discovery in the treatment of surgical cases on the battlefield. The following is an extract from one of his letters, written to a friend in May, 1864:

"When there is any heavy firing heard, the ambulance corps, with its attendants, stationed nearest to the scene of action starts for the wounded. The ambulances are halted near by, and the attendants go in with stretchers and bring out the wounded. The rebels do not generally fire upon those wearing ambulance badges.

"Upon the arrival of a train of ambulances at a field hospital, the wounds are hastily examined, and those who can bear the journey are sent at once to Fredericksburg. The nature of the operations to be performed upon the others is then decided upon, and noted on a bit of paper pinned to the pillow or roll of blankets under each patient's head. When this had been done, I prepared the patients for the knife, producing perfect anæsthesia in an average time of three minutes, and the operators followed, performing their operations with dexterous skill, while the dressers in their turn bound up the stumps."

Dr. John H. Brinton of Philadelphia, in a valedictory address to the graduating class of Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia in 1892, relates an interesting incident from personal reminiscence.

"In the early summer of 1864, during the fierce contest in the Virginia wilderness, I was present officially at the headquarters of Lieutenant-General Grant, on whose staff I had previously served. When in conversation with him, an aide approached, and said to him that a stranger, a civilian doctor, wished to see him for the purpose of obtaining an ambulance, for his personal use in visiting the field hospitals. The answer of the general was prompt and decided: 'The ambulances are intended only for the sick and wounded, and under no circumstances can be taken for private use.' This response was carried, as given, to the waiting applicant, a travel-stained man, in brownish clothes, whom at the distance I thought I recognized. I went to him and found that he was Dr. W. T. G. Morton. I asked him to wait a minute, and returned to the general. On repeating his request, I received the same answer. 'But, general,' I ventured to say, 'if you knew who that man is, I think you would give him what he asks for.'

"'No, I will not,' he replied. 'I will not divert an ambulance to-day for any one; they are all required elsewhere.'

"'General,' I replied, 'I am sure you will give him the wagon, he has done so much for mankind, so much for the soldier—more than any soldier or civilian has ever done before; and you will say so when you know his name.'

"The general took his cigar from his mouth, looked curiously at the applicant, and asked, 'Who is he?'

"'He is Dr. Morton, the discoverer of ether,' I answered.

"The general paused a moment; then said, 'You are right, doctor, he has done more for the soldier than any one else, soldier or civilian, for he has taught you all to banish pain. Let him have the ambulance and anything else he wants.'

"Afterward, during his stay, by order of the general commanding, he was tendered the hospitalities of the headquarters, ambulance, tent, mess, and servant."

Now I come to the last days of my husband's life. On July 6, 1868, he left

Etherton Cottage for New York, to reply to an article that had recently appeared in one of the monthlies advocating Dr. Jackson's claim to be the discoverer of sulphuric ether. It was some time since anything of the sort had appeared, for medical journals the world over had admitted Dr. Morton's right to the discovery, and this article agitated him to an extent I had never seen before. The weather was very hot, and on July 11 he telegraphed me that he was ill and wished me to come to him. I went at once, and found he was suffering with rheumatism in one leg. Under the treatment of the distinguished Dr. Sayre, my husband improved, and on Wednesday, after dinner, he proposed we should drive to Washington Heights and spend the night there at the hotel, as a change from the hot city. We started about eight o'clock in the evening, Dr. Morton himself driving.

After a little he complained of feeling sleepy, but refused to give me the reins or to turn back. Just as we were leaving the Park, without a word he sprang from the carriage, and for a few moments stood on the ground, apparently in great distress. Seeing a crowd gathering about, I took from his pocket his watch, purse, also his two decorations and the gold medal. Quickly he lost consciousness, and I was obliged to call upon a policeman and a passing druggist, Dr. Swann, who assisted me. We laid my husband upon the grass, but he was past hope of recovery. We sent at once for a double carriage, but it was an hour before one came. Then two policemen lifted him tenderly upon the seat, I being unable to do anything from the condition I was in: the horror of the situation had stunned me, finding myself alone with a dying husband, surrounded by strangers, in an open park at eleven o'clock at night.

We were driven at once to St. Luke's Hospital, where my husband was taken in on the stretcher, and immediately the chief surgeon and house physicians gathered about him. At a glance the chief surgeon recognized him, and said to me: "This is Dr. Morton?"

I simply replied, "Yes."

After a moment's silence he turned to the group of house pupils, and said: "Young gentlemen, you see lying before you a man who has done more for humanity and for the relief of suffering than any man who has ever lived."

In the bitterness of the moment, I put my hand in my pocket, and taking out the three medals, laid them beside my husband, saying: "Yes, and here is all the recompense he has ever received for it."

Dr. Morton died at the age of forty-eight. He was buried in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, near Boston, in the presence of many noted physicians of Boston. Over his grave stands a monument erected by the citizens of Boston, with this inscription, written by the late Dr. Jacob Bigelow of Boston:

"William T. G. Morton, Inventor and Revealer of Anæsthetic Inhalation. By whom pain in surgery was averted and annulled. Before whom in all time surgery was agony. Since whom science has control of pain."

Dr. Morton's recreation was work on his farm at Wellesley, the town which is now the seat of Wellesley College. He was always a great lover of nature. People did not interest him very much, and he cared little for clubs. Not long after our marriage he purchased from a brother of Edward Everett a small place at Wellesley, then West Needham, where we went to live in the spring of 1846, having built a new cottage, and where several of our children were born.

My husband loved his children and made companions of them. He taught his boys to shoot as soon as they were large enough to hold a revolver, and vied with them in target practice until they became experts. My second son, Edward, possibly influenced by this early training, served through the Zulu war in South Africa, as a member of the Cape Mounted Rifles, gaining the decoration of the Victoria medal. Two sons are practising physicians, and the two daughters are married. Our home at Wellesley was sold some years ago; a public library has been erected upon the site of our cottage, and the grounds are a public park.

It has been a great pleasure to me to know that within the last two years my husband's name has been enrolled upon the base of the dome in the new chamber of the House of Representatives in the State House in Boston, among the selected fifty-three of Massachusetts's most distinguished citizens. "The names have been selected in such a way that each shall either mark an epoch, or designate a man who has turned the course of events." In the outside walls of the new Public Library in Boston are thirty arches filled with memorial tablets, inscribed with about five hundred names of writers, artists, and scientists. In this "roll of honor" also is inscribed my husband's name.

"LINCOLN'S LOST SPEECH."

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE UNIQUE REPORT.

By H. C. Whitney,

Author of "Life on the Circuit with Lincoln."

THE CIRCUMSTANCES AND EFFECT OF ITS DELIVERY.

By Joseph Medill,

Editor of the "Chicago Tribune."

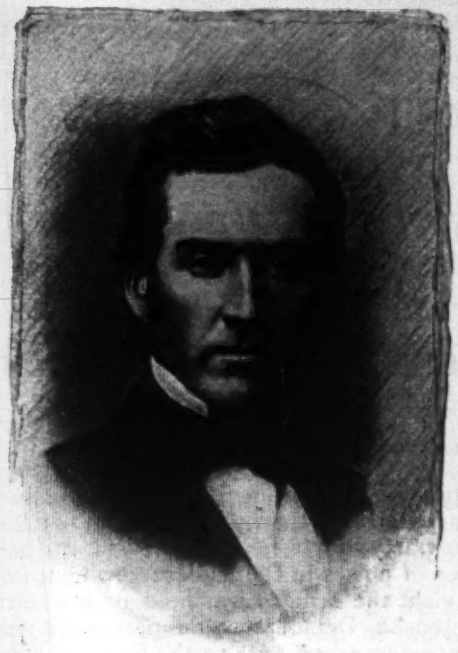
THE Republican party was first organized in Illinois on May 29, 1856, at a State convention held in Bloomington. It was here that Abraham Lincoln made the speech which definitely severed his relations with the Whigs and allied him to the new organization. For two years previous he had been slowly working towards this change. We have seen how the failure of his political ambitions in the summer of 1849 had decided him henceforth to devote himself to the law. For nearly six years he had kept this resolution. Then, in the spring of 1854, the passage by Congress of the Kansas-Nebraska bill repealing the Missouri Compromise of 1820, and establishing the principle of popular sovereignty, had so aroused him that he flung himself again into politics.

The Kansas-Nebraska bill originated with Lincoln's former political and social rival, Stephen A. Douglas. It was regarded in Illinois as so flagrant a violation of trust that Douglas was obliged to go about the State defending the measure to his constituents. In October, 1854, he went to Springfield to speak at the State Fair. Lincoln had been so active in his opposition to the bill in the few months since its passage, that he was asked to reply to Douglas on this occasion. A fortnight later he met Douglas in joint debate at Peoria. Lincoln's strength was such that Douglas actually suggested that they both go home and speak no more in the campaign.

Elected to the legislature in the fall of 1854, Lincoln had resigned in order to contest the vacant seat in the United States Senate. He showed in this campaign how much more important he considered it to insure legislation against slavery extension than to elect one of his own party; for when he found that the balance of power in the legislature which was to elect the senator was held by five anti-Nebraska Democrats, he persuaded his supporters to go over to the five, whom he knew to be of the same mind as himself in regard to the extension of slavery, rather than to allow a combination on a man who would oppose the measure but lukewarmly.

When, in the spring of 1856, the Illinois opponents of slavery extension had sufficient strength to form another branch of the now rapidly growing Republican party, Lincoln was ready to join them. The speech he made at the first convention was long known in Illinois as "Lincoln's Lost Speech," a name given it because the reporters were so carried away by his eloquence that they forgot to take notes and could give no report to their papers. As Lincoln himself refused to try to write it out, it was supposed to have been, in fact, a "lost speech."

It seems, however, that though the reporters, under the effect of Lincoln's eloquence, all lost their heads, there was at least one auditor who had enough control to pursue his usual habit of making notes of the speeches he heard. This was a young lawyer on the same circuit as Lincoln, Mr. H. C. Whitney. For some three weeks before the convention, Lincoln and Whitney had been attending court at Danville. They had discussed the political situation in the State carefully, and to Whitney, Lincoln had stated his convictions and determinations. Knowing as he did that Lincoln had not written out his speech, Whitney went to the convention intending to take notes. Fortunately, he had a cool enough head to keep to his purpose. These



JOSEPH MEDILL.

From a daguerreotype taken in 1854, when Mr. Medill was twenty-nine years of age.

notes Whitney kept for many years, always intending to write them out, but never attending to it, until last year McCLURE'S MAGAZINE learned that he had them, and persuaded him to carry out his intention. Mr. Whitney does not claim that he has made a perfect report. He does claim, however, that the argument is correct, and that in many cases the expressions are exact.

The speech has been submitted by us to several of those who were at the Bloomington convention, among others to Mr. Joseph Medill, editor of the "Chicago Tribune," who says:

MR. MEDILL'S LETTER.

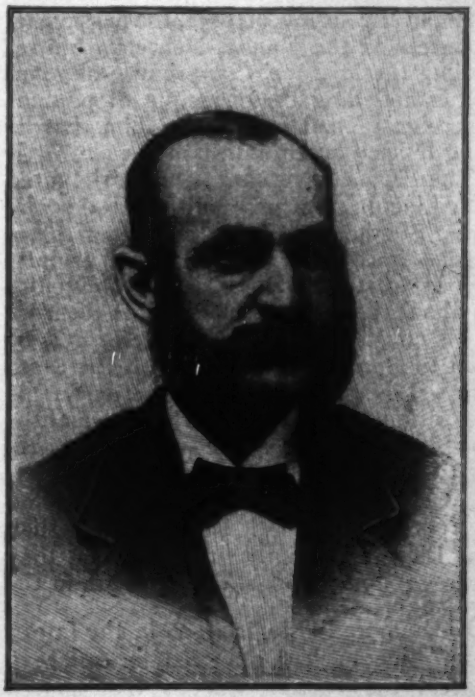
CHICAGO, *May* 15, 1896.

EDITOR McCLURE'S MAGAZINE,
New York City.

Dear Sir: You invited my attention recently to H. C. Whitney's report of the great radical "anti-Nebraska" speech of Mr. Lincoln, delivered in Bloomington, May 29, 1856, before the first Republican State Convention of Illinois; and, as I was present as a delegate and heard it, you ask me to state how accurately, according to my best recollection, it is reproduced in this report.

I have carefully and reflectively read it, and taking into account that Mr. Whitney did not take down the speech stenographically, but only took notes, and afterwards wrote them out in full, he has reproduced with remarkable accuracy what Mr. Lincoln said, largely in his identical language and partly in synonymous terms. The report is close enough in thought and word to recall the wonderful speech delivered forty years ago with vivid freshness. No one was expecting a great speech at the time. We all knew that he could say something worthy of the occasion, but nobody anticipated such a Demosthenean outburst of oratory. There was great political excitement at the time in Illinois and all over the old Northwest, growing out of the efforts of the South to introduce slavery into Kansas and Nebraska. The free-soil men were highly wrought up in opposition, and Mr. Lincoln partook of their feelings.

I am unable to point out those sentences and parts of the reported speech which vary most in phraseology from the precise language he used, because there is an approximation of his words in every part of it. The ideas uttered are all there. The sequence of argument is accurately given. The invectives hurled at pro-slavery aggression are not exaggerated in the report of the speech. Some portions of the argu-



H. C. WHITNEY.

From a photograph taken by Copelin, Chicago, in 1874.

ment citing pro-slavery aggressions seem rather more elaborate than he delivered; but he was speaking under a high degree of excitement, and the convention was in a responsive mood, and it is impossible to be certain about it. The least that can be said is, that the Whitney report, not being shorthand, is yet a remarkably good one, and is the only one in existence that reproduces the speech.

During all the preceding year the public mind of the West had been lashed into a high state of commotion over the repeal of the Missouri Compromise the year before, which had excluded the introduction of slavery into all territory north of 36.30 degrees. Taking advantage of the repeal, the slaveholders of Missouri and other slave States, aided by the administration of Franklin Pierce, were striving to convert Kansas and Nebraska into slave States. This bad work was carried on actively in the spring of 1856. Many houses of the free-State men of the new city of Lawrence, including their hotel, were burnt. Printing-offices were destroyed; store goods were carried off; horses and cattle were stolen; sharp fights were taking place; men were being killed, and civil war was raging in "bleeding Kansas." In Washington, Brooks of South Carolina entered the Senate chamber and nearly clubbed to death Senator Sumner of Massachusetts. Judge Trumbull offered a resolution in the Senate to prevent civil war in Kansas.

While this state of things was going on, the first State Republican Convention ever held in Illinois assembled in Bloomington May 29, 1856. It was composed of Abolitionists, Free-Soil Whigs, and "Anti-Nebraska" Democrats. Owen Lovejoy embodied the first named, Abraham Lincoln and John M. Palmer the second and third elements; the whole united, made the new Republican party, which has dominated the State ever since, though Palmer, now Senator, returned to the Democratic party, taking Trumbull with him, several years ago.

At this Bloomington Republican convention delegates were appointed who voted to nominate Frémont for President. Abraham Lincoln was placed at the head of the State electoral ticket, and Colonel Bissell (of the Mexican war) was nominated for Governor, and free-soil resolutions were passed. Mr. John M. Palmer presided, and made a stirring free-soil speech. Mr. Lincoln, who was a delegate, counselled every step that was taken, in his quiet, persuasive way. A sharp dispute broke out in the platform committee between the radicals, led by the Abolitionist, Owen Lovejoy (afterwards member of Congress), and O. H. Browning (afterwards Senator and Secretary of the Interior) leading the conservatives. Lincoln acted as a peacemaker and counsellor. He advised the committee to endorse "the Declaration of Independence and the rights of man, and to declare that in accordance with the opinions and practices of the great statesmen of all parties for the past sixty years, Congress possessed full constitutional power to prohibit slavery in all territories, and that such power should be exerted to prevent such extension," which was done. Mr. Browning (conservative) was allowed to add some high-sounding platitudes to the platform. He made the opening speech in the convention, and delivered it in a courtly manner and orotund voice, advising great moderation, and invoking the convention "to ever remember that slavery itself was one of the compromises of the Constitution, and was sacredly protected by the supreme law." He was followed by the radical Owen Lovejoy, in a terrific declamation against slavery and all its works.

Mr. Emery, a "free-State" man just from "bleeding Kansas," told of the "border ruffian" raids from Missouri upon the free-State settlers in Kansas: the burnings, robberies, and murders they were then committing; and asked for help to repel them. When he finished, Lincoln was vociferously called for from all parts of Major's large hall. He came forward and took the platform beside the presiding officer. At first his voice was shrill and hesitating. There was a curious introspective look in his eyes, which lasted for a few moments. Then his voice began to move steadily and smoothly forward, and the modulations were under perfect control from thenceforward to the finish. He warmed up as he went on, and spoke more rapidly; he looked a foot taller as he straightened himself to his full height, and his eyes flashed fire; his countenance became wrapped in intense emotion; he rushed along like a thunderstorm. He prophesied war as the outcome of these aggressions, and poured forth hot denunciations upon the slave power. The convention was kept in an uproar, applauding and cheering and stamping; and this reacted on the speaker, and gave him a tongue of fire. The thrilling scene in that old Bloomington hall forty years ago arises

in my mind as vividly as the day after its enactment.

There stood Lincoln in the forefront, erect, tall, and majestic in appearance, hurling thunderbolts at the foes of freedom, while the great convention roared its endorsement! I never witnessed such a scene before or since. As he described the aims and aggressions of the unappeasable slaveholders and the servility of their Northern allies as illustrated by the perfidious repeal of the Missouri Compromise two years previously, and their grasping after the rich prairies of Kansas and Nebraska, to blight them with slavery and to deprive free labor of this rich inheritance, and exhorted the friends of freedom to resist them to the death, the convention went fairly wild. It paralleled or exceeded the scene in the Revolutionary Virginia convention of eighty-one years before, when Patrick Henry invoked death if liberty could not be preserved, and said, "After all we must fight." Strange, too, that this same man received death a few years afterwards while conferring freedom on the slave race and preserving the American Union from dismemberment.

While Mr. Lincoln did not write out even a memorandum of his Bloomington speech beforehand, neither was it extemporary. He intended days before to make it, and conned it over in his mind in outline, and gathered his facts, and arranged his arguments in regular order, and trusted to the inspiration of the occasion to furnish him the diction with which to clothe the skeleton of his great oration. It is difficult to name any speech by another orator delivered on the same subject about that time or subsequently that equalled it—not excepting those made by Sumner, Seward, or Chase—in strength of argument or dramatic power.

It was my journalistic duty, though a delegate to the convention, to make a longhand report of the speeches delivered, for "The Chicago Tribune.' I did make a few paragraphs of report of what Lincoln said in the first eight or ten minutes; but I became so absorbed in his magnetic oratory that I forgot myself and ceased to take notes, and joined with the convention in cheering and stamping and clapping to the end of his speech. I well remember that after Lincoln had sat down and calm had succeeded the tempest, I waked out of a sort of hypnotic trance, and then thought of my report for "The Tribune." There was nothing written but an abbreviated introduction. It was some sort of satisfaction to find that I had not been "scooped," as all the newspaper men present had been equally carried away by the excitement caused by the wonderful oration, and had made no report or sketch of the speech.

It was fortunate, however, that a cool-nerved young lawyer and ardent friend of Lincoln's who was present, with nimble fingers took down so much of the exact words as they fell from the great orator's lips that he was afterwards able to reproduce the speech almost identically as it was uttered, and has thus saved it to posterity.

Mr. Lincoln was strongly urged by party friends to write out his speech, to be used as a campaign document for the Frémont Presidential contest of that year; but he declared that "it would be impossible for him to recall the language he used on that occasion, as he had spoken under some excitement."

My belief is that, after Mr. Lincoln cooled down, he was rather pleased that his speech had not been reported, as it was too radical in expression on the slavery question for the digestion of central and southern Illinois at that time, and that he preferred to let it stand as a remembrance in the minds of his audience. But be that as it may, the effect of it was such on his hearers that he bounded to the leadership of the new Republican party of Illinois, and no man afterwards ever thought of disputing that position with him. On that occasion he planted the seed which germinated into a Presidential candidacy and that gave him the nomination over Seward at the Chicago convention of 1860, which placed him in the Presidential chair, there to complete his predestined work of destroying slavery and making freedom universal, but yielding his life as a sacrifice for the glorious deeds.

I am, very respectfully yours,

JOSEPH MEDILL.

MR. LINCOLN'S SPEECH.*

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I was over at [cries of "Platform!" "Take the platform!"]—I say, that while I was at Danville Court, some of our friends of anti-Nebraska got together in Springfield and elected me as one delegate to represent old Sangamon with them in this convention, and I am here certainly as a sympathizer in this movement and by virtue

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of that meeting and selection. But we can hardly be called delegates strictly, inasmuch as, properly speaking, we represent nobody but ourselves. I think it altogether fair to say that we have no anti-Nebraska party in Sangamon, although there is a good deal of anti-Nebraska feeling there; but I say for myself, and I think I may speak also for my colleagues, that we who are here fully approve of the platform and of all that has been done [a voice: "Yes!"]; and even if we are not regularly delegates, it will be right for me to answer your call to speak. I suppose we truly stand for the public sentiment of Sangamon on the great question of the repeal, although we do not yet represent many numbers who have taken a distinct position on the question.

We are in a trying time—it ranges above mere party—and this movement to call a halt and turn our steps backward needs all the help and good counsels it can get; for unless popular opinion makes itself very strongly felt, and a change is made in our present course, *blood will flow on account of Nebraska, and brother's hand will be raised against brother!* [The last sentence was uttered in such an earnest, impressive, if not, indeed, tragic, manner, as to make a cold chill creep over me. Others gave a similar experience.]

I have listened with great interest to the earnest appeal made to Illinois men by the gentleman from Lawrence [James S. Emery] who has just addressed us so eloquently and forcibly. I was deeply moved by his statement of the wrongs done to free-State men out there. I think it just to say that all true men North should sympathize with them, and ought to be willing to do any possible and needful thing to right their wrongs. But we must not promise what we ought not, lest we be called on to perform what we cannot; we must be calm and moderate, and consider the whole difficulty, and determine what is possible and just. We must not be led by excitement and passion to do that which our sober judgments would not approve in our cooler moments. We have higher aims; we will have more serious business than to dally with temporary measures.

We are here to stand firmly for a principle—to stand firmly for a right. We know that great political and moral wrongs are done, and outrages committed, and we denounce those wrongs and outrages, although we cannot, at present, do much more. But we desire to reach out beyond those personal outrages and establish a rule that will apply to all, and so prevent any future outrages.

We have seen to-day that every shade of popular opinion is represented here, with *Freedom* or rather *Free-Soil* as the basis. We have come together as in some sort representatives of popular opinion against the extension of slavery into territory now free in fact as well as by law, and the pledged word of the statesmen of the nation who are now no more. We come—we are here assembled together—to protest as well as we can against a great wrong, and to take measures, as well as we now can, to make that wrong right; to place the nation, as far as it may be possible now, as it was before the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; and the plain way to do this is to restore the Compromise, and to demand and determine that *Kansas shall be free!* [Immense applause.] While we affirm, and reaffirm, if necessary, our devotion to the principles of the Declaration of Independence, let our practical work here be limited to the above. We know that there is not a perfect agreement of sentiment here on the public questions which might be rightfully considered in this convention, and that the indignation which we all must feel cannot be helped; but all of us must give up something for the good of the cause. There is one desire which is uppermost in the mind, one wish common to us all—to which no dissent will be made; and I counsel you earnestly to bury all resentment, to sink all personal feeling, make all things work to a common purpose in which we are united and agreed about, and which all present will agree is absolutely necessary—which *must* be done by any rightful mode if there be such: *Slavery must be kept out of Kansas!* [Applause.] The test—the pinch—is right there. If we lose Kansas to freedom, an example will be set which will prove fatal to freedom in the end. We, therefore, in the language of the *Bible*, must "lay the axe to the root of the tree." Temporizing will not do longer; now is the time for decision—for firm, persistent, resolute action. [Applause.]

The Nebraska bill, or rather Nebraska law, is not one of wholesome legislation, but was and is an act of legislative usurpation, whose result, if not indeed intention, is to make slavery national; and unless headed off in some effective way, we are in a fair way to see this land of boasted freedom converted into a land of slavery in fact. [Sensation.] Just open

your two eyes, and see if this be not so. I need do no more than state, to command universal approval, that almost the entire North, as well as a large following in the border States, is radically opposed to the planting of slavery in free territory. Probably in a popular vote throughout the nation nine-tenths of the voters in the free States, and at least one-half in the border States, if they could express their sentiments freely, would vote NO on such an issue; and it is safe to say that two-thirds of the votes of the entire nation would be opposed to it. And yet, in spite of this overbalancing of sentiment in this free country, we are in a fair way to see Kansas present itself for admission as a slave State. Indeed, it is a felony, by the local law of Kansas, to deny that slavery exists there even now. By every principle of law, a negro in Kansas is free; yet the *bogus* legislature makes it an infamous crime to tell him that he is free! *

The party lash and the fear of ridicule will overawe justice and liberty; for it is a singular fact, but none the less a fact, and well known by the most common experience, that men will do things under the terror of the party lash that they would not on any account or for any consideration do otherwise; while men who will march up to the mouth of a loaded cannon without shrinking, will run from the terrible name of "Abolitionist," even when pronounced by a worthless creature whom they, with good reason, despise. For instance—to press this point a little—Judge Douglas introduced his anti-Nebraska bill in January; and we had an extra session of our legislature in the succeeding February, in which were seventy-five Democrats; and at a party caucus, fully attended, there were just three votes out of the whole seventy-five, for the measure. But in a few days orders came on from Washington, commanding them to approve the measure; the party lash was applied, and it was brought up again in caucus, and passed by a large majority. The masses were against it, but party necessity carried it; and it was passed through the lower house of Congress against the will of the people, for the same reason. Here is where the greatest danger lies—that, while we profess to be a government of law and reason, law will give way to violence on demand of this awful and crushing power. Like the great Juggernaut—I think that is the name—the great idol, it crushes everything that comes in its way, and makes a—or as I read once, in a black-letter law book, "a slave is a human being who is legally not a *person* but a *thing*." And if the safeguards to liberty are broken down, as is now attempted, when they have made *things* of all the free negroes, how long, think you, before they will begin to make *things* of poor white men? [Applause.] Be not deceived. Revolutions do not go backward. The founder of the Democratic party declared that *all* men were created equal. His successor in the leadership has written the word "white" before men, making it read "all *white* men are created equal." Pray, will or may not the Know-nothings, if they should get in power, add the word "protestant," making it read "*all protestant white men*"?

Meanwhile the hapless negro is the fruitful subject of reprisals in other quarters. John Pettit, whom Tom Benton paid his respects to, you will recollect, calls the immortal Declaration "a self-evident lie;" while at the birthplace of freedom—in the shadow of Bunker Hill and of the "cradle of liberty," at the home of the Adamses and Warren and Otis—Choate, from our side of the house, dares to fritter away the birthday promise of liberty by proclaiming the Declaration to be "a string of glittering generalities;" and the Southern Whigs, working hand in hand with pro-slavery Democrats, are making Choate's theories practical. Thomas Jefferson, a slaveholder, mindful of the moral element in slavery, solemnly declared that he "trembled for his country when he remembered that God is just;" while Judge Douglas, with an insignificant wave of the hand, "don't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down." Now, if slavery is right, or even negative, he has a right to treat it in this trifling manner. But if it is a moral and political wrong, as all Christendom considers it to be, how can he answer to God for this attempt to spread and fortify it? [Applause.]

But no man, and Judge Douglas no more than any other, can maintain a negative, or merely neutral, position on this question; and, accordingly, he avows that the Union was made *by* white men and *for*

* Statutes of Kansas, 1855, Chapter 151, Sec. 12. If any free person, by speaking or by writing, assert or maintain that persons have not the right to hold slaves in this Territory, or shall introduce into this Territory, print, publish, write, circulate . . . any book, paper, magazine, pamphlet, or circular containing any denial of the right of persons to hold slaves in this Territory, such person shall be deemed guilty of *felony*, and punished by imprisonment at hard labor for a term of not less than two years.

Sec. 13. No person who is conscientiously opposed to holding slaves, or who does not admit the right to hold slaves in this Territory, shall sit as a juror on the trial of any prosecution for any violation of any Sections of this Act.

white men and their descendants. As matter of fact, the first branch of the proposition is historically true; the government was made by white men, and they were and are the superior race. This I admit. But the corner-stone of the government, so to speak, was the declaration that "*all* men are created equal," and all entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." [Applause.]

And not only so, but the framers of the Constitution were particular to keep out of that instrument the word "slave," the reason being that slavery would ultimately come to an end, and they did not wish to have any reminder that in this free country human beings were ever prostituted to slavery. [Applause.] Nor is it any argument that we are superior and the negro inferior—that he has but one talent while we have ten. Let the negro possess the little he has in independence; if he has but one talent, he should be permitted to keep the little he has. [Applause.] But slavery will endure no test of reason or logic; and yet its advocates, like Douglas, use a sort of bastard logic, or noisy assumption, it might better be termed, like the above, in order to prepare the mind for the gradual, but none the less certain, encroachments of the Moloch of slavery upon the fair domain of freedom. But however much you may argue upon it, or smother it in soft phrases, slavery can only be maintained by force—by violence. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise was by violence. It was a violation of both law and the sacred obligations of honor, to overthrow and trample underfoot a solemn compromise, obtained by the fearful loss to freedom of one of the fairest of our Western domains. Congress violated the will and confidence of its constituents in voting for the bill; and while public sentiment, as shown by the elections of 1854, demanded the restoration of this compromise, Congress violated its trust by refusing, simply because it had the force of numbers to hold on to it. And murderous violence is being used now, in order to force slavery on to Kansas; for it cannot be done in any other way. [Sensation.]

The necessary result was to establish the rule of violence—force, instead of the rule of law and reason; to perpetuate and spread slavery, and, in time, to make it general. We see it at both ends of the line. In Washington, on the very spot where the outrage was started, the fearless Sumner is beaten to insensibility, and is now slowly dying; while senators who claim to be gentlemen and Christians stood by, countenancing the act, and even applauding it afterward in their places in the Senate. Even Douglas, our man, saw it all and was within helping distance, yet let the murderous blows fall unopposed. Then, at the other end of the line, at the very time Sumner was being murdered, Lawrence was being destroyed for the crime of Freedom. It was the most prominent stronghold of liberty in Kansas, and must give way to the all-dominating power of slavery. Only two days ago, Judge Trumbull found it necessary to propose a bill in the Senate to prevent a general civil war and to restore peace in Kansas.

We live in the midst of alarms; anxiety beclouds the future; we expect some new disaster with each newspaper we read. Are we in a healthful political state? Are not the tendencies plain? Do not the signs of the times point plainly the way in which we are going? [Sensation.]

In the early days of the Constitution slavery was recognized, by South and North alike, as an evil, and the division of sentiment about it was not controlled by geographical lines or considerations of climate, but by moral and philanthropic views. Petitions for the abolition of slavery were presented to the very first Congress by Virginia and Massachusetts alike. To show the harmony which prevailed, I will state that a fugitive slave law was passed in 1793, with no dissenting voice in the Senate, and but seven dissenting votes in the House. It was, however, a wise law, moderate, and, under the Constitution, a just one. Twenty-five years later, a more stringent law was proposed and defeated; and thirty-five years after that, the present law, drafted by Mason of Virginia, was passed by Northern votes. I am not, just now, complaining of this law, but I am trying to show how the current sets; for the proposed law of 1817 was far less offensive than the present one. In 1774 the Continental Congress pledged itself, without a dissenting vote, to wholly discontinue the slave trade, and to neither purchase nor import any slave; and less than three months before the passage of the Declaration of Independence, the same Congress which adopted that declaration unanimously resolved "that *no slave be imported into any of the thirteen United Colonies.*" [Great applause.]

On the second day of July, 1776, the draft of a Declaration of Independence was reported to Congress by the committee,

and in it the slave trade was characterized as "an execrable commerce," as "a piratical warfare," as the "opprobrium of infidel powers," and as "a cruel war against human nature." [Applause.] All agreed on this except South Carolina and Georgia, and in order to preserve harmony, and from the necessity of the case, these expressions were omitted. Indeed, abolition societies existed as far south as Virginia; and it is a well-known fact that Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Lee, Henry, Mason, and Pendleton were qualified abolitionists, and much more radical on that subject than we of the Whig and Democratic parties claim to be to-day. On March 1, 1784, Virginia ceded to the confederation all its lands lying northwest of the Ohio River. Jefferson, Chase of Maryland, and Howell of Rhode Island, as a committee on that and territory thereafter *to be ceded*, reported that no slavery should exist after the year 1800. Had this report been adopted, not only the Northwest, but Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi also would have been free; but it required the assent of nine States to ratify it. North Carolina was divided, and thus its vote was lost; and Delaware, Georgia, and New Jersey refused to vote. In point of fact, as it was, it was assented to by six States. Three years later, on a square vote to exclude slavery from the Northwest, only one vote, and that from New York, was against it. And yet, thirty-seven years later, five thousand citizens of Illinois out of a voting mass of less than twelve thousand, deliberately, after a long and heated contest, voted to introduce slavery in Illinois; and, to-day, a large party in the free State of Illinois are willing to vote to fasten the shackles of slavery on the fair domain of Kansas, notwithstanding it received the dowry of freedom long before its birth as a political community. I repeat, therefore, the question: Is it not plain in what direction we are tending? [Sensation.] In the colonial time, Mason, Pendleton, and Jefferson were as hostile to slavery in Virginia as Otis, Ames, and the Adamses were in Massachusetts; and Virginia made as earnest an effort to get rid of it as old Massachusetts did. But circumstances were against them and they failed; but not that the good will of its leading men was lacking. Yet within less than fifty years Virginia changed its tune, and made negro-breeding for the cotton and sugar States one of its leading industries. [Laughter and applause.]

In the Constitutional Convention, George Mason of Virginia made a more violent abolition speech than my friends Lovejoy or Codding would desire to make here to-day—a speech which could not be safely repeated anywhere on Southern soil in this enlightened year. But while there were some differences of opinion on this subject even then, discussion was allowed; but as you see by the Kansas slave code, which, as you know, is the Missouri slave code, merely ferried across the river, it is a felony to even express an opinion hostile to that foul blot in the land of Washington and the Declaration of Independence. [Sensation.]

In Kentucky—my State—in 1849, on a test vote, the mighty influence of Henry Clay and many other good men there could not get a symptom of expression in favor of gradual emancipation on a plain issue of marching toward the light of civilization with Ohio and Illinois; but the State of Boone and Hardin and Henry Clay, with a *nigger* under each arm, took the black trail toward the deadly swamps of barbarism. Is there—can there be—any doubt about this thing? And is there any doubt that we must all lay aside our prejudices and march, shoulder to shoulder, in the great army of Freedom? [Applause.]

Every Fourth of July our young orators all proclaim this to be "the land of the *free* and the home of the brave!" Well, now, when you orators get that off next year, and, may be, this very year, how would you like some old grizzled farmer to get up in the grove and deny it? [Laughter.] How would you like that? But suppose Kansas comes in as a slave State, and all the "border ruffians" have barbecues about it, and free-State men come trailing back to the dishonored North, like whipped dogs with their tails between their legs, it is—ain't it?—evident that this is no more the "land of the free;" and if we let it go so, we won't dare to say "home of the brave" out loud. [Sensation and confusion.]

Can any man doubt that, even in spite of the people's will, slavery will triumph through violence, unless that will be made manifest and enforced? Even Governor Reeder claimed at the outset that the contest in Kansas was to be fair, but he got his eyes open at last; and I believe that, as a result of this moral and physical violence, Kansas will soon apply for admission as a slave State. And yet we can't mistake that the people don't want it so,

and that it is a land which is free both by natural and political law. *No law, no free law!* Such is the understanding of all Christendom. In the Somerset case, decided nearly a century ago, the great Lord Mansfield held that slavery was of such a nature that it must take its rise in *positive* (as distinguished from *natural*) law; and that in no country or age could it be traced back to any other source. Will some one please tell me where is the *positive* law that establishes slavery in Kansas? [A voice: "The *bogus* laws."] Aye, the *bogus* laws! And, on the same principle, a gang of Missouri horse-thieves could come into Illinois and declare horse-stealing to be legal [Laughter], and it would be just as legal as slavery is in Kansas. But by express statute, in the land of Washington and Jefferson, we may soon be brought face to face with the discreditable fact of showing to the world by our acts that we prefer slavery to freedom—darkness to light! [Sensation.]

It is, I believe, a principle in law that when one party to a contract violates it so grossly as to chiefly destroy the object for which it is made, the other party may rescind it. I will ask Browning if that ain't good law. [Voices: "Yes!"] Well, now if that be right, I go for rescinding the whole, entire Missouri Compromise and thus turning Missouri into a free State; and I should like to know the difference—should like for any one to point out the difference—between *our* making a free State of Missouri and *their* making a slave State of Kansas. [Great applause.] There ain't one bit of difference, except that our way would be a great mercy to humanity. But I have never said—and the Whig party has never said—and those who oppose the Nebraska bill do not as a body say, that they have any intention of interfering with slavery in the slave States. Our platform says just the contrary. We allow slavery to exist in the slave States,—not because slavery is right or good, but from the necessities of our Union. We grant a fugitive slave law because it is so "nominated in the bond;" because our fathers so stipulated—had to—and we are bound to carry out this agreement. But they did not agree to introduce slavery in regions where it did not previously exist. On the contrary, they said by their example and teachings that they did not deem it expedient—did not consider it right—to do so; and it is wise and right to do just as they did about it [Voices: "Good!"], and that is what we propose—not to interfere with slavery where it exists (we have never tried to do it), and to give them a reasonable and efficient fugitive slave law. [A voice: "No!"] I say YES! [Applause.] It was part of the bargain, and I'm for living up to it; but I go no further; I'm not bound to do more, and I won't agree any further. [Great applause.]

We, here in Illinois, should feel especially proud of the provision of the Missouri Compromise excluding slavery from what is now Kansas; for an Illinois man, Jesse B. Thomas, was its father. Henry Clay, who is credited with the authorship of the Compromise in general terms, did not even vote for that provision, but only advocated the ultimate admission by a second compromise; and Thomas was, beyond all controversy, the real author of the "slavery restriction" branch of the Compromise. To show the generosity of the Northern members toward the Southern side: on a test vote to exclude slavery from Missouri, ninety voted not to exclude, and eighty-seven to exclude, every vote from the slave States being ranged with the former and fourteen votes from the free States, of whom seven were from New England alone; while on a vote to exclude slavery from what is now Kansas, the vote was one hundred and thirty-four *for*, to forty-two *against*. The scheme, as a whole, was, of course, a Southern triumph. It is idle to contend otherwise, as is now being done by the Nebraskaites; it was so shown by the votes and quite as emphatically by the expressions of representative men. Mr. Lowndes of South Carolina was never known to commit a political mistake; his was the great judgment of that section; and he declared that this measure "would restore tranquillity to the country—a result demanded by every consideration of discretion, of moderation, of wisdom, and of virtue." When the measure came before President Monroe for his approval, he put to each member of his cabinet this question: "Has Congress the constitutional power to prohibit slavery in a territory?" And John C. Calhoun and William H. Crawford from the South, equally with John Quincy Adams, Benjamin Rush, and Smith Thompson from the North, alike answered, "*Yes!*" without qualification or equivocation; and this measure, of so great consequence to the South, was passed; and Missouri was, by means of it, finally enabled to knock at the door of the Republic for an open passage to its brood of slaves. And, in spite of this, Freedom's share is about to be taken by

violence—by the force of misrepresentative votes, not called for by the popular will. What name can I, in common decency, give to this wicked transaction? [Sensation.]

But even then the contest was not over; for when the Missouri constitution came before Congress for its approval, it forbade any free negro or mulatto from entering the State. In short, our Illinois "black laws" were hidden away in their constitution [Laughter], and the controversy was thus revived. Then it was that Mr. Clay's talents shone out conspicuously, and the controversy that shook the Union to its foundation was finally settled to the satisfaction of the conservative parties on both sides of the line, though not to the extremists on either, and Missouri was admitted by the small majority of six in the lower House. How great a majority, do you think, would have been given had Kansas also been secured for slavery? [A voice: "A majority the other way."] "A majority the other way," is answered. Do you think it would have been safe for a Northern man to have confronted his constituents after having voted to consign both Missouri and Kansas to hopeless slavery? And yet this man Douglas, who misrepresents his constituents and who has exerted his highest talents in that direction, will be carried in triumph through the State and hailed with honor while applauding that act. [Three groans for "*Dug!*"] And this shows whither we are tending. This thing of slavery is more powerful than its supporters—even than the high priests that minister at its altar. It debauches even our greatest men. It gathers strength, like a rolling snow-ball, by its own infamy. Monstrous crimes are committed in its name by persons collectively which they would not dare to commit as individuals. Its aggressions and encroachments almost surpass belief. In a despotism, one might not wonder to see slavery advance steadily and remorselessly into new dominions; but is it not wonderful, is it not even alarming, to see its steady advance in a land dedicated to the proposition that "all men are created equal"? [Sensation.]

It yields nothing itself; it keeps all it has, and gets all it can besides. It really came dangerously near securing Illinois in 1824; it did get Missouri in 1821. The first proposition was to admit what is now Arkansas *and* Missouri as one slave State. But the territory was divided, and Arkansas came in, without serious question, as a slave State; and afterwards Missouri, not as a sort of equality, *free*, but also as a slave State. Then we had Florida and Texas; and now Kansas is about to be forced into the dismal procession. [Sensation.] And so it is wherever you look. We have not forgotten—it is but six years since—how dangerously near California came to being a slave State. Texas is a slave State, and four other slave States may be carved from its vast domain. And yet, in the year 1829, slavery was abolished throughout that vast region by a royal decree of the then sovereign of Mexico. Will you please tell me by what *right* slavery exists in Texas to-day? By the same right as, and no higher or greater than, slavery is seeking dominion in Kansas: by political force—peaceful, if that will suffice; by the torch (as in Kansas) and the bludgeon (as in the Senate chamber), if required. And so history repeats itself; and even as slavery has kept its course by craft, intimidation, and violence in the past, so it will persist, in my judgment, until met and dominated by the will of a people bent on its restriction.

We have, this very afternoon, heard bitter denunciations of Brooks in Washington, and Titus, Stringfellow, Atchison, Jones, and Shannon in Kansas—the battle-ground of slavery. I certainly am not going to advocate or shield them; but they and their acts are but the necessary outcome of the Nebraska law. We should reserve our highest censure for the authors of the mischief, and not for the catspaws which they use. I believe it was Shakespeare who said, "Where the offence lies, there let the axe fall;" and, in my opinion, this man Douglas and the Northern men in Congress who advocate "Nebraska" are more guilty than a thousand Joneses and Stringfellows, with all their murderous practices, can be. [Applause.]

We have made a good beginning here to-day. As our Methodist friends would say, "I feel it is good to be here." While extremists may find some fault with the moderation of our platform, they should recollect that "the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift." In grave emergencies, moderation is generally safer than radicalism; and as this struggle is likely to be long and earnest, we must not, by our action, repel any who are in sympathy with us in the main, but rather win all that we can to our standard. We must not belittle nor overlook the facts of our condition—that we are new and comparatively weak, while our enemies are

entrenched and relatively strong. They have the administration and the political power; and, right or wrong, at present they have the numbers. Our friends who urge an appeal to arms with so much force and eloquence, should recollect that the government is arrayed against us, and that the numbers are now arrayed against us as well; or, to state it nearer to the truth, they are not yet expressly and affirmatively for us; and we should repel friends rather than gain them by anything savoring of revolutionary methods. As it now stands, we must appeal to the sober sense and patriotism of the people. We will make converts day by day; we will grow strong by calmness and moderation; we will grow strong by the violence and injustice of our adversaries. And, unless truth be a mockery and justice a hollow lie, we will be in the majority after a while, and then the revolution which we will accomplish will be none the less radical from being the result of pacific measures. The battle of freedom is to be fought out on principle. Slavery is a violation of the eternal right. We have temporized with it from the necessities of our condition; but *as sure as God reigns and school children read,* THAT BLACK FOUL LIE CAN NEVER BE CONSECRATED INTO GOD'S HALLOWED TRUTH! [Immense applause lasting some time.] One of our greatest difficulties is, that men who *know* that slavery is a detestable crime and ruinous to the nation, are compelled, by our peculiar condition and other circumstances, to advocate it concretely, though damning it in the raw. Henry Clay was a brilliant example of this tendency; others of our purest statesmen are compelled to do so; and thus slavery secures actual support from those who detest it at heart. Yet Henry Clay perfected and forced through the Compromise which secured to slavery a great State as well as a political advantage. Not that he hated slavery less, but that he loved the whole Union more. As long as slavery profited by his great Compromise, the hosts of pro-slavery could not sufficiently cover him with praise; but now that this Compromise stands in their way—

> ". . . they never mention him,
> His name is never heard:
> Their lips are now forbid to speak
> That once familiar word."

They have slaughtered one of his most cherished measures, and his ghost would arise to rebuke them. [Great applause.]

Now, let us harmonize, my friends, and appeal to the moderation and patriotism of the people: to the sober second thought; to the awakened public conscience. The repeal of the sacred Missouri Compromise has installed the weapons of violence: the bludgeon, the incendiary torch, the death-dealing rifle, the bristling cannon—the weapons of kingcraft, of the inquisition, of ignorance, of barbarism, of oppression. We see its fruits in the dying bed of the heroic Sumner; in the ruins of the "Free State" hotel; in the smoking embers of the "Herald of Freedom;" in the free-State Governor of Kansas chained to a stake on freedom's soil like a horse-thief, for the crime of freedom. [Applause.] We see it in Christian statesmen, and Christian newspapers, and Christian pulpits applauding *the cowardly act of a low bully,* WHO CRAWLED UPON HIS VICTIM BEHIND HIS BACK AND DEALT THE DEADLY BLOW. [Sensation and applause.] We note our political demoralization in the catch-words that are coming into such common use; on the one hand, "freedom-shriekers," and sometimes "freedom-screechers" [Laughter]; and, on the other hand, "border ruffians," and that fully deserved. And the significance of catch-words cannot pass unheeded, for they constitute a sign of the times. Everything in this world "jibes" in with everything else, and all the fruits of this Nebraska bill are like the poisoned source from which they come. I will not say that we may not sooner or later be compelled to meet force by force; but the time has not yet come, and if we are true to ourselves, may never come. Do not mistake that the ballot is stronger than the bullet. Therefore let the legions of slavery use bullets; but let us wait patiently till November, and fire ballots at them in return; and by that peaceful policy, I believe we shall ultimately win. [Applause.]

It was by that policy that here in Illinois the early fathers fought the good fight and gained the victory. In 1824 the free men of our State, led by Governor Coles (who was a native of Maryland and President Madison's private secretary), determined that those beautiful groves should never reëcho the dirge of one who has no title to himself. By their resolute determination, the winds that sweep across our broad prairies shall never cool the parched brow, nor shall the unfettered streams that bring joy and gladness to our free soil water the tired feet, of a *slave*; but so long as those heavenly breezes and sparkling streams bless the land, or the groves and their fra-

grance or their memory remain, the humanity to which they minister SHALL BE FOREVER FREE! [Great applause.] Palmer, Yates, Williams, Browning, and some more in this convention came from Kentucky to Illinois (instead of going to Missouri), not only to better their conditions, but also to get away from slavery. They have said so to me, and it is understood among us Kentuckians that we don't like it one bit. Now, can we, mindful of the blessings of liberty which the early men of Illinois left to us, refuse a like privilege to the free men who seek to plant Freedom's banner on our Western outposts? ["No! No!"] Should we not stand by our neighbors who seek to better their conditions in Kansas and Nebraska? ["Yes!" "Yes!"] Can we as Christian men, and strong and free ourselves, wield the sledge or hold the iron which is to manacle anew an already oppressed race? ["No! No!"] "Woe unto them," it is written, "that decree unrighteous decrees and that write grievousness which they have prescribed." Can we afford to sin any more deeply against human liberty? ["No! No!"]

One great trouble in the matter is, that slavery is an insidious and crafty power, and gains equally by open violence of the brutal as well as by sly management of the peaceful. Even after the ordinance of 1787, the settlers in Indiana and Illinois (it was all one government then) tried to get Congress to allow slavery temporarily, and petitions to that end were sent from Kaskaskia, and General Harrison, the Governor, urged it from Vincennes, the capital. If that had succeeded, good-by to liberty here. But John Randolph of Virginia made a vigorous report against it; and although they persevered so well as to get three favorable reports for it, yet the United States Senate, with the aid of some slave States, finally *squelched* it for good. [Applause.] And that is why this hall is to-day a temple for free men instead of a negro livery stable. [Great applause and laughter.] Once let slavery get planted in a locality, by ever so weak or doubtful a title, and in ever so small numbers, and it is like the Canada thistle or Bermuda grass—you can't root it out. You yourself may detest slavery; but your neighbor has five or six slaves, and he is an excellent neighbor, or your son has married his daughter, and they beg you to help save their property, and you vote against your interest and principles to accommodate a neighbor, hoping that your vote will be on the losing side. And others do the same; and in those ways slavery gets a sure foothold. And when that is done the whole mighty Union—the force of the nation—is committed to its support. And that very process is working in Kansas to-day. And you must recollect that the slave property is worth a billion of dollars ($1,000,000,000); while free-State men must work for sentiment alone. Then there are "blue lodges"—as they call them—everywhere doing their secret and deadly work.

It is a very strange thing, and not solvable by any moral law that I know of, that if a man loses his horse, the whole country will turn out to help hang the thief; but if a man but a shade or two darker than I am is himself stolen, the same crowd will hang one who aids in restoring him to liberty. Such are the inconsistencies of slavery, where a horse is more sacred than a man; and the essence of *squatter* or popular sovereignty—I don't care how you call it—is that if one man chooses to make a slave of another, no third man shall be allowed to object. And if you can do this in free Kansas, and it is allowed to stand, the next thing you will see is ship loads of negroes from Africa at the wharf at Charleston; for one thing is as truly lawful as the other; and these are the bastard notions we have got to stamp out, else they will stamp us out. [Sensation and applause.]

Two years ago, at Springfield, Judge Douglas avowed that Illinois came into the Union as a slave State, and that slavery was weeded out by the operation of his great, patent, everlasting principle of "popular sovereignty." [Laughter.] Well, now, that argument must be answered, for it has a little grain of truth at the bottom. I do not mean that it is true in essence, as he would have us believe. It could not be essentially true if the ordinance of '87 was valid. But, in point of fact, there were some degraded beings called slaves in Kaskaskia and the other French settlements when our first State constitution was adopted; that is a fact, and I don't deny it. Slaves were brought here as early as 1720, and were kept here in spite of the ordinance of 1787 against it. But slavery did not thrive here. On the contrary, under the influence of the ordinance, the number *decreased* fifty-one from 1810 to 1820; while under the influence of *squatter* sovereignty, right across the river in Missouri, they *increased* seven thousand two hundred and eleven in

the same time; and slavery finally faded out in Illinois, under the influence of the law of freedom, while it grew stronger and stronger in Missouri, under the law or practice of "popular sovereignty." In point of fact there were but one hundred and seventeen slaves in Illinois one year after its admission, or one to every four hundred and seventy of its population; or, to state it in another way, if Illinois was a slave State in 1820, so were New York and New Jersey much greater slave States from having had greater numbers, slavery having been established there in very early times. But there is this vital difference between all these States and the judge's Kansas experiment: that they sought to disestablish slavery which had been already established, while the judge seeks, so far as he can, to disestablish freedom, which had been established there by the Missouri Compromise. [Voices: "Good!"]

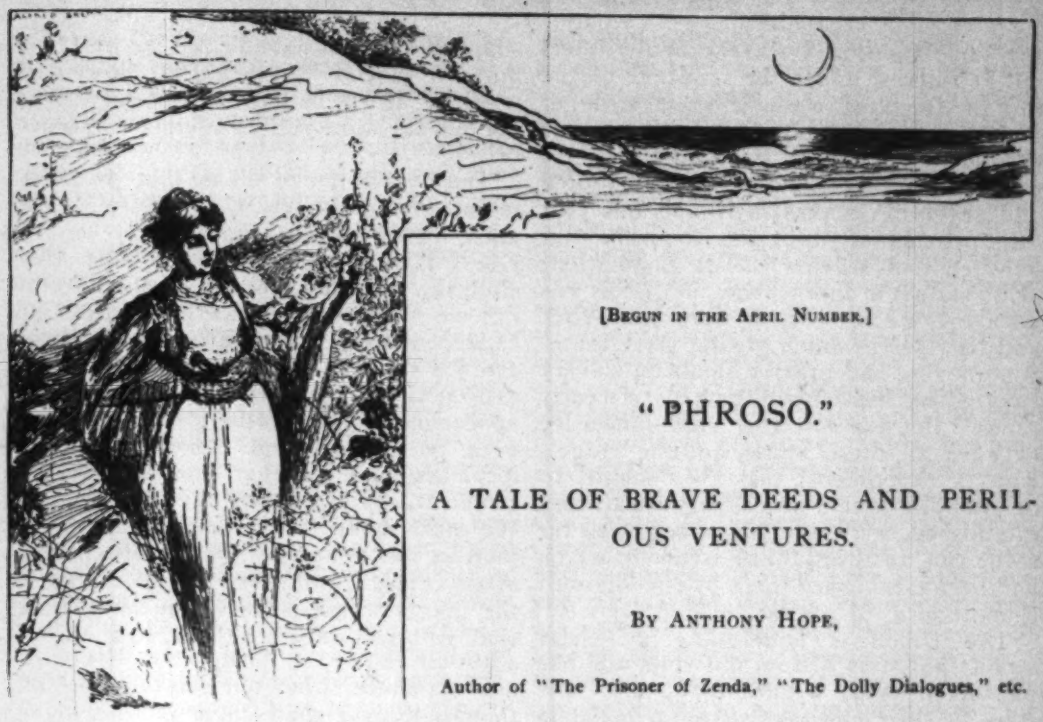
The Union is undergoing a fearful strain; but it is a stout old ship, and has weathered many a hard blow, and "the stars in their courses," aye, an invisible power, greater than the puny efforts of men, will fight for us. But we ourselves must not decline the burden of responsibility, nor take counsel of unworthy passions. Whatever duty urges us to do or to omit, must be done or omitted; and the recklessness with which our adversaries break the laws, or counsel their violation, should afford no example for us. Therefore, let us revere the Declaration of Independence; let us continue to obey the Constitution and the laws; let us keep step to the music of the Union. Let us draw a cordon, so to speak, around the slave States, and the hateful institution, like a reptile poisoning itself, will perish by its own infamy. [Applause.]

But we cannot be free men if this is, by our national choice, to be a land of slavery. Those who deny freedom to others, deserve it not for themselves; and, under the rule of a just God, cannot long retain it. [Loud applause.]

Did you ever, my friends, seriously reflect upon the speed with which we are tending downwards? Within the memory of men now present the leading statesmen of Virginia could make genuine, red-hot abolitionist speeches in old Virginia; and, as I have said, now even in "free Kansas" it is a crime to declare that it is free Kansas." The very sentiments that I and others have just uttered, would entitle us, and each of us, to the ignominy and seclusion of a dungeon; and yet I suppose that, like Paul, we were "free born." But if this thing is allowed to continue, it will be but one step further to impress the same rule in Illinois. [Sensation.]

The conclusion of all is, that we must restore the Missouri Compromise. We must highly resolve that *Kansas must be free!* [Great applause.] We must reinstate the birthday promise of the Republic; we must reaffirm the Declaration of Independence; we must make good in essence as well as in form Madison's avowal that "the word *slave* ought not to appear in the Constitution;" and we must even go further, and decree that only local law, and not that time-honored instrument, shall shelter a slave-holder. We must make this a land of liberty in fact, as it is in name. But in seeking to attain these results—so indispensable if the liberty which is our pride and boast shall endure—we will be loyal to the Constitution and to the "flag of our Union," and no matter what our grievance—even though Kansas shall come in as a slave State; and no matter what theirs—even if we shall restore the Compromise—WE WILL SAY TO THE SOUTHERN DISUNIONISTS, WE WON'T GO OUT OF THE UNION, AND YOU SHAN'T!!! [This was the climax; the audience rose to its feet *en masse*, applauded, stamped, waved handkerchiefs, threw hats in the air, and ran riot for several minutes. The arch-enchanter who wrought this transformation looked, meanwhile, like the personification of political justice.]

But let us, meanwhile, appeal to the sense and patriotism of the people, and not to their prejudices; let us spread the floods of enthusiasm here aroused all over these vast prairies, so suggestive of freedom. Let us commence by electing the gallant soldier Governor (Colonel) Bissell who stood for the honor of our State alike on the plains and amidst the chaparral of Mexico and on the floor of Congress, while he defied the Southern Hotspur; and that will have a greater moral effect than all the border ruffians can accomplish in all their raids on Kansas. There is both a power and a magic in popular opinion. To that let us now appeal; and while, in all probability, no resort to force will be needed, our moderation and forbearance will stand us in good stead when, if ever, WE MUST MAKE AN APPEAL TO BATTLE AND TO THE GOD OF HOSTS!! [Immense applause and a rush for the orator.]



[Begun in the April Number.]

"PHROSO."

A TALE OF BRAVE DEEDS AND PERILOUS VENTURES.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNFINISHED LETTER.

I have learnt on my way through the world how dangerous a thing is a conceit of a man's own cleverness; and among the most striking lessons of this truth stands one which Mouraki Pasha taught me in Neopalia. My game was against a past master in the art of intrigue; yet I made sure I had caught him napping, sure that my wits were quicker than his, and that he missed what was plain to my eyes. In vain, they say, is the net spread in the sight of any bird. Aye, of any bird that has eyes and knows how to use them. But if the bird has no eyes, or employs them in admiring its own plumage, there is a chance for the fowler after all.

These reflections occur to my mind when I recollect the hope and exultation in my heart as I followed the governor's leisurely upward march through the wood to the cottage. Mouraki, I said to myself, thought that he was allaying my suspicions and lulling my watchfulness to sleep by the courtesy with which he arranged an interview between Phroso and myself. Was that what he was really doing? No, I declared triumphantly; he was putting in my way the one sovereign chance that fate had hitherto denied. He was to be away, and most of his men with him. Phroso, Kortes, and I would be alone together at the house, alone for an hour, perhaps two. At the moment I felt that I asked no more of fortune. Had the pasha never heard of the secret of the Stefanopouloi? It almost seemed so; but I myself had told him of it, and Denny's information had preceded mine. Yet he was leaving us alone by the hidden door. But he knew of it? Had he stopped it? My ardor was cooled, my face fell. Certainly he knew; and since he knew, of a surety the passage would be watched.

"By the way," said Mouraki, turning to me, "I want you to show me that passage you told me of some time to-morrow. I've never found time to go down there yet, and I have a taste for these medieval curiosities."

"I shall be proud to be your guide, pasha. You would trust yourself there with me?"

"Oh, my dear Wheatley, such things are not done now," smiled the pasha. "You and I will settle our little difference another way. Have you been down since I came?"

"No. I've had about enough of the passage," said I carelessly. "I should be glad never to see it again; but I must strain a point and go with you."

"Yes, you must do that," he answered.

"How steep this hill is! Really, I must be growing old, as Phroso is cruel enough to think!"

This conversation, seeming to fall in so pat with my musings, and indicating, if it did not state, that Mouraki treated the passage as a trifle of no moment, brought us to the outskirts of the wood, and the cottage was there before us. We had passed only one sentry; the cordon was gone. This change struck me at once, and I remarked on it to Mouraki.

"Yes, I thought it safe to send most of them away. There are one or two more than you see, though. But he won't venture back now."

I smiled to myself. I was pleased again at my penetration; and, in this instance, unlike the other at which I have hinted, I do not think I was wrong. The cordon had been here—then Constantine had. The cordon was gone—and I made no doubt that Constantine was gone also.

The front of the cottage was dark, and the curtains of the windows drawn, as they had been when I came before, on the night that I killed Vlacho the inn-keeper and fell into the hands of Kortes and Demetri. The whirligig had turned since then; for then this man Mouraki had been my far-off, much-desired deliverer, Kortes and Demetri open enemies. Now Mouraki was my peril, Kortes my best friend, Demetri—well, what and whom had Panayiota meant?

"Shall we go in?" asked Mouraki, as we came to the house. "Stay, though; I'll knock on the door with my stick. Madame Stefanopoulos is, no doubt, within. I think she will probably not have joined her husband."

"I imagine she will have heard of his escape with great regret," said I.

The pasha knocked with the gold-headed cane which he carried. He waited, and then repeated the blow. No answer came.

"Well," said he with a shrug, "we have given her fair warning. Let us enter. She knows you, my dear Wheatley, and will not be alarmed."

"But if Constantine's here?" I suggested, with a mocking smile. "Your life is a valuable one; run no risks; he is a desperate man."

The pasha shifted his cane to his left hand, smiled in answer to my smile, and produced a revolver.

"You are wise," said I, and I took my revolver out of my pocket.

"We are ready for anything now," said Mouraki.

I think "anything" in that sentence was meant to include "one another."

The pasha opened the door, and passed in. Nothing seemed to be changed since my last visit. The door of the room on the right was open, the table was again spread, for two this time; the left-hand door was shut.

"You see the fugitive is not in that room," observed the pasha, waving his hand to the right. "Let us try the other;" and he turned the door-handle of the room on the left, and preceded me into it.

At this point I am impelled to a little confession. The murderous impulse is, perhaps, not so uncommon as we suppose. I dare say many respectable men and amiable women have felt it in all its attractive simplicity once or twice in their lives. It seems at such moments hardly sinful, merely too dangerous, and to be recognized as impossible to gratify by reason of its danger. But I perceive that I am accusing the rest of the world in the hope of excusing myself; for at that moment, when the pasha's broad, solid back was presented to me, a yard in front, I experienced a momentary but extremely strong temptation to raise my arm, move my finger, and—transform the situation. I did not do it; but, on the other hand, I have never counted the desire to do it among the great sins of my life. Mouraki, I thought then and know now, deserved nothing better. Unhappily we have our own consciences to consider, and are thus often prevented from meting out to others the measure their deeds claim.

"I see nobody," said the pasha. "But then the room is dark. Shall I pull back the curtain?"

"You had better be careful," said I, laughing. "That was what Vlacho did."

"Ah, but you are on the same side this time," he answered, and stepped across the room toward the curtain.

Suddenly I became, or seemed to become, vaguely, uncomfortably, even terribly conscious of something there. Yet I could see nothing in the dark room, and I heard nothing. I can hardly think Mouraki shared my strange, oppressive feeling; yet the curtain was not immediately drawn back, his figure bulked motionless just in front of me, and he repeated in tones that betrayed uneasiness, "I suppose I'd better draw back the curtain, hadn't I?"

What was it? It must have been all fancy, born of the strain of excitement

and nervous tension in which I was living. I have had something of the feeling in the dark before and since, but never so strong, distinct, and almost palpable. I knew Constantine was not there; I had no fear of him, if he were. Yet my forehead grew damp with sweat.

Mouraki's hand was on the curtain; he drew it back; the dull evening light spread sluggishly through the room. Mouraki turned, and looked at me. I returned his gaze. A moment passed before either of us looked round.

"There is nobody behind the curtain," said he. "Do you see any one anywhere?"

Then I pulled myself together and looked round. The chairs near me were empty; the couch had no occupant. But away in the corner of the room, in the shadow of a projecting angle of the wall, I saw a figure seated in front of a table. On the table were writing materials; the figure was a woman's; her arms were spread on the table, and her head lay between them. I raised my hand, and pointed to her. Mouraki's eyes obeyed my direction, but came quickly back to me in question; and he arched his brows.

I stepped across the room towards where the woman sat; I heard the pasha following with hesitating step, and I waited till he overtook me. Then I called her name softly; yet I knew that it was no use to call her name; it was only the protest my horror made. She would hear her name no more. Again I pointed with my right hand, catching Mouraki's arm with my left at the same moment.

"There," I said, "there—between the shoulders—a knife!"

I felt his arm tremble. I must do him justice. I am convinced that he did not foresee or anticipate this among the results of the letting loose of Constantine Stefanopoulos. I heard him clear his throat; I saw him lick his lips; his lids settled low over his cunning eyes. I turned from him to that motionless figure in the chair.

She was dead—had been dead some little while—and must have died instantly on that foul stroke. Why had the brute dealt it? Was it mere revenge and cruelty—persistent nursed wrath at her betrayal of him on St. Tryphon's day? Or had some new cause evoked fresh passion from him?

"Let us lay her here on the sofa," I said to Mouraki. "And you must send some one to look after her."

He seemed reluctant to help me, and I leant forward alone, and, putting my arm around her, raised her from the table, and set her upright in the chair. I rejoiced to find no trace of pain or horror on her face. As I looked at it I gave a sudden short sob. I was unstrung: the thing was so cruelly wanton and horrible.

"He has made good use of his liberty," I said in a low, fierce tone, turning on Mouraki in a sudden burst of anger against the hand that had set that villain free. But the pasha's composure wrapped him like a cloak again. He knew what I meant, and read the implied taunt in my words, but he answered calmly:

"We have no proof yet that it was her husband who killed her."

"Who else should?"

He shrugged his shoulders, saying: "No proof, I said; perhaps he did, perhaps not; we do not know."

"Help me with her," said I, brusquely.

Between us we lifted her and laid her on the couch, and spread over her a fur rug that draped one of the chairs. While this was done we did not exchange a word with one another. Mouraki uttered a sigh of relief when the task was finished.

"I will send a couple of women up as soon as we get back. Meanwhile the place is guarded, and nobody can come in. Need we delay longer? It is not a pleasant place."

"I should think we might as well go," I answered, casting my eye again round the room, to the spot where Vlacho had fallen, enveloped in the curtain that he dragged down with him, and to the writing-table that had supported the dead body of Francesca. Mouraki's hand was on the door-handle; he stood there, impatient to be out of the place, waiting for me to accompany him. But my last glance had seen something new; with a sudden low exclamation I darted across the room to the table. For I had perceived a sheet of paper lying just where Francesca's head had been.

"What's the matter?" asked Mouraki.

I made no answer. I seized the piece of paper. A pen lay between it and the inkstand. On the paper was a line or two of writing; the characters were blurred, as though Francesca's hair had smeared them before the ink was dry. I held it up. Mouraki stepped briskly up to me.

"Give it to me," he said, holding out his hand. "It may be something I ought to see."

The first hint of action, of new light or

a new development, restored their cool alertness to my faculties.

"Why not something which I ought to see, my dear pasha?" I asked, holding the paper behind my back and facing him.

"You forget the position I hold, Lord Wheatley. You have no such position."

I did not argue that. I walked to the window, to get the best of the light. Mouraki followed me closely.

"I'll read it to you," said I. "There is not much of it."

I held it to the light. The pasha was close by my shoulder, his pale face leaning forward towards the paper. Straining my eyes on to the blurred characters, I read, and I read aloud, according to my promise, hearing Mouraki's breathing that accompanied my words.

"My lord, take care. He is free. Mouraki has set—"

That was all; a blot followed the last word. At that word the pen must have fallen from her fingers, as her husband's dagger stole her life. We had read her last words. The writing of that line saw the moment of her death; did it also supply the cause? If so, not the old grudge, but rage at a fresh betrayal of a fresh villainy had impelled Constantine's arm to his foul stroke. He had caught her in the act of writing it, had taken his revenge, and secured his safety.

After I had read, there was silence. The pasha's face was still by my shoulder. I gazed, as if fascinated, on the fatal unfinished note. At last I turned and looked him in the face. His eyes met mine in unmoved steely composure.

"I think," said I, "that I had a right to read the note after all. For, as I guess, the writer was addressing it to me, and not to you."

For a moment Mouraki hesitated; then he shrugged his shoulders, saying:

"My dear lord, I don't know whom it is addressed to or what it means. Had the unfortunate lady been allowed to finish it—"

"We should know more than we do now," I interrupted.

"I was about to say as much. I see she introduced my name; she can, however, have known nothing of any course I might be pursuing."

"Unless some one who knew told her."

"Who could?"

"Well, her husband."

"Who was killing her?" he asked, with a scornful smile.

"He may have told her before—and she tried to forward the information to me."

"It is all the purest conjecture," shrugged the governor.

I looked him in the eyes, and I think my eyes told him pretty plainly my views of the meaning of this note. He answered my glance at first with a carefully inexpressive gaze; but presently a meaning came into his eyes; he seemed to confess to me and to challenge me to make what use I could of the confession. But then the momentary candor of his regard passed, and blankness spread over his face again.

Desperately I struggled with myself, clinging to self-control. To this day I believe that, had my life, and my life only, been in question, I should then and there have compelled Mouraki to fight me, man to man, in the little gloomy room where the dead woman lay on the sofa; we should not have disturbed her. And I think also that Mouraki, who did not want for courage, would have caught at my challenge and cried content to a proposal that we should, there and then, put our quarrel to an issue, and that one only of us should go alive down the hill. I read such a mood in his eyes in the moment of their candor; I saw the courage to act on it in his resolute lips and his tense, still attitude.

Well, we could neither of us afford the luxury. If I killed him, I should bring grave suspicion on Phroso; she and her islanders would be held accomplices; and, although this was a secondary matter to my hot rage, I should myself stand in a position of great danger. And he could not kill me; for all his schemes against me were still controlled and limited by the necessities of his position. Had I been an islander, or even an unknown man concerning whom no questions would be asked, his work would have been simple, and, as I believed, would have been carried out before now. But it was not so; he would be held responsible for a satisfactory account of how I met my death. It would tax his invention to give it if he killed me himself with his own hand and without witnesses. In fact the finding of the note left us where we were so far as action was concerned; but it tore away the last shreds of the veil, the last pretenses of honesty and friendliness which had been kept up between us. In that swift, full, open glance which we had exchanged, our undisguised quarrel, the great issue between us, was legibly written and plainly

read. Yet not a word passed our lips concerning it. Mouraki and I began to need words no more than lovers do. For hate matches love in penetration.

I put the note in my pocket. Mouraki blinked eyes now utterly free from expression. I gave a final glance at the dead woman, feeling a touch of shame at having for a moment forgotten her fate in my quarrel.

"Shall we go down, pasha?" said I.

"As soon as you please, Lord Wheatley," he answered; and this formal mode of address was perhaps an acknowledgment that the time for hypocrisy and the hollow show of friendship was over between us. The change was just in his way—slight, subtle, but sufficient.

I followed Mouraki out of the house. He walked in his usual slow, deliberate manner. He beckoned to the sentry as we passed him, told him that two women who would shortly come up were to be admitted, but nobody else, until an officer came bearing further orders. Having made these arrangements, he resumed his way down, taking his place in front of me and maintaining an absolute silence. I did not care to talk. I had enough to think about. But already, now I was out in the fresh air, the feeling of sick horror with which the little room had affected me began to pass away. I felt braced up again. I was better prepared for the great effort which loomed before me as a present and urgent necessity. Mouraki had found an instrument; he had set Constantine free, that Constantine might do against me what Mouraki could not openly do himself. My friends were away. The hour of the stroke must even now be upon me. Well, the hour of my counter-stroke was come also, the counter-stroke for which my interview with Phroso in Mouraki's absence opened the way; for he thought the passage no more than a medieval curiosity!

We reached the house, and entered the hall together. As we passed through the compound I had seen an alert sentinel. Looking out from the front door, I perceived two men on guard. A party of ten or a dozen more were drawn up, an officer at their head; these were the men who waited to attend Mouraki on his evening expedition. The pasha seated himself, and wrote a note; he looked up as he finished it, and said:

"I am informing the Lady Euphrosyne that you will await her here in half an hour's time and that she is at liberty to spend what time she pleases with you. Is that what you wish?"

"Precisely, your Excellency. I am much obliged to you."

His only answer was a dignified bow; but he turned to a sub-officer who stood by him at attention, and said: "On no account allow Lord Wheatley to be interrupted this evening. You will, of course, keep the sentries on guard behind and in front of the house; but do not let them intrude here."

After giving his orders, the pasha sat silent for some minutes. He had lighted a cigarette, and smoked it slowly. Then he let it out—a thing I had never seen him do before—lit another, and resumed his slow inhalings. I knew that he would speak before long; and after a few more moments he gave me the result of his meditations. For we were now alone together.

"It would have been much better," said he, "if that poor woman—whose fate I sincerely regret—had been let alone and this girl had died instead of her;" and he nodded at me with convinced emphasis.

"If Phroso had died!" leapt from my mouth in astonishment.

"Yes, if Phroso had died. We would have hanged Constantine together, wept together over her grave, and each of us gone home with a sweet memory—you to your *fiancée*, I to my work. And we should have forgiven one another any little causes of reproach."

To this speculation in might-have-beens I made no answer. The feelings with which I received it showed me, had I still needed showing, what Phroso was to me. I had been shocked and grieved at Francesca's fate, but rather that a thousand times than the things on which Mouraki cooly mused!

"It would have been much better, so much better," he repeated, with a curiously regretful intonation.

"The one thing that would be better, to my thinking," I said, "is that you should behave as an honorable man and leave this lady free to do as she wishes."

"And another thing, surely?" he asked, smiling now. "That you should behave as an honorable man and go back to Miss Hipgrave?" A low laugh marked the point he had scored. Then he added, with his usual shrug, "We are slaves, we men—slaves all!"

He rose from his chair, and completed his preparations for going out, flinging a large military cloak over his shoulders.

His momentary irresolution, or remorse, or what you will, had passed. His speech became terse and resolute again.

"We shall meet early to-morrow, I expect," he said, "and then we must settle this matter. Do I understand that you are resolved not to yield?"

"I am absolutely resolved," said I; and at the sight of his calm, sneering face my temper suddenly got the better of me. "Yes, I am resolved. You can do what you like. You can bribe ruffians to assassinate me, as I believe you have bribed Constantine."

He started at that, as a man will at plain speech, even though the plain speech tells him nothing that he did not know of the speaker's mind.

"The blood of that unhappy woman is on your head," I cried, vehemently. "Through your act she lies dead. If a like fate befalls me, the blame of that will be on your head also. It is you, and not your tool, who will be responsible."

"Responsible!" he echoed; and his voice was mocking and easy, though his face was paler even than it was wont to be. "Responsible? What does that mean? Responsible to whom?"

"To God," said I.

He laughed a low, derisive laugh.

"Come, that's better," he said. "I expected you to say public opinion. Your sentiment is more respectable than that claptrap of public opinion. So be it. I shall be responsible. Where shall you be?" He paused, smiling, and ended, "And where Phroso?"

My self-restraint was exhausted. I sprang up. In another moment my hands would have been on his throat; and next, I suppose, I should have been a dead man or a prisoner in the hands of his guard. But that was not his scheme; he had shown me too much now to be content with less than my life; and he was not to be turned from his scheme either by his own temper or by mine. He had moved towards the door while he had been speaking to me, and, as I sprang at him, a quick, dexterous movement of his hand opened it, a rapid twist of his body removed him from my reach. He eluded me; the door was shut in my face. The pasha's low laugh reached me, as I sank back in my chair, still raging that I had not got him by the throat, but in an instant glad also that my rashness had been foiled.

I heard the tramp of his party in their orderly march along the road from the house. Their steps died away, and all was very still. I looked round the hall; there was nobody but myself. I rose and looked into the kitchen; it was empty. Mouraki had kept his word; we were alone. In front there were sentries, behind there were sentries, but the house was mine. Hope rose again, strong and urgent in my heart, as my eyes fell on the spot under the staircase, where was the entrance to the secret passage. I looked at my watch. It was eleven o'clock. The wind blew softly, the night was fine. A crescent moon was just visible through the narrow windows. The time was come, the time left free by Mouraki's strange oversight.

It was then—and then only—that a sudden gleam of enlightenment, a sudden chilling suspicion, fell upon me, transforming my hope to fear, my triumph to doubt and misgiving. Was Mouraki Pasha the man to be guilty of an oversight, of so plain an oversight? When an enemy leaves open an obvious retreat, is it always by oversight? When he seems to indicate a way of safety, is the way safe? These disturbing thoughts crowded on me as I sat, and I looked now at the entrance to the secret passage with new eyes.

The sentries were behind the house; the sentries were in front of the house; in neither direction was there any chance of escape. One way was open—the passage, and that one way only. I asked the question of myself, framing the words in an inarticulate low whisper, "Is that way a trap?"

"You fool—you fool—you fool!" I cried, beating my fist upon the wooden table.

For if that way were a trap, then there was no way of safety, and the last hope was gone. Had Mouraki, indeed, thought of the passage only as a medieval curiosity? Well, were not oubliettes, down which a man went and was seen no more, also a medieval curiosity?

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE JAWS OF THE TRAP.

I SAT for some minutes in stupefied despair; the fall from hope was so great and sudden, the revelation of my own blind folly so cruel. But the mood did not last long, and soon I was busy thinking again. Alas, the matter gave little need of thought! It was sadly simple.

Before the yacht came back, Mouraki would have it settled once for all, if the settling of it were left to him. Therefore I could not wait. The passage might be a trap. True, but the house was a prison, and a prison whose gate I could not open. I had rather meet my fate in the hot struggle of effort than wait for it tamely, here in my chair. And I did not think of myself alone, for Phroso's interests pointed to action. I could trust Mouraki to allow no harm to come to her; he prized her life even as I did. To her then the passage threatened no new danger, while it contained a possible slender chance. Would she come with me? If she would, it might be that Kortes and I, or Kortes or I, might, by some kind caprice of fortune, bring her safe out of Mouraki's hands. On the top of these calculations came a calm, cool, intense anger, urging me on to try the issue, hand to hand and man to man, whispering to me that nothing was impossible, and that Mouraki bore no charmed life. For by now I was ready, aye, more than ready, to kill him, if only I could come at him, and I made nothing of the consequences of his death being laid at my door. So is prudence burnt up in the bright flame of a man's rage.

I knew where to find Kortes. He would be keeping his faithful watch outside his mistress's room. Mouraki had never raised any objection to this attendance of his; to forbid it would have been to throw off the mask before the moment came, and Mouraki would not be guilty of such premature disclosures. Moreover, the pasha held the men of Neopalia in no great respect, and certainly did not think that a single islander could offer any resistance to his schemes. I went to the foot of the stairs, and called softly to our trusty adherent. He came down to me at once, and I asked him about Phroso.

"She is alone in her room, my lord," he answered. "The governor has sent my sister away."

"Sent her away? Where to?"

"To the cottage on the hill," said he. "I do not know why; the governor spoke to her apart."

"I know why," said I; and I told him briefly of the crime that had been done.

"That man should not live," said Kortes. "I did not doubt that his escape was allowed in order that he might be dangerous to you."

"Well, he hasn't done much yet."

"No, not yet," said Kortes gravely. I am bound to add that he took the news of Francesca's death with remarkable coolness. In spite of his good qualities, Kortes was a thorough Neopalian, and it needed much to perturb him. Besides he was thinking of Phroso only, and the affairs of everybody else passed unheeded by him. This was very evident when I asked his opinion as to waiting where we were or essaying the way that Mouraki's suspicious carelessness seemed to leave open to us.

"Oh, the passage, my lord! Let it be the passage. For you and me the passage is very dangerous, yet hardly more than here, and the Lady Phroso has her only chance of escape through the passage."

"You think it very dangerous for us?"

"Possibly one of us will come through," he said.

"And at the other end?"

"There may be a boat. If there is none, she must try (and we with her, if we are alive) to steal round to the town and hide in one of the houses till a boat can be found.

"Mouraki would scour the island."

"Yes, but a clear hour or two would be enough, if we could get into a boat."

But he would send the gunboat after her."

"Yes, but, my lord, am I saying that escape is likely? It is possible only; and possibly the boat might evade pursuit."

I had the highest regard for Kortes, but he was not a very cheering companion in an adventure. Given the same desperate circumstances, Denny would have been serenely confident of success and valiantly scornful of our opponent. I heaved a regretful sigh for him, and said to Kortes with a little irritation:

"Hang it, we've come out right side up before now, and we may again. Hadn't we better rouse her?"

During this conversation Kortes had been standing on the lowest step of the staircase, and I, facing him, on the floor of the hall, with one hand resting on the balustrade. We had talked in low tones, partly from a fear of eaves-droppers, even more, I think, from the influence which our position exerted over us. Our voices sounded as no more than low murmurs in the large hall; consequently they could not have been audible—where? In the passage!

For as I spoke to Kortes in a petulant, reproachful whisper, a sound struck on my ear—a very faint sound. I caught my companion's arm, imposing silence on him

by a look. The sound came again. I knew the sound. I had heard it before. I stepped back a pace, and I looked round the balustrade to the spot where the entrance to the passage lay.

I should have been past surprise now, after my sojourn in Neopalia. But I was not. I sprang back with a cry of wonder, almost (must I admit it?) of alarm. Small and faint as the noise had been, it had sufficed for the opening of the door; and in the opening made by the receding of the planks were the head and shoulders of a man. His face was hardly a yard from my face, and the face was the face of Constantine Stefanopoulos.

In the instant of paralyzed immobility that followed, the explanation flashed like lightning through my brain. Constantine, buying his liberty and pardon from Mouraki, had stolen along that passage, he had opened the door, he hoped to find me alone—if not alone, yet off my guard—in the hall. Then a single shot would be enough, his errand would be done, his pardon won. That my explanation was right, the revolver in his hand witnessed. But he also was surprised; I was closer than he thought, so close that he also started back for an instant. The interval was enough; before he could raise his weapon and take aim I put my head down between my shoulders and rushed at him. I think my head knocked his arm up, his revolver went off, the noise echoing through the hall. I almost had hold of him when I was suddenly seized from behind and hurled backwards. Kortes had a mind to come first, and stood on no ceremony. But in the instant that he was free Constantine dived down, like a rabbit into a burrow; he disappeared. With a shouted oath, Kortes sprang after him. I heard the feet of both of them pattering down the flight of steps.

For a single moment I paused. The shot had echoed loud through the hall. The sentries must have heard it—the sentries before the house, the sentries behind the house. Yet none of them rushed in; not a movement, not a word, not a challenge came from them. Mouraki Pasha kept good discipline; his orders were law, his directions held good, though shots rang loud and startling through the house. Even at that moment I gave a short, sharp laugh, for I remembered that on no account was Lord Wheatley to be interrupted —no, neither Lord Wheatley nor the man who came to kill Lord Wheatley was to be interrupted. O Mouraki, Mouraki, your score was mounting up! Should you ever pay the reckoning?

Shorter far than it has taken to write my thoughts was the pause during which they galloped through my palpitating brain. In a second I also was down the opening and down the flight of stairs beyond. I heard the steps in front of me, but I could see nothing. It was very dark that night in the passage. I ran on, but I seemed to come no nearer to the steps in front of me. And suddenly I paused, for there were now steps behind me also, light steps that yet sounded distinct in my ear. Then a voice cried, in terror and distress, "My lord! Don't leave me, my lord!"

I turned. Even in the deep gloom I saw a gleam of white; a moment later I caught Phroso by both her hands.

"The shot, the shot?" she whispered.

"Constantine. He shot at me—no, I'm not hurt. Kortes is after him."

She swayed towards me; I caught her, and passed my arm round her; without that she would have fallen on the rocky floor of the dim passage.

"I heard it, and rushed down," she panted. "I heard it from my room."

"Any sign of the sentries?"

"No."

"I must go and help Kortes."

"Not without me?"

"You must wait here."

"Not without you;" and her arms held me now by the shoulders with a stronger grip than I had thought possible. She would not let me go. Well, then, we must face it together.

"Come along, then," said I. "I can see nothing in this rat-hole."

Suddenly, from in front of us, a cry rang out; it was some distance off; we started toward it, for it was Kortes's voice that cried.

"Be careful, be careful," urged Phroso. "We are near the bridge now."

It was true. As she spoke the walls of rock on either side receded; we had come to the opening; the dark water was below us, and before us the isolated bridge of rock that spanned the pool. We were where the lord of the island had been wont to hurl his enemy headlong from his side to death.

What happened on the bridge, on the narrow ridge of rock that ran in front of us? We could not see. But from it came strange sounds—low oaths and mutterings, the scraping of men's limbs and the rasping of cloth on the rock, the hard breathings of struggling combatants; now a

fierce, low cry of triumph, a disappointed curse, a desperate groan, the silence that marked a culminating effort. And now, straining my eyes to the uttermost, and having grown a little more accustomed to the darkness, I discerned, beyond the centre of the bridge, a coiling, writhing mass, that seemed some one many-limbed animal, but was in truth two men, twisted and turned round about one another in an embrace which could have no end save death. Which was Kortes, which Constantine, I could not tell. How they came there I could not tell. I dared not fire. Phroso hung about me in a paroxysm of fear, her hands holding me motionless; I was myself awed and fascinated by the dim spectacle and the confused sounds of that mortal strife.

Backward and forward, to and fro, up and down, they writhed and rolled. Now they hung, a protrusion of deeper blackness, over the black gulf on this side, now on that. Now the mass separated a little, as one pressed the other downward, and seemed about to hurl his enemy over, and himself remain triumphant; now that one, in his turn, tottered to the edge, as if about to fall and leave the other panting on the bridge. Again they were mixed together, so that I could not tell which was which, and the strange appearance of a single writhing, crawling shape returned. Then suddenly, from both at once, rang out cries: there was dread and surprise in one; fierce, uncalculating, self-forgetful triumph in the other. Not even for Phroso's sake or the hold of her encircling arms, could I rest longer. Roughly, I fear, at least with suddenness, I disengaged myself from her grasp. She cried out in protest and in fear, "Don't go, don't leave me!" I could not rest. Recollecting the peril, I yet rushed quickly on to the bridge, and moved warily along its narrow, perilous way. But even as I came near the two who fought in the middle, there was a deep groan, a second wild, triumphant cry, a great lurch of the mass, a moment—a short moment—when it hung poised over the yawning vault, and then an instant of utter stillness. I waited as a boy waits to hear the stone he has thrown strike the water at the bottom of the well. The stone struck the water, there was a great resounding splash, the water moved beneath the blow. I saw its dark gleam agitated. Then all was still again, and the passage of the bridge was clear.

I walked to the spot where the struggle had been, and whence the two had fallen together. I knelt down, and gazed into the chasm. Three times I called Kortes's name. No answer came up, and I could discern no movement of the dark waters. They had sunk, the two together, and neither rose. Perhaps they were wounded to death; perhaps only their fatal embrace prevented all effort for life. I could see nothing and hear nothing. My heart was heavy for Kortes, a brave, true man, and our only friend. In the death of Constantine I saw less than his fitting judgment; yet I was glad that he was gone, and the long line of his villainies closed. This last attempt had been a bold one. Mouraki, no doubt, had forced him to it, and even a craven will be bold where the penalty of cowardice is death. Yet he had not dared to stand when discovered; he had fled, and must have been flying when Kortes came up and grappled with him. For a snapshot at an unwary man he had found courage, but not for a fair fight. He was an utter coward, after all; he was well dead, and his wife avenged.

But it was fatal to linger here. Mouraki would be expecting the return of his emissary. I saw now clearly that the pasha had cleared the way for Constantine's attempt. If no news came, he would not wait long. I put my reflections behind me, and walked briskly back to where I had left Phroso. I found her lying on the ground; she seemed to be in a faint; setting my face close to hers I saw that her eyes were shut and her lips parted; I sat down in the narrow passage by her, and supported her head on my arm. Then I took out a flask, and pouring some of the brandy and water it contained into the cup, forced a little between her lips. With a heavy sigh she opened her eyes and shuddered.

"It is over," I said. "There is no need to be afraid; all is over now."

"Constantine?"

"He is dead."

"And Kortes?"

"They are both gone. They fell together into the pool and must be dead, for there is no sound from it."

A loud sob was her answer, and she put her hand up to her eyes.

"Ah, dear Kortes," she whispered; and I heard her sob gently again.

"He was a brave man," said I. "God rest his soul."

"He loved me," she said, simply, between her sobs. "He—he and his sister were the only ones I had."

"You have other friends," said I; and my voice was well-nigh as low as hers.

"You are very good to me, my lord," she said. She conquered her sobs, and lay still, her head on my arm, her hair enveloping my hand in its silken masses.

"We must go now," said I. "We mustn't stay here. Our only chance is to go on."

"Chance? Chance of what?" she echoed, in a little despairing murmur. "Where am I to go? Why should I struggle any more?"

"Would you fall into Mouraki's power?" I asked, from between set lips.

"No; but I need not. I have my dagger."

"God forbid!" I cried in sudden horror; and in spite of myself I felt my hand tighten and press her head among the coils of her hair. She also felt it; she raised herself on her elbow, turned to me, and sent a straining look into my eyes. What answer could I make to it? I averted my face; she dropped her head between her hands on the rocky floor.

"We must go," said I again. "Can you walk, Phroso?"

I did not notice the name I called her, nor did she appear to mark it.

"I can't go," she moaned. "Let me stay here. I can get back to the house, perhaps."

"I will not leave you here. I won't leave you to Mouraki."

"It will not be to Mouraki, it will be to—"

I caught her hand, crying in a low whisper, "No, no!"

"What else?" she asked, again sitting up and looking at me.

"We must make a push for safety, as we meant to before."

"Safety?" Her lips bent in a sadly derisive little smile. "What is this safety you talk about?" she seemed to say.

"Yes, safety."

"Ah, yes, you must be safe," she said, appearing to awake suddenly to a consciousness of something forgotten. "Ah, yes, my lord, you must be safe. Don't linger, my lord. Don't linger!"

"Do you suppose I'm going alone?" I asked; and in spite of everything I could not help smiling as I put the question. I believe she really thought that the course in question might commend itself to me.

"No," she said. "You wouldn't go alone. But I—I can't cross that awful bridge."

"Oh, yes, you can," said I. "Come along;" and I rose, and held out my arms toward her.

She looked at me, the tears still on her cheeks, a doubtful smile dawning on her lips.

"My dear lord," she said very softly, and stood while I put my arms round her and lifted her till she lay easily. Then came what I think was the hardest thing of all to bear. She let her head fall on my shoulder and lay trustfully, I could almost say luxuriously, back in my arms; a little happy sigh of relief and peace came from her lips; her eyes closed; she was content.

Well, I started; and I shall not record precisely what I thought as I started. What I ought to have thought about was picking my way over the bridge; and if more matter for consideration were needed, I might have speculated on the best thing to do when we reached the outlet of this passage. Suppose, then, that I thought about what I ought to have thought about.

"Don't move while we are on the bridge," said I to Phroso. "It's not over broad, you know."

A little movement of the head, till it rested in yet greater seeming comfort, was Phroso's only disobedience; for the rest she was absolutely still. It was fortunate, for to cross that bridge in the dark, carrying a lady, was not a job I cared much about. However, we came to the other side. The walls of rock closed in again on either hand, and I felt the way begin to slope downwards under my feet.

"Does it go pretty straight now?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, quite straight. You can't miss it, my lord," said Phroso; and another little sigh of content followed the words. I had, I suppose, little enough to laugh at, but I did laugh, very gently and silently; and I did not propose that Phroso should walk.

"Are you tired?" she said presently, just opening her eyes for an instant.

"I could carry you forever," I answered.

Phroso smiled under lazy lids that closed again.

In spite of Phroso's assurance of its simple straightness, the road had many twists and turns in it, and I had often to ask my way. Phroso gave me directions at once, and without hesitation. Evidently she was thoroughly familiar with the track. When I remarked on this, she said:

"Oh, yes. I often used to come this way. It leads to such a pretty cave, you know."

"Then it doesn't come out at the same point as the way my friends took?"

"No, more than a mile away from that. We must be nearly there now. Are you tired, my lord?"

"Not a bit," said I; and Phroso accepted the answer without demur.

There can, however, be no harm in admitting now that I was tired, not so much from carrying Phroso, though, as from the strain of the day and night that I had passed through; and I hailed with joy a glimmer of light that danced before my eyes at the end of a long, straight tunnel. We were going down rapidly now; and, hark, there was the wash of water welcoming us to the outer air and the light of the upper world; for day had just dawned as we came to the end of the way. The light that I saw ahead was ruddy with the rays of the new-risen sun.

"Ah," sighed Phroso, happily, "I hear the sea. I smell it. And see, my lord, the light!"

I turned from the light, joyful as was the beholding of it, to the face that lay close by mine. That, too, I could see now for the first time plainly. I met Phroso's eyes. A slight tinge of color dyed her cheeks, but she lay still, looking at me; and she said softly, in low rich tones:

"You look very weary. Let me walk now, my lord."

"No, we'll go on to the end now," I said.

The end was near; another five minutes brought us where, once again, the enfolding walls spread out; the path broadened into a stony beach; above us the rocks formed an arch; we were in a little cave, and the waves rolled gently to and fro on the margin of the beach. The mouth of the cave was narrow and low, the rocks leaving only about a yard between themselves above the water below; there was just room for a boat to pass out and in. Phroso sprang from my arms, and stretched out her hands to the light.

"Ah, if we had a boat!" I cried, stopping a few feet from the water's edge.

Had the luck indeed changed, and fortune begun to smile? It seemed so, for I had hardly spoken when Phroso suddenly clapped her hands and cried:

"A boat! There is a boat, my lord;" and she leapt forward and caught me by the hand, her eyes sparkling.

It was true—by marvel it was true! A good, stout, broad-bottomed little fishing-boat lay beached on the shingle, with its sculls lying in it. How had it come? Well, I didn't stop to ask that; my eyes met Phroso's in delight. The joy of our happy fortune overcame us. I think that for the moment we forgot the terrible events that had happened before our eyes, the sadness of the parting that, at the best, lay before us. Both her hands were in mine, and we were happy as two children prosperously launched on some fairy-tale adventure—prince and princess in their cockle-boat on the magic sea.

"Isn't it wonderful?" cried Phroso. "Ah, my lord, all goes well with you. I think God loves you, my lord, as much as—"

She stopped. A rush of rich color flooded her cheeks. Her deep eyes, that had gleamed in exultant merriment, sank to the ground. Her hands loosed mine.

"As the lady who waits for you loves you, my lord," she said.

I do not know how it was, but Phroso's words summoned up before my eyes a vision of Beatrice Hipgrave pursuing her cheerful way through the gayeties of the season—or had she gone to the country by now?—without wasting very many thoughts on the foolish man who had gone to the horrid island. The picture of her as the lady who waited for a lover, forlorn because he tarried, struck with bitter amusement on my sense of humor. Phroso saw me smile, and her eyes asked a wondering question. I did not answer it, but turned away and walked down to where the boat lay.

"I suppose," I said coldly, "that this is the best chance."

"It is the only chance, my lord," she answered; but her eyes were still puzzled and her tone almost careless, as if the matter of our escape had ceased to be the thing that pressed most urgently on her mind. I could say nothing; not from my lips, which longed to forswear her, could come the slightest word in depreciation of "the lady who waited."

"Will you get in, then?" I asked.

"Yes," said Phroso; but the joy had gone out of her voice and out of her eyes.

I helped her into the boat, then I launched it, and when it floated clear on the water of the cave I jumped in myself and took the sculls. Phroso sat silent in the stern. I struck the water with my blades, and the boat moved. A couple of strokes took us across the cave. We reached the mouth. I felt the sun on my neck with its faint early warmth; that is a good feeling, and puts heart in a man.

"Ah, but the sea and the air are good,"

said Phroso. "And it is good to be free, my lord."

I looked at her; the sun had caught her eyes now, and the gleam in them seemed to fire me. I forgot something that I ought to have remembered. I rested for a moment on my oars, and, leaning forward, said in a low voice:

"Aye, to be free and together, Phroso!"

Again came the flash of color, again the sudden happy, dancing eyes, and the smile that curved in unconquerable wilfulness. I stretched out a hand, and Phroso's hand stole timidly to meet it. Well, surely the recording angel looked away!

Thus were we, just outside the cave. There rose a straight rock on the left hand, ending in a level top, some four feet above our heads. And as our hands approached, and our eyes, those quicker foregatherers, met, there came from the top of the rock a laugh, a low chuckle that I knew well. I don't think I looked up. I looked still at Phroso. As I looked her color fled, fright leapt into her eyes, her lips quivered in horror. I knew the truth from her face.

"Very nice! But what have you done with cousin Constantine?" asked Mouraki Pasha.

The trap, then, had double jaws, and we had escaped Constantine, only to fall into the hands of his master. It was so like Mouraki, I was so much aghast, and yet so little surprised, the fall was so sudden, our defeat so ludicrous, that I believe I smiled as I turned my eyes from Phroso's, and cast a glance at the pasha.

"I might have known it, you know," said I, aloud.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

THE boat still moved a little from the impulse of the last stroke, and we floated slowly past Mouraki, who stood like some great sea bird on the rock. To his cynical question—for it revealed shamelessly the use he had meant to make of his tool—I returned no answer. I could smile in amused bitterness, but for the moment I could not speak. Phroso sat twisting one hand round the other and with downcast eyes; the pasha was content to answer my smile with his own. The boat drew past the rock, and, as we came round its elbow, I found across our path a larger boat, manned by four of Mouraki's soldiers, who had laid down their oars and sat rifles in hand. In the coxswain's place was Demetri; it seemed strange to find him in that company. One of the soldiers laid hold of the nose of my boat, and turned it round, impelling it towards the beach. A moment later we grated on the shingle where the pasha, who had leapt nimbly down from his perch, stood awaiting us. Thoughts had been running rapidly through my brain, wild thoughts of resistance, of a sudden rush, of emptying my revolver haphazard into the other boat, aye, even of assassinating Mouraki with an unexpected shot. All that was folly; I let it go, sprang from the boat, and, giving my hand to Phroso, helped her to land, and led her to a broad, smooth ledge of rock, on which she seated herself, still silent, but giving me a look of grief and despair. Then I turned to the pasha.

"I think," said I, "that you will have to wait a day or two for cousin Constantine. I am told that bodies do not find their way out so soon as living men."

"Ah, I thought that must be it! You threw him down into the pool?" he asked.

"No, not I. My friend Kortes."

"And Kortes?"

"They fell together."

"How very dramatic!" smiled the pasha. "How came you to let Kortes have at him first?"

"Believe me, it was unintentional; it was without any design of disappointing you, pasha."

"And there is an end of both of them?" said he, smiling at my hit.

"They must both be dead. Forgive me, pasha, but I don't understand your comedy. We were in your power at the house; why play this farce? Why not have done then what I presume you will do now?"

"My dear lord," said he, after a glance round to see that nobody listened, "the conventions must be observed. Yesterday you had not committed the offences of which, I regret to say, you have now been guilty."

"The offences? You amuse me, pasha."

"I do not grudge it you," said Mouraki. "Yes, the offences of aiding my prisoner—that lady—to escape, and—Well, the death of Constantine is at least a matter for inquiry, isn't it? You'll admit that? The man was a rogue, of course; but we must observe the law, my dear Wheatley. Besides—" He paused; then he added, "You must not grudge me my

amusement, either. Believe me, your joy at finding the boat which I caused to be placed there for your convenience, and that touching little scene which I interrupted, occasioned me infinite diversion."

I made no answer to this, and he continued:

"I made sure that if—well, if Constantine failed in perpetrating his last crime—you follow me, my dear lord?—you would make for the passage; so I obtained the guidance of that faithful fellow Demetri, and he brought us round very comfortably. Indeed, we have been waiting some little while for you. Of course Phroso delayed you."

Mouraki's sneers and jocularity had no power in themselves to anger me. Indeed, I felt myself cool and calm, ready to bandy retorts and banter with him. But there was another characteristic of his conversation on which my mind fastened, finding in it matter for thought; this was his barefaced frankness. Plainly he told me that he had employed Constantine to assassinate me; plainly he exposed to me the trick by which he had obtained a handle against me. Now to whom, if to any one, does a man like Mouraki Pasha reveal such things as these? Why to men, and only to men, who will tell no tales. And there is a proverb which hints that only one class of men tell no tales. That was why I attached significance to the governor's frankness.

I believe the man followed my thoughts with his wonderfully acute intelligence and power of penetrating the minds of others, for he smiled again as he said:

"I do not mind being frank with you, my dear Wheatley. I'm sure you will not use the little admissions I may seem to make, against me. How grieved you must be for your poor friend Kortes!"

"We have both lost a friend this morning, pasha."

"Constantine? Ah, yes. Still—he is as well where he is; just as well where he is."

"He will not be able to use your little admissions either?"

"How you catch my meaning, my dear lord! It is a pleasure to talk to you." But he turned suddenly from me, and called to his men. Three came up at once. "This gentleman," he said, indicating me and speaking now in sharp authoritative tones, "is in your custody for the present. Do not let him move."

I seated myself on a rock; the three men stood round me. The pasha bowed slightly, walked down to where Phroso sat, and began to talk to her. So at least I supposed, but I did not hear anything that he said to her; his back was towards me, and he hid Phroso from my view. I took out my flask, and had a pull at my brandy and water; it was a poor breakfast, but I was offered no other.

Up to this time the fourth soldier and Demetri had remained in the boat. They now landed, and hauled their boat up on to the beach. Then they turned to the smaller boat, which the pasha had provided in malicious sport for our more complete mortification. The soldier laid hold of its stern, and prepared to haul it also out of the water; but Demetri said something—what I could not hear—and shrugged his shoulders. The soldier nodded in apparent assent, and they left the boat where it was, merely attaching it by a rope to the other. Then they walked to the rocks, and sat down at a little distance from where I was, Demetri taking a hunch of bread and a large knife from his pocket and beginning to cut and munch. I looked at him, but he refused to meet my eye, glancing in every direction except at me.

Suddenly, while I was idly regarding Demetri, the three fellows sprang on me. One had me by each arm before I could do so much as move. The third dashed his hand into the breast pocket of my coat, and seized my revolver. They leapt away again, caught up the rifles they had dropped, and held them levelled toward me. The thing was done in a moment—I sitting like a man paralyzed. Then one of the ruffians cried:

"Your Excellency, the gentleman moved his hand to his pocket, to his pistol."

"What?" asked Mouraki, turning round. "Moved his hand to a pistol? Had he a pistol?"

My revolver was held up as damning evidence.

"And he tried to use it?" asked Mouraki, in mournful tones.

"It looked like it," said the fellow.

"It's a lie. I wasn't thinking of it," said I, for I was exasperated at the trick. I had made up my mind to fight it out, sooner than give up the revolver.

"I'm afraid it may have been so," said Mouraki, shaking his head. "Give the pistol to me, my man. I will keep it safe." His eye shot triumph at me as he took my revolver and turned again to Phroso. I was now powerless indeed.

Demetri finished his hunch of bread, and began to clean his knife, polishing its blade

leisurely and lovingly on the palm of his hand, and feeling its point with the end of his thumb. During this operation he hummed softly and contentedly to himself. I could not help smiling when I recognized the tune. It was an old friend, the chant that One-eyed Alexander wrote on the death of Stefan Stefanopoulos two hundred years ago. Demetri polished, and Demetri hummed, and Demetri looked across the blue water with a speculative eye. I did not choose to consider what might be in the mind of Demetri as he hummed and polished and gazed over the sea that girt his native island. Demetri's thoughts were his own. Let Mouraki look to them, if they were worth his care.

There! I have made that confession as plainly as I mean to make it. I put out of my mind what Demetri might be planning as he polished the knife and hummed One-eyed Alexander's chant.

Apparently, Mouraki did not think the matter worth his care. He had approached very near to Phroso now, leaning towards her as she sat on the rock. Suddenly I heard a low cry of terror, and, "No, no," in horrified accents; but Mouraki, raising his voice a little, answered, "Yes, yes."

I strained my ears to hear; nay, I half rose from where I sat, and sank back only under the pointed hint of a soldier's bayonet. I could not hear the words, but a soft pleading murmuring came from Phroso, a short, relentless laugh from Mouraki, a silence, a shrug of Mouraki's shoulders. Then he turned, and came across to me.

"Stand back a little," said he to the soldiers; "but keep your eyes on your prisoner, and if he attempts any movement—" He did not finish the sentence, which indeed was plain enough without a formal ending. Then he began to speak to me in French.

"A beautiful thing, my dear lord," said he, "is the devotion of woman. Fortunate are you who have found two ladies to love you!"

"You have been married twice yourself, I think you told me?"

"It is not exactly the same thing—not necessarily. I am very likely to be married a third time; but I fear I should flatter myself if I thought that much love would accompany the lady's hand. However, it was of you that I desired to speak. This lady here, my dear lord, is so attached to you that I believe she will marry me, purely to insure your safety. Is it not a touching sacrifice?"

"I hope she'll do nothing of the sort," said I.

"Well, it is little more than a polite fiction," he conceded. "For she will be compelled to marry me anyhow. But it is the sort of idea that comforts a woman."

He fixed his eyes on me as he made this remark, enjoying the study of its effect on me.

"Well," said I, "I never meant to marry her. I'm bound, you know. It was only another polite fiction designed to annoy you, my dear pasha."

"Ah, is that so? Now, really that is amusing," and he chuckled. He did not appear annoyed at having been deceived. I wondered a little at that—then.

"We have, really," he continued, "been living in an atmosphere of polite fictions. For example, Lord Wheatley, there was a polite fiction that I was grieved at Constantine's escape."

"And another that you were anxious to recapture him."

"And a third that you were not anxious to escape from my—hospitality."

"And a fourth that you were so solicitous for my friends' enjoyment that you exerted yourself to find them good fishing."

"Ah, yes, yes," he laughed. "And there is to be one more polite fiction, my dear lord."

"I believe I can guess it," said I, meeting his eye.

"You are always so acute," he observed, admiringly.

"Though the precise form of it I confess I do not understand."

"Well, our lamented Constantine, who had much experience, but rather wanted imagination, was in favor of a fever. He told me that it was the usual device in Neopalia."

"His wife died of it, I suppose?" I believe I smiled as I put the question. Great as my peril was, I still found a pleasure in fencing with the pasha.

"Oh, no. Now that is unworthy of you. Never have a fiction when the truth will serve. Since he is dead, he murdered his wife. If he had lived, of course—"

"Ah, then it would have been fever."

"Precisely. We must adapt ourselves to circumstances; that is the part of wise men. Now, in your case—" He bent, and looked hard in my face.

"In my case," said I, "you can call it what you like, pasha."

"Don't you think that the outraged patriotism of Neopalia—?" he suggested

with a smile. "You bought the island, you a stranger! It was very rash. These islanders are desperate fellows."

"That would have served with Constantine alive; but he is dead. Your patriot is gone, pasha."

"Alas, yes, our good Constantine is dead. But there are others. There is a fellow whom I ought to hang."

"Ah?" And my eyes wandered toward where Demetri hummed and polished.

"And who has certainly not earned his life merely by bringing me to meet you this morning, though I give him some credit for that."

"Demetri?" I asked, with a careless air.

"Well, yes, Demetri," smiled the pasha. "Demetri is very open to reason."

Across the current of our talk came still Demetri's soft, happy humming. The pasha heard it.

"I hanged his brother three years ago," he observed.

"I know you did," said I. "You seem to have done some characteristic things three years ago."

"And he went to the gallows humming that tune. You know it?"

"Very well indeed, pasha. It was one of the first things I heard in Neopalia; it's going to be one of the last perhaps."

"That tune lends a great plausibility to my little fiction," said Mouraki.

"It will no doubt be a very valuable confirmation of it," I rejoined.

The pasha made no further remark for a moment. I looked past him and past the four soldiers—for the last had now joined his comrades—to Phroso. She was leaning against the cliff side; her head was thrown back and her face upturned, but her eyes were closed. I think she had swooned or at least sunk into a half-unconscious state. Mouraki detected my glance.

"Look at her well, use your time," he said in a savage tone. "You have not long to enjoy the sight of her."

"I have as long as it may happen to please God," said I. "Neither you nor I know how long."

"I can make a guess," observed Mouraki, a quiet smile succeeding his frown.

"Yes, you can make a guess."

He stood looking at me a moment longer. Then he turned away. As he passed the soldiers he spoke to them. I saw them smile. No doubt he had picked his men for this job and could rely on them.

The little bay in which we were was surrounded by steep and precipitous rocks except in one place. Here there was a narrow cleft; the cliffs did not rise abruptly, but the ground sloped gradually upwards as it receded from the beach. Just on this spot of gradually rising ground Demetri sat, and the pasha, having amused himself with me for as long as it pleased him, walked up to Demetri. The fellow sprang to his feet and saluted Mouraki with great respect. Mouraki beckoned to him to come nearer, and began to speak to him.

I sat still where I was, under the bayonets of the soldiers, who faced me and had their backs to their commander. My eyes were steadily fixed on the pair who stood conferring on the slope, and my mind was in a ferment. Scruples troubled me no more; Mouraki himself had made them absurd. I read my only chance of life in the choice or caprice of the wild, passionate barbarian—he was little else—who stood with head meekly bowed and knife carelessly dangling in his hand. This man was he of whom Panayiota had spoken so mysteriously; he was the friend whom I had "more than I knew of;" in his blood-feud with the pasha, in his revengeful wrath, lay my chance.

It was only a chance, indeed, for the soldiers might kill me. But it was a chance, and there was no other. For if Mouraki won him over by promises and bribes, or intimidated him into doing his will, then Demetri would take the easier task, that which carried no risk, and did not involve his own death, as an attack on the pasha almost certainly would. Would he be prudent and turn his hand against the single helpless man? Or would his long-nursed rage stifle all care for himself and drive him against Mouraki? If so, if he chose that way, there was a glimmer of hope. I glanced at Phroso's motionless figure and pallid face; I glanced at the little boat that floated (why had Demetri not beached it?); I glanced at the rope that bound it to the other boat; I measured the distance between the boats and myself; I thrust my hand into the pocket of my coat, and contrived to open the blade of my clasp-knife, which was now the only weapon left to me.

Mouraki spoke and smiled; he made no gesture, but there was just a movement of his eyes towards me; Demetri's eyes followed his for an instant, but would not dwell on my face. The pasha spoke again; Demetri shook his head, and Mouraki's face assumed a persuasive, good-

humored expression; Demetri glanced apprehensively around. The pasha took him by the arm, and they went a few paces farther up the slope, so as to be more private in their talk—but was that the object with both of them? Still Demetri shook his head. The pasha's smile vanished, his mouth grew stern, his eyes cold, and he frowned. He spoke in short, sharp sentences, the snap of his lips showing when his mind was spoken. Demetri seemed to plead; he looked uneasy; he shifted from foot to foot; he drew back from the imperious man, as though he shunned him and would fain escape from him. Mouraki would not let him go, but followed him in his retreat, step for step; thus another ten yards were put between them and me. Anger and contempt blazed now on Mouraki's face; he raised his hand and brought it down clenched on the palm of the other. Demetri held out his hand as though in protest or supplication. The pasha stamped with his foot. There were no signs of relenting in his manner.

My eyes grew weary with intent watching. I felt like a man who has been staring at a bright white light, too fascinated by its intensity to blink or turn away, even though it pains him to look longer. The figures of the two seemed to become indistinct and blurred. I rubbed my knuckles into my eyes to clear my vision, and looked again. Yes, they were a little farther off, even still a little farther off than when I had looked before. It could not be by chance and unwittingly that Demetri always and always and always gave back a pace, luring the pasha to follow him. No, there was a plan in his head; and in my heart suddenly came a great beat of savage joy—of joy at the chance heaven gave; yes, and of lust for the blood of the man against whom I had so mighty a debt of wrong. And, as I gazed now, for an instant—a single, barely perceptible instant—came the swiftest message from Demetri's eyes. I read it; I knew its meaning. I sat where I was, but every muscle of my body was tense and strung in readiness for that desperate leap, and every nerve of me quivered with a repressed excitement that seemed almost to kill. Now, now! Was it now? I was within an ace of crying "Strike!" But I held the word in and still gazed. And the soldiers leant easily on their bayonets, exchanging a word or two now and again, yawning sometimes, weary of a dull job, wondering when his Excellency would let them get home again. Of what was going on behind their backs, there on the slope of the rock, they took no heed.

Ah, there was a change now! Demetri had ceased to protest, to deprecate, and to retreat. Mouraki's frowns had vanished, he smiled again satisfaction and approval. Demetri threw a glance at him. Mouraki spoke. Demetri answered. For an instant I looked at the soldiers; they were more weary and inattentive than ever. Back went my eyes; and now Mouraki, with suave graciousness, in condescending recognition of a good servant, stepped quite close up to Demetri, and, raising his hand, reached round the fellow's shoulder and patted him approvingly on the back.

"It will be now," I thought; nay, I believe I whispered, as I drew my legs up under me and grasped the hidden knife in my pocket. "Yes, it must be now!"

Mouraki patted, laughed, evidently praised. Demetri bowed his head. But his long, lithe, bare brown right arm, that had hung so weary a time in idle waiting by his side—the arm whose hand held the great bright blade so lovingly polished, so carefully tested—the arm began slowly and cautiously to crawl up his side. It bent at the elbow, it rested a moment after its stealthy, secret climb. Then, quick as lightning, it flew above Demetri's head; the blade sparkled in the sun, the hand swooped down, and the gleams of the steel were quenched in the body of Mouraki. With a sudden cry of amazement, of horror and of agony, the pasha staggered and fell prone on the rocky ground. But Demetri cried: "At last, my God, at last!" and laughed aloud.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ARMENIAN DOG.

THE death-cry that Mouraki Pasha uttered under Demetri's avenging knife seemed to touch a spring and set us all a-moving. At the sound of it the soldiers sprang from idle lassitude to an amazed wonder, which again passed in an instant to fierce excitement. Phroso leapt to her feet with a shriek. I hurled myself across the space between me and the rope, knife in hand. The soldiers, forgetful of their unarmed prisoner, turned with a shout of rage, and rushed wildly up the slope to where Demetri stood, holding his blade towards heaven. The rope parted under my impetuous hand; Phroso was by my side; in an instant we were in the boat; I

pushed off; I siezed the sculls. But then I hesitated. Was this man my friend—my ally—my accomplice—what you will? I looked up the slope. Demetri stood by the body of Mouraki; the four soldiers rushed toward him. I could not approve his deed; but I had suffered it to be done, and I must not run away now. I pushed the sculls into Phroso's hands. But she had caught my purpose, and threw herself upon me, twining her arms about me and crying, "No, no, my lord! My lord, no, no!" Her love gave her strength; for a moment I could not disengage myself, but stood fast bound in her embrace.

The moment was enough; it was the end—the end of that brief, fierce drama on the rocky slope, the end of any power I might have had to aid Demetri. For he did not try to defend himself. He stood still as a statue where he was, holding the knife up to heaven, the smile that his loud laugh left, still on his lips. Phroso's head sank upon my shoulder; she would not look. But the sight drew my eyes with an irresistible attraction. The bayonets flashed in the air and buried themselves in Demetri's body. He sank with a groan. But again the blades, drawn back, were driven into him, and again, and again. He was a mangled corpse, but in hot revenge for their leader they thrust and thrust. It turned me sick to look; yet I looked till at last they ceased and stood for an instant over the two bodies, regarding them. Then I loosed Phroso's arms off me; she sank back in the stern; and again I took the sculls, and laid to with a will. Where we were to go, or what help we could look for, I knew not; but a fever to be away from the place had come upon me, and I pulled, thinking less of life and safety than of putting distance between me and that sickening scene.

"They do not move," whispered Phroso. "They stand still. Now, my lord, row!"

A moment passed, I pulled with all my strength. Her voice came again, low but urgent:

"Now they move; they're coming down to the shore. Ah, my lord, they're taking aim!"

"God help us," said I between my teeth. "Crouch in the boat. Low down—get right down. Can you see? Lower down, Phroso, lower down!"

"Yes, I can see! Ah, one has knocked up the rifle! They're talking again. Why don't they fire?"

"Do they look like hesitating?"

"Yes. No, they're aiming again. No, they've stopped. Row, my lord, row!"

I was rowing as I had not rowed since I stroked my college boat and bumped the head of the river opposite the boathouse on the last day of the Eights', ten years before. I thought of it at the moment; so strange a thing is the human mind.

"They are running to the boat now. They are getting in. Are they coming after us, my lord?"

"Heaven knows! I suppose so."

I was wondering why they had not used their rifles; they had evidently thought of firing at first, but something had held their hands. Perhaps they, mere humble soldiers, shrank from the responsibility; their leader, whose protection would have held them harmless and whose favor rewarded them, lay dead. They might well hesitate to fire on a man whom they knew to be a person of some position and who had taken no part in Mouraki's death.

"They're launching the boat! They're in now," came in Phroso's breathless whisper.

"How far off are we?"

"I don't know—two hundred yards, perhaps. They're started now."

"Do they move well?"

"Yes, they're rowing hard. Oh, my dear lord, can you row harder?" and she clasped her hands in entreaty.

"No, I can't, Phroso," said I; and I believe I smiled. Did the dear girl think I should choose that moment for paddling?

"They're gaining," she cried. "They're gaining. On, my lord, on!"

"How many are rowing?"

"Three, my lord; each with two oars."

"Oh, the deuce! It's no good, Phroso."

"No good, my lord? But if they catch us?"

"I wish I could answer you. How near now?"

"Half as near as they were before."

"Look round. Do you see any boats anywhere? Look all around."

"There's nothing anywhere, my lord."

"Then the game's up," said I; and I rested on my oars, and began to pant. I was not in training for a race.

The boat containing the soldiers drew near. Our boat, now motionless, awaited their coming. Phroso sat with a despairing look in her eyes. But my mood was not the same. Mouraki was dead. I knew the change his death made was great. Mouraki was dead; and I did not believe that there was another man at Neopalia

who would dare to take any extreme step against me. For why had they not fired? They did not fire now, when they could have shot me through the head without difficulty, and without danger.

Their boat came alongside of ours. I touched Phroso's hand, and she looked up.

"Courage," said I. "The braver we look the better we shall come off." And I turned to the pursuers, and regarded them steadily, waiting for them to speak. The first communication was in dumb show. The man who was steering—he appeared to be a subordinate officer—covered me with his barrel.

"I am absolutely unarmed," I said. "You know that. You took my weapon away from me."

"You are trying to escape," said he, not moving his rifle.

"Where is your warrant for stopping me?"

"The pasha—"

"The pasha is dead. Be careful what you do. I am an Englishman, and in my country I am as great a man as your pasha was." This assertion was perhaps on, or beyond, the confines of strict truth; it had considerable effect, however.

"You were our prisoner, my lord," said the officer, more civilly. "We cannot allow you to escape. This lady was a prisoner also. She is not English, she is of the island. And one of the islanders has slain the pasha. She must answer for it."

"What can she have had to do with it?"

"It may have been planned between her and the criminal."

"Oh, and between me and the criminal, too, perhaps?"

"Perhaps, my lord. It is not my place to inquire into that."

I shrugged my shoulders with an appearance of mingled carelessness and impatience.

"Well, what do you want of us?" I asked.

"You must accompany us back to Neopalia."

"Well, where did you suppose I was going? Is this a boat to go for a voyage in? And can I row a hundred miles to Rhodes? Come, you're a silly fellow!"

He was rather embarrassed by this; for he did not know whether to believe me or not. Phroso caught the cue well enough to keep her tongue between her pretty lips and her lids low over her wondering eyes.

"But," I pursued, in a tone of ironical remonstrance, "are you going to leave the pasha there? The other is a rogue and a murderer (it rather went to my heart to describe the useful, if unscrupulous, Demetri in these terms), let him be. But does it suit the dignity of Mouraki Pasha to lie untended on the shore, while his men go to the harbor? It will look as though you had loved him little. You—four of you—allow one man to kill him, and you leave his body as if it were the body of a dog!"

I had no definite reason for wishing them to return to Mouraki's body; but every moment gained was something. Neopalia had bred in me a constant hope of new chances, of fresh turns, of a smile from fortune following quick on a frown. So I urged on them anything which would give a respite. My appeal was not wasted; the officer held a hurried, whispered consultation with the soldier who sat on the seat next to him. Then he said:

"It is true, my lord. It is more fitting that we carry the body; but you must row back with us."

"With all my heart," said I; and I took up my sculls with alacrity.

The officer responded to this move by laying his rifle in readiness across his knees; both boats turned, and we set out again for the beach. As soon as we reached it, three of them went up the slope. I saw them kick Demetri's body out of the way; for he had so fallen that his arm was over the breast of his victim. Then they raised Mouraki, and began to carry him down. Phroso hid her face in her hands. My eyes were on Mouraki's face, and I watched him carried down to the boat, meditating on the strange toss-up which had allotted to him the fate that he had with such ruthless cunning prepared for me. Suddenly I sprang up, leapt out of the boat, and began to walk up the slope. I passed the soldiers who carried Mouraki. They paused in surprise and uneasiness. I walked briskly by them, taking no notice of them, and came where Demetri's body lay. I knelt for a moment by him, and closed his eyes with my hand. Then I took off the silk scarf I was wearing and spread it over his face, and I rose to my feet again. Somehow I felt that I owed to Demetri some such small office of friendship as that; and I found myself hoping that there had been good in the man, and that He who sees all of the heart would see good even in the wild, desperate soul of Demetri of Neopalia. So I arranged the scarf carefully, and, turning, walked down the slope to the boats again, glad that I could tell the girl Panayiota that some one had closed her lover's eyes.

Thus I left the friend that I knew not of; and, looking into my own heart, I did not judge him harshly. I had let the thing be done.

When I reached the shore the soldiers were about to lay Mouraki's body in the larger of the two boats. But, having nothing to cover his body with, they proceeded to remove his undress frock coat, and left it lying for an instant on the shingle, while they lifted him in. Seeing that they were ready, I picked up the coat and handed it to them. They took it, and arranged it over the trunk and head. Two of them then got into the boat in which Phroso sat, and signed to me to jump in. I was about to obey, when I perceived a pocket-book lying on the shingle. It was not mine; neither Demetri nor the soldiers were likely to carry a handsome morocco letter-case. It must have belonged to Mouraki, and have fallen from his coat as I lifted it. It lay now open, face upwards. I stooped for it, intending to give it to the officer. But an instant later it was in my own pocket; and I, under the screen of a most innocent expression, was covertly watching my guards, to see whether they had detected my action. The two who rowed Mouraki had already started; the others had been taking their seats in the boat, and had not perceived the swift motion with which I picked up the book. I now walked past them, and sat down behind them in the bows. Phroso was in the stern. One of them asked her, with a considerable show of respect, if she would steer. She assented with a nod. I crouched down low in the bows behind the back of the soldiers; and I took out Mouraki's pocket-book and opened it. My action seemed, no doubt, not far removed from theft. But, as the book lay open on the shore, I had seen in it something which belonged to me, something that was inalienably mine, of which no schemes or violence could deprive me. This was nothing else than my name.

Very quietly and stealthily I drew out a slip of paper; behind that was another slip, and again a third. They were cuttings from a Greek newspaper. Neither the name of the paper, nor the dates, nor the place of publication appeared: the extracts were merely three short paragraphs, and my name headed each of them. I had not been aware that any chronicle of my somewhat unexpected fortunes had reached the outer world; I set myself to read them with much interest. Great men may become *blasés* as to what the papers say about them; I had never attained to this Olympian indifference.

"Let's have a look," said I to myself, after a cautious glance over my shoulder at the other boat.

The first paragraph ran thus: "We regret to hear that Lord Wheatley, the English nobleman who has recently purchased the island of Neopalia and taken up his residence there, is suffering from an attack of the fever which is at the present time prevalent in the island."

"Now, that's very curious," I thought. For I had never enjoyed better health than during my sojourn at Neopalia. I turned with increased interest to the second cutting. I wanted to see what progress I had made in my serious sickness; I was naturally interested.

"We greatly regret to announce that Lord Wheatley's condition is more serious. The fever has abated, but the patient is extremely prostrate."

"It would be even more interesting, if one had the dates," thought I.

The last paragraph was extremely brief: "Lord Wheatley died at seven o'clock yesterday morning."

I lay back in the bows of the boat, holding these remarkable little slips of paper in my hand. They gave occasion for some thought. Then I replaced them in the pocket-book, and I had, I regret to say, the curiosity to explore farther. I lifted the outer flap of leather, and looked in the inner compartment. It held only a single piece of paper, not in print this time, but in handwriting; and the handwriting looked very much like what I had seen over Mouraki's name.

"Report of Lord Wheatley's death unfounded. Reason to suspect intended foul play on the part of the islanders. Governor is making inquiries. Lord Wheatley is carefully guarded, as attempts on his life are feared. Feeling in island is much exasperated, the sale to Lord Wheatley being very unpopular."

"There's another compartment yet," said I to myself, and I turned to it eagerly.

Alas, I was disappointed! There was a sheet of paper in it, but the paper was a blank! Yet I looked at the blank piece of paper with even greater interest; for I had no doubt that it had been intended to carry another message, a message that was true and no lie; that was to have been written this very morning by the dagger of Demetri. Something like this it would run, would it not, in the terse style of my friend Mouraki Pasha? "Lord Wheatley

assassinated this morning. Criminal killed by governor's guard. Governor is taking severe measures."

Mouraki, Mouraki! In your life you loved irony, and in your death you were not divided from it. For, while you lay a corpse in the stern of your boat, I lived to read those unwritten words on the blank paper in your pocket-book. Constantine had killed me—so I interpreted the matter—by fever; but that would not serve, when Denny and Hogvardt and faithful Watkins knew that it was a lie. Therefore the lie was declared a lie; and you set yourself to prove again that truth is better than a lie—especially when a man can manufacture it to his own order. Yet, surely, Mouraki, if you can look now into this world, your smile will be a wry one! For cunning as you were and full of twists, more cunning still and richer in expedients is the thing called Fate; and the dagger of Demetri wrote another message to fill the blank sheet that your provident note-book carried! Thinking thus, I put the book in my pocket, and looked round with a smile on my lips. I wished the man were alive that I might mock him; I grudged him the sudden death that fenced him from my triumphant raillery. And suddenly, there in the bows of the boat, I laughed aloud, so that the soldiers turned startled faces over their shoulders and Phroso looked in wonder at me.

"It is nothing," said I. "Since I am alive I may laugh, I suppose?" For Mouraki Pasha was not alive.

My reading and my meditation had passed the time. Now we were round the point that lay between us and the harbor, and were heading straight for the gunboat, that lay just across the head of the jetty. Phroso's eyes met mine in an appeal; I could give her no hope of escape. There was nothing for it; we must go on—we and Mouraki together. But my heart was buoyant within me, and I exulted in the favors of fortune as a lover in his mistress's smiles. Was not Mouraki lying dead in the stern of the boat, and was not I alive?

We drew near to the gunboat, and now I perceived that her steam launch lay by her, and smoke poured from its funnel. Evidently the launch was ready for a voyage. Whither? Could it be to Rhodes? And did the pocket-book that I felt against my ribs, by any chance, contain the cargo that was to have been speeded on its way to-day? I laughed again as our boat came alongside and a movement of excitement and interest rose from the deck of gunboat and launch alike.

The officer went on board the gunboat, and for an hour or more we sat where we were, sheltered by the sides of the vessel from the heat of the sun; for it was now noon. What was happening on board I could not tell, but there was stir and bustle. The excitement seemed to grow. Presently it spread from the vessel to the shore, and groups of islanders began to collect. I saw men point at Phroso, at me, at the stiffened figure under the coat. They spoke also, and freely, more boldly than I had heard them since Mouraki had landed and his presence turned their fierce pride to meekness. It was as though a weight had been lifted off them, and I knew from my own mind the relief that had come to them by the death of the hard man and the removal of the ruthless arm. Presently a boat put off, and began to pull round the promontory. The soldiers did not interfere, but watched the boat go in idle toleration. I guessed its errand; it went to take up the corpse of Demetri, and (I was much afraid) to give it a patriot's funeral.

At last Mouraki's body was carried on to the gunboat, and then a summons came to me. With a glance of encouragement at Phroso, who sat in a sort of stupor, I rose and obeyed. I was conducted on to the deck of the gunboat, and found myself face to face with its captain. He was a Turk, a young man of dignified and pleasant appearance. He bowed courteously, although slightly, to me. I supposed that Mouraki's death left him the supreme authority in Neopalia, and I made him the obeisance proper to his new position.

"This is a terrible, a startling event, my lord," said he.

"It is the loss of a very eminent and distinguished man," I observed.

"Ah, yes, and in a very fearful manner," he answered. "I am not prejudging your position, but you must see that it puts you in a rather serious situation."

There were two or three of his officers round him; I took a step towards him. I liked his looks, and somehow his grief at Mouraki's end did not seem intense. I determined to play the bold game.

"Nothing, I assure you, to what I should have been in if it had not occurred," said I composedly.

A start and a murmur ran around the group. The captain looked uncomfortable.

"With his Excellency's plans we have nothing to do," he began.

"Aye, but I have," said I. "And when I tell you—"

"Gentlemen," said the captain hastily, "leave us alone for a little while."

I saw at once that I had made an impression. It seemed not difficult to create an impression averse to Mouraki, now he was dead; though it had not been wise to display one when he was alive.

"I don't know," said I, when we were left alone together, "if you knew the relations between the late pasha and myself?"

"No," said he, in a steady voice, looking me full in the face.

"It was not, perhaps, within the sphere of your duty to know them?" I hazarded.

"It was not," said he. I thought I saw the slightest of smiles glimmering between beard and mustache.

"But now that you are in command it is different?"

"It is undoubtedly different now," he allowed.

"Shall we talk in your cabin?"

"By all means;" and he led the way.

When we reached the cabin I gave him a short sketch of what had happened since Mouraki's arrival; he was already informed as to the events before that date. He heard me with unmoved face. At last I came to my attempted escape with Phroso by the secret passage and the attack of Constantine.

"That fellow was a villain," he observed.

"Yes," said I. "Read those." And I handed him the printed slips, adding, "I suppose he sent these by fishing-boats to Rhodes, first to pave the way, and finally to account for my disappearance."

"I must congratulate you on a lucky escape, my lord."

"You have more than that to congratulate me on. Captain, your launch seems ready for a voyage."

"Yes, but I have countermanded the orders."

"What were they?"

"I beg your pardon, my lord, but what concern is it—"

"For a trip to Rhodes, perhaps?"

"I shall not deny it if you guess it."

"By the order of the pasha?"

"Undoubtedly."

"On what errand?"

"His Excellency did not inform me."

"To carry this, perhaps?" and I flung the paper which had Mouraki's handwriting, on the table that stood between us.

He took it up and read it; and while he read I took my pencil from my pocket, and I wrote on the blank slip of paper which I had found in the pocket-book the message that Mouraki's brain had surely conceived, though his fingers had grown stiff in death before they could write it.

"What does it mean?" asked the captain.

"To-morrow," said I, "I think another message would have gone to Rhodes—"

"I had orders to be ready to go myself to-morrow."

"You had?" I cried. "And what would you have carried?"

"That I do not know."

"Aye, but I do. There's your cargo;" and I flung down what I had written.

He read it once and again, and looked across the table at me, fingering the slip of paper.

"He did not write this?" he said.

"As you saw, I wrote it. If he had lived, then as surely as I live he would have written it. Captain, it was for me that the dagger was meant. Else why did he take with him this morning the man Demetri? Had Demetri cause to love him, or he cause to trust Demetri?"

The captain stood with the paper in his hand. I walked round the table, and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"You did not know his schemes," said I. "They were not schemes that he could tell to a Turkish gentleman."

At this instant the door opened and the officer who had been with us in the morning entered.

"I have laid his Excellency's body in his cabin," he said.

"Come," said the captain, "we will go and see it, my lord."

I followed him to where Mouraki lay. The pasha's face was composed, and there was even a semblance of a smile on his lips.

"Do you believe what I tell you?" I asked. "I tried to save the girl from him, and in return he meant to kill me. Do you believe? If not, hang me for his murder; if you do, why am I a prisoner? What have I done? Where is my offense?"

The captain looked down on Mouraki's face, tugged his beard, smiled, was silent an instant. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and he said—he who had not dared, a day before, to lift his voice or raise his finger unbidden in Mouraki's presence:

"Faugh, the Armenian dog!"

There was, I fear, race prejudice in

that, but I did not contradict it. I stood looking down on Mouraki's face; and to my fancy, strung by the events of the past hours and twisted from sobriety to strange excesses of delusion, the lips seemed once again to curl in their old bitter smile, as he lay still and heard himself spurned, and could not move to exact the vengeance that in his life he had never missed.

So we left him—the Armenian dog!

(To be concluded next month.)

AMONG THE GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN.

A CHAPTER OF REMINISCENCES.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "A Singular Life," etc.

A GLOUCESTER TRAGEDY.—A GLOUCESTER TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—A FISHERMEN'S REFORM CLUB.—TWO NOTABLE SERMONS BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

LIFE at Gloucester began very much as other life begins in the first delightful possession of one's "ain fireside." Is happiness essentially selfish? For some years after my cottage was built, I surrendered my summers to the luxury of entertaining. I remember those as the Years of the Friends. I was slow in asking whether the North Shore had other claims upon me than those of giving pleasure to other comfortable people and receiving more than I gave. Having waited, apparently, long enough for me to ask, fate abruptly told me, without the formality of a question.

One summer evening, in a year of whose date I cannot be sure, except that it was in the seventies, I was driving with a friend through the main street of East Gloucester. It was after tea; and a sky, translucent overhead, was burning down towards the west, preparing for one of the famous Gloucester sunsets.

We were driving through a weir of stores and fish-firms and fish-flakes—which last, it should be said, is the technical term for the frames or trellises on which salt fish is dried. For Gloucester, it must be understood, is the most important fishing port in the world, and Fish, whether dead or living, is always spelled there with a capital. In fact, there is a dignity about this form of commerce upon which, to the reduction of most other kinds of interests, Gloucester insists. Her summer guests may come and go, may pay or not, may criticise or adore; but her fish bite on forever. The result of my own observation has been that Gloucester, in her heart of hearts, regards her large summer population with a certain contempt. We are weak on the topics of main-sheets and jib-hanks, of blocks and "popple-ballast" and seines. We are not learned in the times when herring strike and mackerel are due. We cannot man a Grand Banker in a gale. We do not go "haddockin'" in March. We do not pack "Cape Ann turkey" to the limits of the globe. Our incomes, if we have any, are drawn from invisible sources, looked upon with instinctive suspicion. They are neither caught with a hook, nor salted in a box, nor telephoned to the Board of Trade when the cargoes come in. We are more or less idle folk, who wander about the streets (who knows why?), or sun ourselves stupidly on the red and purple rocks, or dig for clams on the beaches at high tide, or exasperate the farmers by trampling down the hay and letting the cattle into the apple orchards. We are artists whose crop of white umbrellas sprouts everywhere and bothers everybody, and whose brushes do not know a back-stay from corn-silk. We are boarders who capsize the cat-boats, or pay by the hour to sail in a calm, and don't know any better; cottagers who create homes in extraordinary localities hitherto little respected; or even writers who put Gloucester adoringly into the magazines out of the impulses of our loyal and loving hearts, and

are hated, accordingly, of all men for the tribute's sake.

Perhaps every line of this page may cost its writer a friend in Gloucester—who can tell? Yet I mean only gracious things by the dear old place, which I have loved for twenty years. I devoutly believe and firmly proclaim that the shore of Gloucester Harbor is the most adorable spot in this part of the world in which to spend the summer; and that he who has never known her Junes and her Septembers, her wonderful downs (said to be the only specimens of the real thing on our coast), the warm heart of her fishing-folk, and the colors of her waves, seen returning from afternoon sails in a light southwester, misses something out of life which the next will remind him that he lacks. I am aware that this is a strong statement, and beyond it I cannot go. This does not mean that I am unconscious of the faults in the loveliest of places; though, for love's sake, I may pass them lightly by.

All seaport towns drink. I do not know if Gloucester is any thirstier than other places of her kind. I like to think not; but on the summer evening of which I speak, it first came to my thought—or knowledge—that this little city seethed with tempted men, having peculiar difficulties and dangers, and needing peculiar treatment. As we drove through the chief street of East Gloucester, we saw a crowd thickening before us in front of a store, or shop, whose existence I did not remember to have observed before. It was a large crowd for a small place, and evidently under intense excitement. All along the sides of the street women who did not join the crowd came to their doors and looked out soberly. They were white to the lips, every woman of them; some of them shook their fists in the direction of the crowd; some wept; some seemed to curse, and some to pray.

"If men-folks *will* do such things, they must *expect* such things to happen!" cried one matron.

"I hope they'll raze the place to the ground! I hope they'll fire it to ashes! I hope they won't leave stick nor stone of it till morning!" said another, in the deep tones of irreproachable anathema.

I had stopped my horse, and begged to be told what had happened; but it was some time before the women paid attention enough to me to answer my question. I was only a "summer boarder," alien to them and to the sorrows of their lives. I was of far less importance to them than the school of mackerel which entered or swarmed past Gloucester Harbor; one might easily say, of less than the barnacles on the old piers.

"Haven't you heard?" said a woman at last, scornfully. "Why, it happened in —— ——'s rum-shop."

Now, I had been in East Gloucester more summers than I cared, just then, to remember, and never till that moment had I known that —— —— had a rum-shop in the centre of the town.

"There's a man murdered there," continued the speaker more gently, observing, perhaps, the expression of my face. "He's just dead. Him and this other fellar had words, and he drove a knife into him and out again three times. He's stone dead, layin' there on the floor. . . . See the men-folks crowdin' round to look at him! If men-folks will do such things, they must *expect* such things to happen! I hope they won't leave stick nor stone to that place, come mornin'!"

"Was he a married man?"

"She lives up to the Block. And the young ones."

"How many?"

"Twelve."

"Has anybody been to see this poor creature—the widow? Has any woman gone to her?"

"Hey?" staring. "I guess not. Not that I know of."

I turned my horse and drove straight to the smitten family. My friend (who had the worst of it) kindly agreed to sit in the carriage, among the gathering people, while I went into the tenement. I felt like thanking her warmly, for it would have been easy to make that little decision hard for me; or to turn my own mind in the trembling of a choice upon which, I came to think afterwards, a good deal that may have been important swung.

I went in. It was like other places of its kind, neither better nor worse. Such homes were not unfamiliar to me; but I had never entered one before on such an errand. To my selfish relief, I found that some newsbearer had preceded me, and that it did not devolve upon me to break the tidings to the widow. She was pacing up and down the dark, close rooms like a large creature in a very little cage. She uttered strange, monotonous shrieks. She did not notice my entrance. In fact, no one paid any attention to me. The twelve (I think it was twelve) children, in various stages of grief and fright, were scattered about. Her oldest son leaned

GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN ON THE GRAND BANKS.

against the wall, and looked helplessly at the screaming woman. She wailed:

"Oh, ain't it hard? Ain't it, ain't it?"

A neighbor came in, a big, red woman, and offered consolation in this form:

"Mis'——, Mis'——! Be still now, there, *and have the patience of God!*"

This modest and moderate demand, strange to say, was disregarded by the afflicted creature, who moaned on pitifully.

I was an uninvited guest in that stricken household, and it seems like a breach of something for which we have no precise name for me to dwell too far upon the details of such a scene as no spectator could easily forget or describe. In point of fact, nothing and nobody quieted the woman; and so I went up, saying no words at all, and took her in my arms.

For a little, her wailing continued steadily; then I saw, at last, that her eyes had fallen upon my gloves. They were white, like the rest of my dress; the room was heavy with the advancing dusk, and I suppose they made a spot of light by which her frenzied sight was arrested. Her sobbing broke; she turned and looked up into my face. Still I did not speak, but only held her quietly. . . . I stayed with her till the body was brought home, and then we drove away. As we turned into the main street, I heard low cries from the people:

"There he is! There he is! They've caught him! They've got the murderer! He ran and hid down to the water—but there he is!"

A carryall, rapidly driven and closely guarded by officers, passed us. The sunset was dying, and against a cold streak of wintry color, beyond the western shore of the harbor, I saw the profile of the murderer, as pale as that other face which I had left with a woman wailing over it. He was a very young man, they told me, and came of a self-respecting family.

I had read, of course, like other intelligent people, of women who entered rumshops on moral and religious errands. In

fact, I think, once, in Andover, when I was a very young lady, I personally besought a liquor-seller, in behalf of some ruined family in which I was interested, to abandon the error of his ways. He received me politely, and continued them steadily. But as for what is known, in this country, as the Temperance Movement, it was as unfamiliar to me as the gossip of Tahiti. I was reared in circles which pursued their own proportion of Christian charity in their own ways, and which knew but little of this form of ethical progress. In a word, I was without education for that kind of service to humanity, and I had, hitherto, paid no more attention to it than any woman of society. In fact, if the truth were to be told, I had, perhaps, little more confidence in the wisdom of its prevailing methods. Ignorance is always prejudice; and I was prejudiced in proportion to mine.

A GLOUCESTER FISHERMAN.

That Gloucester murder, and the short sunset hour which I spent in that devastated home, did for me what all the temperance conventions and crusades of America, generalled by braver and broader-minded women than I, had failed to do. All my traditions went down, and my common sense and human heart came up. From that day "I asked no questions; I had no replies;" but gave my sympathy, without paltry hesitation, to the work done by the women of America for the salvation of men endangered or ruined by the liquor habit.

"I am going into that rum-shop next Sunday," I announced, "to hold a service."

"*You?*" My friends stared at me anxiously. Would two physicians and the legal certificate of incarceration be needed shortly? Afterwards I remembered how they looked. At the time I scarcely noticed it, but proceeded on my way, with the absorption of all young reformers in a new enthusiasm.

Of course my first step was to visit the bar-tender. I was received with drawing-room politeness. He was more than willing that I should hold a religious service in his saloon. He was, I thought, personally very grateful. He felt the odium under which he stood. He was pale and perturbed. He welcomed me with significant cordiality. Indeed, I think he looked upon me, for the moment, as his individual savior from social downfall. It had not occurred to me that I was enlisting my energies to protect the rum-seller, and I must say that this amusing view of the situation rather staggered me. But, concluding to ignore it gracefully, I went on with my plan for the Sunday.

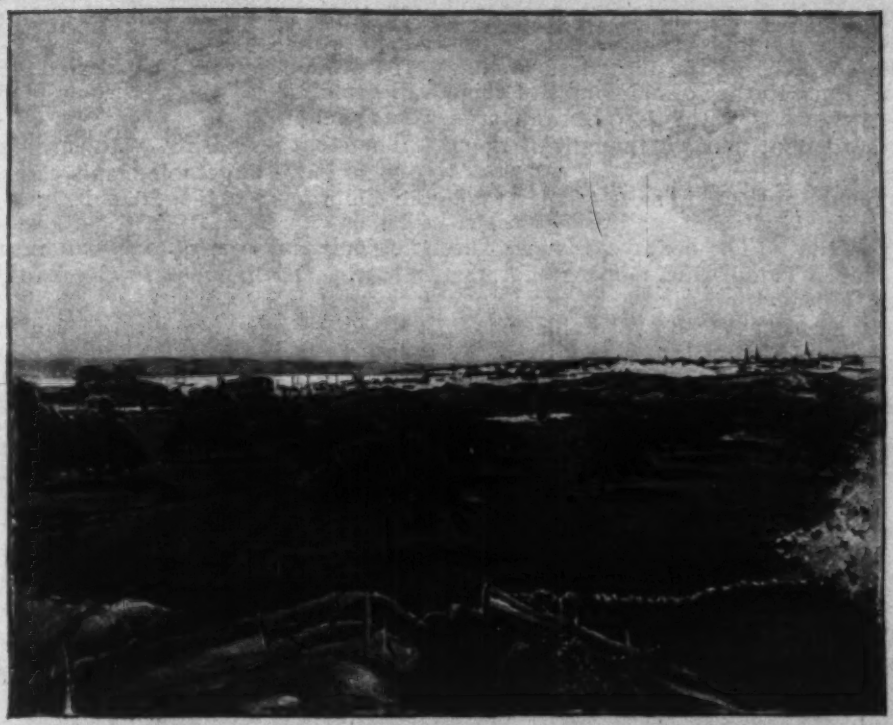
"You'll say, won't you," pleaded the dealer in death, "that this ain't my fault? You'll tell 'em it might have happened anywhere, won't you? Why, *it might have happened in a church!* There's murders do. You'll say so, won't you, ma'am?"

Without committing myself on this delicate point, I arranged our little programme, securing the help of a lovely, gray-haired "lady from Philadelphia"—for this was in the days when my own hair was still so dark that I liked to be mothered a little in difficult positions. We went into the saloon the next Sunday, and opened our short service.

Now, my companion had been trained by Phillips Brooks in his younger pastorate, and she was far better qualified than I to conduct the service. But, with the pertinacity of gentle women, she refused. She would read, she would sing, she would help; but speak she would not.

"You *will* not?" pleaded I; "but I *cannot*. I never opened my mouth in a public place in my life. I shall drop of stage fright—and think of the scene! It will be little less exciting than the murder. I am a coward, born, bred, and graduated, on this point. It is morally impossible for me to speak in that, or any other, place." But I prevailed nothing against her; and speak I had to.

The saloon was, of course, packed. It overflowed to the porch, and into the street, and back through the three little rooms within rooms, which, according to my limited observation, seem to characterize the grog-shops of our native land; an architectural peculiarity into whose causes or effects I have never penetrated.



VIEW TOWARDS GLOUCESTER FROM THE TOP OF MR. AND MRS. WARD'S SUMMER COTTAGE.

There were a few women there to sing for us, and certain of the wives of the men who frequented the shop; but our hearers were chiefly men, and precisely the men who were the usual customers of this and kindred places. A great red stain in the floor was covered from sight by the crowd.

To say that the audience was respectful, is to say little enough. If we had been angels from the clouds or courts of heaven we could not have been received with more deference, more delicacy, or more attention. To say that no disturbance of any kind took place, is, again, to say too little for the occasion. Not a foot stirred, not a lip whispered; indeed, it is quite within bounds to say that not an eye wandered. We read a little—not too much—from the Bible; and we sang a hymn or two, and I said a few words, and we came away. Those men listened to us as if they had never heard a message of mercy before in all their lives, and never might again. I remember that some of them hung their heads upon their breasts, like guilty children; and that they looked ashamed and sorry. But most of them met us in the eye, and drank what we said thirstily. Their attention and gravity amounted to solemnity, and had the appearance of resolution. But of that who can testify?

We did not too much blame these men; they had reasons for getting drunk which life had never made apparent to us. Nor did we berate the rum-seller; we were his guests. We read and spoke to them of better things; that was all. I remember that we read from the Revelation about the dead, great and small, who stand before God to be judged; and I can never forget how those men looked as I laid down my father's Bible, with those words. Life has given and withheld much from me that has been, or has seemed to be, rich and valuable. It has never given me another hour when I felt that I had found the chief privilege of existence, as I felt when I forgot myself, and pleaded with Heaven for those miserable men; nor has it withheld much that I should have treasured more than the power to continue my happy work among them.

It lasted for but three years. Though it began, it did not seem to begin, with the murder; for, after a few Sundays, our services in the saloon came to an end. The bar-tender's religious character was not prominently developed, and his hospitality cooled as the excitement waned. Not wishing to intrude upon it,—for, after

all, the rum was his, and the legal right to sell it,—we devoted ourselves for a little to the concerns of the fatherless family, and returned to the normal course of summer existence. Without were drunkards and murderers; and we thought of them no more.

I thought of them no more—at least not then. But God's lessons are not lost so easily as that. The next year, when The Old Maid's Paradise was opened for the season, a person indistinctly known to our domestic world as "the vegetable man" one day quietly made his way from the back door to the front, and boldly demanded that I should visit the Reform Club and give a temperance lecture. If he had asked me to discover the North Pole in a Gloucester dory, I should have been less astounded; perhaps less shocked. In vain did I reason that I did not know what a reform club was; that I was not, and never might, could, would, or should be, a lecturer; and that a temperance lecturer was a being so apart from my nature and qualifications, that I was better fitted to salt fish upon the wharves than to assume the position which I was desired to fill. The petitioner was dogged, obstinate, and respectful. It seemed that the organization which he represented, having heard of the rum-shop services, had appointed a committee to request my presence in the appalling capacity specified; and "No" for an answer the enthusiasts declined to take.

"I do not lecture," I persisted; "but I will come up to your clubroom, and help you somehow."

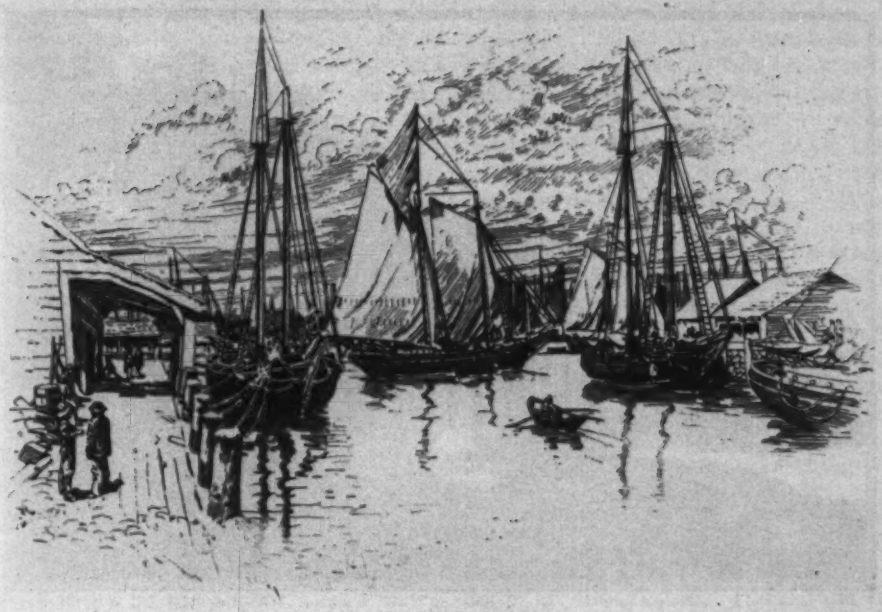
Thus compromising with my fate, I rode up in the vegetable man's carryall to the clubroom; and I left it, that first evening, the firm friend of those struggling men and women, and of all like them, in hard positions and in service like theirs, forever.

The little local organization with which I was concerned had, in some respects, an exceptional history; but it belonged to a great class at that time popular with the mass of our people, and unquestionably useful in stimulating a taste for decent ways of living among that proportion of our fellow citizens whom the liquor traffic disgraces and ruins. Having become once convinced that the method, however foreign to my taste and to my training, was sound and sensible; was, in fact, so much wiser and greater than my ignorance or timidity, that it commanded my respect, as well as my conscience; of course I had no choice but to give myself to the principle, and try to improve its practice if I might. As our Methodist friends would say, I "followed the leading," and I never regretted it.

For three years I had the great happiness of serving the people who had needed

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE OUTER HARBOR, GLOUCESTER.

From a photograph by Joseph H. Perry, Gloucester.



THE GLOUCESTER WHARVES.

and selected me. There and then, if ever, I became acquainted with life. I learned more from my Gloucester people than I ever taught them, and I shall hold them gratefully and lovingly in my heart as long as I live.

The pathetic battle of those tempted men with themselves; the hardships of the fishermen, shipped for midwinter voyages; rum on the wharves, and rum on the vessel, mocking the vow of the newly-sobered man; the distrusts and jealousies and obstacles flung in the way of "reformed men" by their own mates, or by respectable citizens who ought to have sunk to their knees with shame for deeds that I have known to be done; the coldness of some churches (alas, that I must say it!) towards us, and the persistent unpopularity of our efforts,—an unpopularity known to all movements, everywhere, in the pursuance of what is called the temperance work—such things one remembers when the easy side of existence is forgotten. In the ultimate valuation of life, when soul and body are "put to the question," one may no longer feel concern about the creation of a style, or the verity of a literary school, or the importance of a light touch; one may not recall the brilliant conversers of the choicest society one has known and valued; possibly even precious passion of study, on sheltered winter days, by open fires, among one's dearest books, and with one's highest masters, may pass—who can tell?

I think there are things that will not pass. The look of a manly fellow when he has been sober for two years; the expression in the eyes of his wife, and a word or two she said; the sobs of a man who had "broken his pledge," and begged for his soul's life to be saved (a vulgar incident, I grant you. Did I claim that it was "literature"?); the eyes of the men when they stopped in the middle of an oath upon the wharves, and came in and finished the hymn that we were singing in the clubroom; and oh, the way the *women* looked!—these common scenes may last when every other brain-cell but those retaining them and such as they has given back its impression to the great Engraver.

Touching beyond words were the appeals of the women. One, I remember, walked miles to my house, and she was quite unfit for walking, to beg me, in their superstitious way, to "stop her husband drinking." For I was sometimes accosted on the street by strange men who would detain me respectfully to say:

"I hear when you talk to folks they stop drinkin'. I wish you'd talk to me!"

This woman pulled up her sleeve, and showed me big purple bruises on her beautiful arm and shoulder.

"He's always kind when he's sober," she urged. "But I wish you'd talk to him. He peeked in at the winder last night at the club to see you. He said he see you, and you was readin' something out of a book. He said he wanted to go

WONSON'S COVE, EAST GLOUCESTER.

The cottage shown in the picture was used by Miss Phelps several summers as a study.

in and listen, but he dassent, for he felt ashamed. So he come home and throwed himself on the lounge, and put his hands acrosst his eyes, and groaned, as if he was hurted in an accident, and he says, 'Jane, I wisht I was a better man.' An' I says, 'Tom, I wisht you was.' And he says he'd like to have you talk to him; so I come down. First I thought I'd go to Mrs. Cæsar Augustus Smith, but he *didn't say anything* about Mrs. Cæsar Augustus Smith, an', so I come to you. For he never hits me when he's sober, and he likes the baby; and so I thought I'd come."

Speaking of literature, I remember a bit of pure eloquence which I heard from one of our men, one evening. He was a fine fellow—or was meant to be—a tall, well-looking man, with a good head, and something in it. He drank till he was fifty; then stopped, slipped a few times, but died sober. He had never been a man of many words on matters of religious belief, and was popularly credited with a tinge of awful scepticism. When, one day, therefore, he quietly announced to his mates in our little organization his purpose to sympathize with the more religious aspects of its work, the incident created a furore. The man's motives were immediately and bitterly impugned. Few of his neighbors but questioned his sincerity. It would be difficult to make one unfamiliar with just such forms of service among precisely such people understand the large temporary importance of small events like these. The next week our "reformed man" rose serenely in the little chapel and said this only:

"I understand that my sincerity has been doubted in what I said here last week—that I meant to be a better man, and that I should like to live a different life. I want to say this: If my old neighbors cannot forget my past, I have been *taught to believe that Christ can.*"

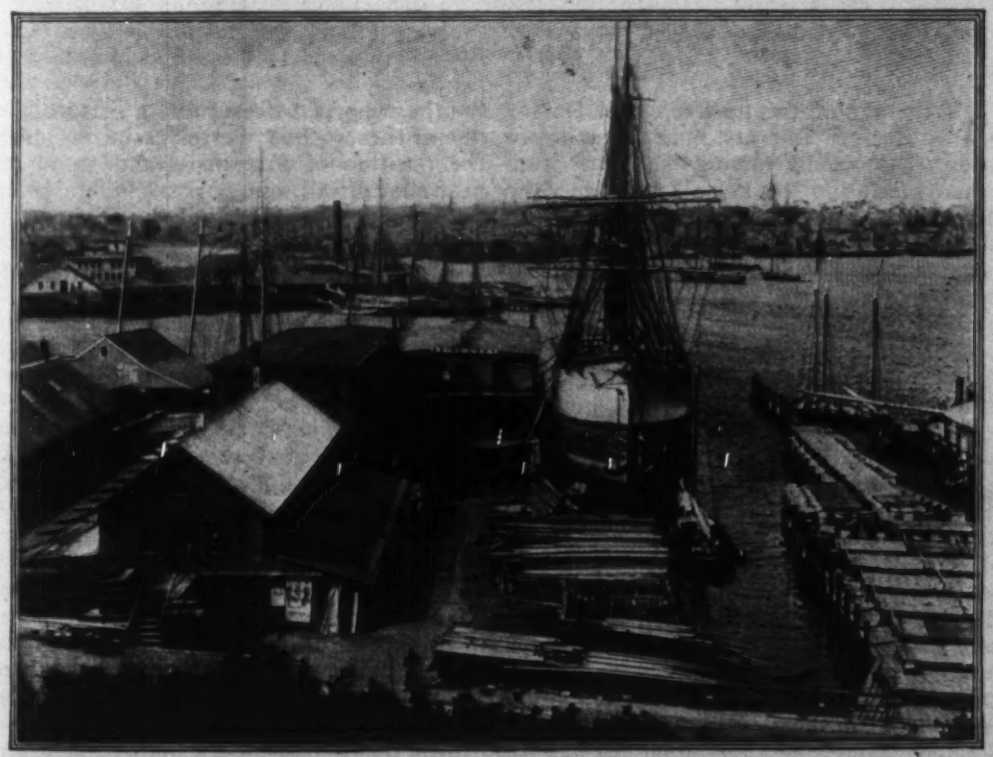
For clear "persuasion of speech" I have seldom heard that surpassed.

It occurs to me that I have said more of the obstacles than of the aids to our work among the Gloucester drunkards; and far be it from me to fall into that coarseness of heart which is more conscious of the absence than of the presence of human sympathy. It was invigorating to me at the time, and as I look back upon it from this distance it seems to have been extraordinary that we received so much assistance from sources outside of the boundary of local interest. I used often to be asked to drive down the North Shore and tell the summer people what we were doing for the fishermen. These parlor talks always resulted in something less evasive than pleasant words. Generous and hearty, to a surprising degree, were the contributions to our always clamorous needs, of a people to whose tastes and experience our work was quite foreign. Our

steadiest and greatest help came from a noble woman, a life-long invalid, whose large, unselfish heart went out to meet the cry of the world from which she was shut in.

It is so easy to doubt the humanity of the easy classes; flings at the hardness of wealth and social position are so common and so often unjust, that I am glad to take this chance to testify of the warm hearts, the generous impulses, the lavish purses, and the sincere sympathy which I found only waiting for the opportunity to pour themselves upon a need in whose reality they could trust. The thing which interested me about it, in this especial case, was that so much of this practical cordiality came from people who had the smallest natural amount of sympathy with the religious aspect of what we were doing.

I remember one day, sitting alone in my little study by the harbor, that I heard the tap-tapping of a very small, pointed, feminine heel upon the rocks, and that the shadow of a little lady suddenly darkened the door. I knew her at a glance for one of the queens of that phase of society which we still call fashionable. She was, in fact, a very gay little lady—and remains so. She came in quite soberly and gently, and began to talk with me about the Gloucester fishermen, asking the most appreciative and intelligent of questions; I wondered at them. Her boys, she said, wanted to put a set of standard novels in the library of our clubroom. When she went away she left substantial evidence of —what was it? A moment's sympathy? An hour's genuineness? A movement of regret, or of resolve? Who can say? Perhaps this gay benefactress needed a missionary, in her way, as much as our drunkards in theirs. Perhaps she was doing a bit of penance of her own. It is possible. Did I feel at liberty to use her name, a large portion of the gay world would appreciate the incident. But, for myself, whenever I hear this little lady, as one sometimes does, criticized for her merry making at life, I recall that afternoon at Gloucester. I hear the tapping of the tiny heels upon my rocks. I see the sober face, chastened with a look never seen in the drawing-rooms, where she rules it whimsically and royally. I hear an accent of something like perplexity, like wonder, like appeal, like reverence, in her



LOOKING ACROSS THE HARBOR FROM EAST GLOUCESTER.

From a photograph by Joseph H. Perry, Gloucester.

elaborate voice, and I am silent; for my thoughts of her are kind, "long thoughts."

To this little group of puzzled and tempted people, for whom my heart was full, at my audacious request came Phillips Brooks. Indeed, he came not once, but twice, in the busiest part of his year, and preached to us—once in September, and again, I think, in March. I know that the Indian summer was on the harbor at the time of his first visit, and that the snow lay heavily upon the narrow streets when he came again.

Take it altogether, this is the pleasantest memory which I have of the great preacher. He lent himself to those little people with luxurious heartiness. He had that gracious way of conferring a favor as if he were its recipient. In fact, he seemed to enjoy the two sermons preached to that handful of fishermen—outside of his own church connections, outside of the trend of his own work, and perhaps a little strange to his experience of audiences—as much as any which I ever heard from his lips. Of course our people were touched with the honor which he did them, and they thronged the hall, or audience-room. The wharves and the streets and the fleets poured out a great delegation; Trinity Church never gave him more devout attention. It was a beautiful sight.

Now, one thing I noticed. In the course of his two sermons given to those drunkards and fishermen, the preacher alluded to the object for which we were united but a single time. Then he said:

"There are men who give up the beautiful possibilities of life to low sins and—*drunkenness.*" He drew himself to his superb height, and brought out that one word with an accent of glorious scorn. The tempted men lowered their eyes before it. It scathed them harder than hours of denunciation, and moved them more than pages of appeal.

A SEA CHANGE.

A TALE OF A MATE AND A COOK.

By Morgan Robertson.

AT the age of twenty-five, John Dorsey possessed few attributes of mind or body that would distinguish him from other sea-faring men, unless it was the deep resonance of his voice and a strong memory for faces, facts, and places—which latter made him a wonderful pilot, his mind retaining a vivid picture of every harbor, island, rock or shoal that he had once seen. His strong lungs, with his pilotage and a general intelligence, raised him early to the quarter-deck.

Born at Nassau, in the Bahamas, where his mother still lived, he had obtained such education as the island schools afforded, had followed "wrecking" until his brain was a comprehensive chart of the whole West India group, and had then made four long voyages—one in the engine-room. The closing years of the Civil War found him engaged in blockade-running, which had grown to be a prosperous—though risky—and, from his insular standpoint, a legitimate business. Long, low, speedy steamers were built, painted slate-color, loaded with munitions of war, and sent to dodge their way past Federal cruisers into Southern ports, to return with cotton. In one of these—the "Petrel"—he occupied the position of first mate, and stood aft near the taffrail, one dark night, watching the indefinite loom of a pursuing sloop-of-war about a mile astern.

At intervals a gleam, as of heat lightning, would light up the blackness. Then could be heard the humming and "cheep, cheep" of a ricochetting solid shot, followed by the bark of the gun. They were firing low.

The chase, commencing with the wind abeam, ended with the wind ahead; for the quarry, with large engine and small sail power, had edged around in a wide curve until the sails of the pursuer no longer drew. The cruisers of that time were at best but auxiliaries, unfitted to chase to windward, and had not this one, as though to voice her disgust to the night, discharged a broadside as she squared away, the fleeing steamer might have escaped.

It is this broadside, or, particularly, one round, nine-inch shot of it, that concerns us. The rest of them, with the screaming

shells, flew wide or short. This shot, unaimed and unhoped of, struck a sea at a quarter of the distance, another at three-quarters, arose in the air, and crashed through the rudder and stern posts of the "Petrel," forward through the boiler, and then on through the length of the steamer, making holes for itself where necessary, from the last of which—in the port bow—it dropped into the sea. The "Petrel" was successfully raked and disabled.

"THE DESCENDING BELAYING-PIN, STRIKING HIM A GLANCING BLOW ON THE HEAD, CUT SHORT THE SENTENCE."

When the shot had entered the stern, an iron belaying-pin, jolted from its place in the taffrail by the impact, had spun high as the cross-trees. Before it came down, and coincident with the roar of escaping steam from the punctured boiler, the mate had noted the damage done in his department, and, to apprise the captain on the bridge, roared out: "Rudder post—" But the descending belaying-pin, striking him a glancing blow on the head, cut short the sentence, and he fell to the deck.

The escaping steam brought the cruiser back to the chase, and the "Petrel" was captured, towed to a Northern port, and condemned. Here John Dorsey, still unconscious, though breathing, was placed in the hospital of a military prison. In a week he opened his eyes and smiled—as a baby smiles. Then as a baby looks at his hands, he looked at his, and cooed softly. His skull had not, apparently, been injured, and the lump raised had disappeared; so he was told to get up and dress. He only smiled, and was then assisted.

It could hardly have been said that John Dorsey had recovered consciousness. While physically healthy, a negative, non-combative good-humor, indicated by his smile, was the only mental attribute apparent. He even seemed to lack some of the instincts of self-preservation which the human, in common with other animals, inherits from parents. Feeling hunger, he would not eat food placed before him until shown how; and then not with a knife and fork, or even by intelligent use of his fingers, but by lowering his head in the manner of brutes. Hustled aside by a harsh attendant, he felt pain, and cried out—with no articulation. But he felt no fear at the next meeting; he could not remember.

An inner sub-consciousness directed necessary physiological functions, and he lived and gained flesh. But, though far below the level of brutes in intellect, he differed from them and idiots in his capacity for improvement. For he learned—to dress himself; to use a knife and fork; to make his bed, sweep, carry water, etc. The first sign of memory he displayed was in his avoidance of the nurse who habitually abused him. He learned the names of things one by one, and, in time, essayed to speak them. But only with the progress of a gurgling infant did he acquire a vocabulary sufficient for his wants; and this he used, not in the breezy, quarter-deck tone of John Dorsey, but in accents soft and low, as became the gentleness of his new nature.

Not being a prisoner of war, he was discharged—cured; but being useful, and not a stickler for salary, was allowed to remain in the hospital until it was officially abolished, six months after the close of the war. Then he was turned adrift—a man in physique but a child in experience; for his life now dated from the awakening in the hospital, and what he knew he had learned since then. Not a glimmer or shadow of memory as to his past remained. It was as though the soul of John Dorsey had gone from him, and in its place had come another—but a limited, a weakling soul; one that could feel no strong emotions; that could neither love, nor hate, nor fear, in a human sense.

Poorly equipped as he was, he naturally became a beggar, but would work when told to. He wandered, associating with tramps; and under the tutelage of tramps, his mind expanded, but only to the limits of his soul. Some things he could not understand.

In a measure the embargo on his faculties impressed its stamp on his face; but the features of the intelligent John Dorsey did not at once yield to the new conditions, and while still a fit candidate for an asylum, the strange mixture of expression, resembling careworn candor, saved him from commitment as weak-minded, though he was often sent to jail as a vagrant.

For thirty years he was a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth, at the end of which time he had learned much, considering his limitations. He could talk fairly well in the slang of the road, and in an evenly-modulated tone of voice which was somewhat plaintive. He could not read or write; but he could count, though telling the time by the clock marked the limit of his progress in practical mathematics. A time-table map, the chart of his wandering *confrères*, was an incomprehensible puzzle to him. He knew the use of money, and what his day's labor was worth, though his lack of skill at the simplest tasks prevented his holding a job; hence, his ever-reactionary tendency to beggary. But latterly he had worked in a hotel kitchen, and liking the shelter and warmth, cultivated the industry to the extent of becoming, in spite of himself, a fairly good third-rate cook.

At the hospital he had been number seven. Asked his name later, he had given this number, which his tramp companions corrupted to "Shiven," and prefixed with "Jack"—their hall-mark of fellowship. His beard had grown, and with his hair, was of a soft shade of brown. With no vices to age him, and tormented by no speculations as to his origin or destiny—the impressions of a year back being forgotten unless renewed by friction—his face, though changed, was even more youthful than the sailor Dorsey's. In repose it was stupid; but when he was pleased and smiled—with the same infantile smile that marked the birth of his new existence—it lighted up with the ineffable glory of an angel's. It was the mute expression of an innocence of soul which approached the divine—beyond human understanding. And it won him universal good-will, though not always good treatment.

In the autumn of 1895 he was in New York, penniless; and overhearing from a group of South Street loungers that the "Avon," at Pier No. 9, wanted a cook, hurried there and met her captain, stepping over the rail to find him.

"I heard you had no cook," he began.

"You a cook?"

"I kin cook plain grub."

"Ever been to sea?"

"No."

"Where're your clothes?"

The applicant looked down at himself.

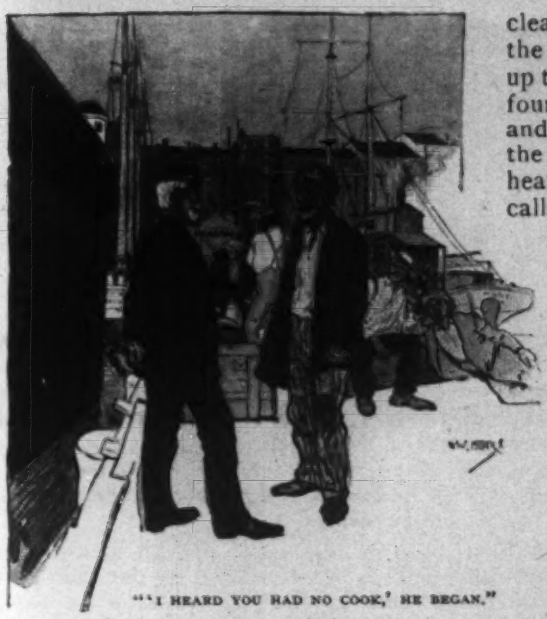
"Tramp, aren't you?" said the captain, good-humoredly.

"Yes, kinder," he answered, and smiled.

"Come aboard. I'm in a hurry. Thirty dollars a month. Say 'Sir' when you speak to me or the mate."

The "Avon" was a two-masted, schooner-rigged, five-hundred-ton, iron screw steamer, with an old-fashioned oscillating engine, which her old-fashioned engineer patted lovingly for the wonderful bursts of speed he could induce from it. Against his name on the "Avon's" articles, the new cook placed his mark for the highest rate of pay he had worked for as Jack Shiven. He was seasick the first day out, but recovered, and gave satisfaction. Quiet, good-humored, and obliging, he smiled on all hands and won their hearts. "He's a daft man, but a good 'un," said the engineer.

At Cedar Keys, Florida, the captain brought aboard, one evening, a tall, dark man, with whom he consulted locked in his cabin. As they parted at the rail, he said, in a low tone: "We're speedy enough to get away from any cutter on the coast, and, I think, any cruiser the Spanish have over. This was a blockade dodger in war times, named 'Petrel.' Still, as I said, Doctor, I must consult my crew. It's risky work."



"'I HEARD YOU HAD NO COOK,' HE BEGAN."

"Did you own the 'Avon' then, when she was the 'Petrel'?" asked the other, speaking with an accent that stamped him a foreigner.

"No," answered the captain; "I bought her years afterward. But," he added proudly, "I sailed in her 'fore the mast when she was captured. They jugged us for a while; then let us go. 'Twas curious about the mate, a fellow named Dorsey. Got a rap on the head somehow, and came to in the hospital, but lost his bearings—didn't know his name, and couldn't understand when told. They let him out 'fore they did us, and we lost all track of him. It's pitiful, the way his old mother sits up on the rocks over at Nassau and watches the channels. She expects her boy back; says she knows he'll come. I've got so I hate to bring the 'Avon' there; for every time I've done it, she's recognized the old 'Petrel,' and waved her shawl from the rocks, and rushed aboard. And I've always had to give her the same old story: 'Haven't heard from him.' It's heart-breaking. But John Dorsey's dead, sure."

In a couple of days the "Avon" sailed, with the dark stranger below in the empty hold. Two hours later a revenue cutter, primed with information of a purposed breach of the neutrality laws, lifted her anchor and followed, a menacing speck on the horizon astern of the "Avon," and an irritation to the quickened nerves of her captain, as he viewed her through the glasses, and wondered, and guessed, and swore. But next morning the horizon was clear, and the "Avon," having doubled the Florida reef in the night, was steaming up the east coast. The following midnight found her well up past Cape Canaveral, and here, after answering a rocket from the shore, she cautiously, and with much heaving of the lead, and speaking-tube calls to the engine-room, felt her way through a narrow inlet in the outlying reef, or sand-covered barrier, into the enclosed lagoon, where she lay, with steam up and without anchoring, while her crew brought off, with the three boats, numerous boxes, cases, and barrels, which they stowed carefully in the hold.

As the largest boat came out, the captain said to the tall stranger: "I'll not have that stuff aboard. We'll tow it astern. It's fine weather and smooth water. Here, you cook, Jack Shiven, watch this boat. Don't let it touch the side, or it'll blow your old head off. Keep it away with an oar." The boat was fastened to the stern by the painter, and the cook, who had been awakened by the unusual proceedings, obeyed orders.

Then, leaving the dark man on the bridge to watch the horizon, and a negro fireman in the boiler-room to keep up steam, every other man in the crew from the captain to the mess-boy went ashore in the next boat, for the last and hardest lift of all. A large shell-gun, too heavy for one boat, was to be carried off on a temporary deck covering two. At this work they were engaged when daylight broke; and with its coming appeared, outside the barrier and heading for the inlet, the revenue cutter that had followed them, with ports open, guns showing, and at her gaff-end a string of small flags which, in the silent Volapük of the sea, said: "Get under way as fast as you can."

A signal-book and a good glass are needed, as a rule, to interpret this language. The captain and mate ashore had neither, and those aboard were not tutored in their use; so the command was neither answered nor obeyed. "The jig's up," said the captain. "Get this gun ashore again. We'll go aboard and answer, or he may fire. They'll confiscate my boat, but I don't want her sunk."

But their hurry to unload the gun resulted in the swamping of one boat and the staving of the other; so they were forced to remain—and hope.

"Run up a white flag," roared the captain; "then scull that boat ashore."

The cook heard, but could not understand. The man on the bridge understood, but could not obey—he could not find the flag locker. However, he impressed on the cook's mind the wisdom of getting the boat ashore. But Jack Shiven only smiled and shook his head. He could not scull a boat. Neither could the Cuban—for such he was—and the fireman conscientiously and emphatically refused to leave his work. He had shipped fireman, not sailor.

The boom of an unshotted gun was heard from seaward—given as a hint, which, of course, was not taken. Then another report, louder, came from the cutter, and with it a shot, aimed to cross the stern of the "Avon." But years of service in the revenue marine had somewhat demoralized the old man-of-war's-man who had charge of the gun. He did not allow for the half-charge of powder, and the lateral deflection given the consequently ricochetting shot by choppy waves, running at angle with his aim. That shot, barely clearing the reef, made a curve, shorter with each blow of a glancing sea, bounded over the stern of the "Avon," and cut through the port main-boom lift (a wire rope), which fell and struck the wondering, smiling cook on the head—a slight blow, but enough. The shot buried itself in the sand on the beach, having undone the work of that other government shot fired thirty years before; it had wakened the sleeping soul of John Dorsey. He reeled, recovered, and in a cracked falsetto, cried out: "—carried away, sir," finishing the sentence begun in his youth and interrupted by the descending belaying-pin. Clapping his hands to his head, he looked around bewildered; then bounded forward to the bridge. The Cuban followed.

"WHO ARE YOU? GET OFF THE BRIDGE! WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN?"

"Are you hurt?" asked the latter.

"Hurt? Who are you? Get off the bridge! Where's the captain? Who's got the wheel?" His voice was choked and guttural.

"The captain is on shore with the crew. Do you not see them?"

Dorsey reached into the pilot-house, and in the old familiar nook placed his hand on a pair of glasses, with which, after a suspicious inspection, he examined the group on the beach.

"None of our crowd," he muttered. Then he turned the glasses on the revenue vessel outside.

"Haven't they got enough men-of-war on the coast without trotting out their cutters?" he growled. "What's he say? 'M, L, H,'—'get under way.' Say, you," he demanded of the Cuban, "what's happened? What time is it? When'd you join this boat?"

"On the day before yesterday, at Cedar Keys."

"You lie," snarled Dorsey. "We haven't been there in four months: but —" he felt his head again—"what's happened? Everything looks queer. Where's the ball on the pilot-house? Two minutes ago it was night-time. What does this mean?"

"Two minutes ago you were struck on the head, and have acted strangely since," answered the Cuban, who thought the cook was crazed by the blow.

"Yes, I know something belted me; my head's pretty sore. But you weren't aboard, and t'was up near Hatteras. Now we're down here in Gallino Bay, and it's daylight. I must ha' been knocked silly and stayed so. What day is it? Monday? Three days ago!" Dorsey's mind had solved the problem, though, of course, with no regard to the lapse of time. But his mind had not yet regained the command of Jack Shiven's body: his gestures were clumsy, and his eyes—wide open and alert—though not the eyes of Jack Shiven, were not the eyes of John Dorsey. His voice was a mixture of strange sounds, and he coughed continually.

"What ails my throat? And this!" he exclaimed; he had felt of his beard. "Say, Mister Man, am I dead or alive, or asleep, or crazy? Who am I?"

'I believe you are the cook of this

"THE FIREMAN GOT NO FARTHER. DORSEY'S FINGERS GRIPPED HIS THROAT."

boat, in a sad condition of mind," said the Cuban dryly, more interested now in the approaching cutter.

"Cook! I'm mate, if I'm anything," spluttered Dorsey, the sailor in him aroused by the affront. Yet the terror in his eyes might have indicated his doubts that he was anything.

The vessel outside had stopped her engines at the mouth of the inlet, and now sent another and better-aimed shot across the "Avon's" stern. It aroused Dorsey to fury.

"That's your game, is it?" he growled, hoarsely. "All right. 'Get under way,' you say." He sprang to the deck, saw that the anchors were on the rail; then, to satisfy misgivings thirty years old, ran aft and looked over the stern at the rudder. It was there, intact, and he hurried to the engine-room hatch.

"Down there, Chief?" he called. "Who's below?"

There was no answer. He reached the fire-room hatch at a bound, and met, emerging, the woolly head of the fireman, who had heard the gun and wanted to know.

"What steam you got?" demanded Dorsey, who recognized his craft, though not knowing him.

"Wha' dat yo' business, Jack Shiven? Yo' g' back t' yo' pots an' pans, an' doan yo' cum foolin' 'roun' dis yere fire-hole. Dis fire too hot f' yo'. Yo' git bawned, shua! Yah, yah, yah-ha. Who fire dat cannon, cookie?"

"What steam you got?"—the words seemed to explode from the throat—"answer me, you black imp, or I'll jam you into that furnace. How many pounds?"

"Wha' dat?"

The fireman got no farther. Dorsey's fin-

gers gripped his throat, and in a second he was sprawled backward over the hatch-combing. Squeezing hard for a moment, the infuriated questioner again demanded: "What steam you got?"

"Fifty pounds, Jack," gurgled the negro; "le' go; wha' yo' want?"

"Get down there! Bring it up to sixty, and keep it so. I'm going to start the engine. Down with you, quick! Don't you leave that fire-hold till I tell you."

The frightened fireman descended, and Dorsey examined the engine.

"Same scrap-heap," he muttered. "Hasn't changed like me and the boat, and the heavens and earth." He ran forward again. In the after end of the pilot-house he found a chest, which he kicked open, scattering the contents—signal flags—on the floor. He picked out three, and called the Cuban.

"Who are you, anyhow?" he asked. "Can you run the engine?"

"No."

"Can you steer?"

"I cannot."

"Then I must do both. Run these three flags up to the truck in the order I name them—K, G, P. Understand? K on top. They're marked. Quick, now."

"Why," demanded the other, "what do these flags say?"

"They say our engine's broken down, if you must know," yelled Dorsey. "I want to stop his fire, and draw him into the inlet; then dash by him. It's our only chance. D'you want to end your days in a Yankee prison? Bear a hand, or you will—that is, unless you want to swim." The Cuban glanced at three dorsal fins alongside toward which Dorsey pointed, and took the flags. He had watched the friction at the hatch with as much amusement as would mingle with his apprehension of arrest. But this masterful, methodical lunatic, who had given such forceful instructions to the fireman, and who now seemed to have the International Signal Code in his head, was the same smiling imbecile who could not scull a boat. Suspicions of Spanish espionage disturbed him. Yet, the other's action might indicate a desire to escape; and so, reasoning that whatever the flags might say, his position would be made no worse, he hoisted them, while Dorsey, after giving a tentative turn or two to the engine, watched the effect on the cutter.

The ruse succeeded. The mendacious message, read aboard the government craft, caused her to reserve her fire and enter the inlet. Then Dorsey threw the throttle wide open, and with a passing objurgation to the victim in the fire-room, ran to the wheel.

"Come up here and give me a hand," he called; but the Cuban did not answer. He had just seen a dark figure emerge from the fire-hold, take a hurried look around, and speed to the stern, where the boat, nearly on end now as the steamer gathered way, was fastened by its painter. Acting on a sudden resolution, he followed, choosing to join the party ashore with the aid of the fireman—who could scull—rather than remain with a man who, if not a maniac, was a most aggressive and unpleasant companion—possibly a Spanish spy. He slipped down the rope after the negro, and cut the boat clear.

Dorsey saw them, shook his fist, and steered for the inlet.

The wind had drifted the "Avon" close to the opening; so now, with the other vessel just entering, they were not a quarter of a mile apart, and a minute later were within hailing distance.

"Where are you going?" bawled a brass-buttoned officer from the cutter's bridge. "Stop your engine or I'll sink you!"

Dorsey stretched his head and half his body through the pilot-house window, and shouted in reply: "Our engine's running away with us—lever's broken. We'll pull our fires outside."

The officer doubted, but hesitated, and the "Avon" shot by at a fifteen-knot rate. Dorsey edged up into the cutter's wake, and by keeping her masts in line, avoided, for awhile, her fire; for she was a revenue cutter, built to pursue, not to flee; hence none of her guns could be trained over the stern. Was ever dignified government craft caught in a more undignified position? She could not safely back out of the inlet, and by the time she had steamed in, turned around, and started seaward, the "Avon" was a mile and a half away, with an increased blackness to her line of belching smoke which indicated anything but an intention to "pull fires." Dorsey, lashing the wheel, had gone down and added fuel, tried the water, and talked (after the fashion of the engine-room) to the oscillating cylinder, wagging away like the stump-tail of an over-pleased dog. He now returned to the wheel.

Shot after shot from the cutter's long-range guns hummed around the "Avon," but none of them struck. Though her armament was comparatively modern, her

engine was old—older than the "Avon's," and inferior by two knots' speed per hour.

Dorsey steered due east, made periodical trips to the boat's vitals, and in three hours whooped in triumph as he saw the pursuer head slowly around and start back. An hour later he drew his fires, stopped the engine, and cooked his breakfast, hardly yet recovered from his excitement sufficiently to realize to the full his isolation—not of space, but of time. He was still of the past; just escaped from peril a generation gone.

He finished his meal and wanted a smoke. Going to his old room, he found strange clothing, strange alterations of the fittings, but no pipe. "Queer," he muttered. "Got some one in my place, I suppose." His tone was aggrieved. "Might ha' waited more'n three days. Wonder how long, though, I've been silly. Not long—my head's sore yet. Yet, I've grown a beard. Wonder what hit me. I'll get a pipe down forrard."

"HE STOOD TRANSFIXED BY THE STRANGE, STARING, BEARDED FACE."

In the forecastle he found one and a strange brand of tobacco, which he confiscated. Returning to the deck he smoked and reflected. But in a minute he put the pipe down nauseated. Jack Shiven had not been a smoker.

"What'll I do?" he mused. "Go back to the coast and pick up the crew—that wasn't the crew! The boat's changed hands. Has she been seized? May be; and I was too dead to move. Wish I knew where that cutter'll hunt next. Wish I knew what's happened. What ails the boat? She looks as though she'd been through seven hells. He went to the rail. Old paint! *old woodwork!* OLD BOAT! Where's she been to? Wire-rigged, too! I'll see the articles. I'll see if I belong here."

The captain's room was locked. In no condition of mind to care for nautical etiquette, he raised his foot, burst in the door, and entered. A large mirror on the bulkhead reflected his image, and he stood transfixed by the strange, staring, bearded face—which was not his own. He raised his hand; the image did the same. He inclined his head to the right and the left, and was accompanied.

"It's me," he groaned, "and it isn't me!" Approaching the glass, he examined closely the spectre confronting him. There was not a trace of resemblance between the old and the new John Dorsey, unless it was the color of the eyes. Hair, features, even the shape of the nose and thickness of the lips, were changed. The shoulders, too, were more sloping, as though dragged down by weights. John Dorsey had pulled ropes, downward; Jack Shiven had wheeled barrows.

He sank down on a chest in helpless fright, while perspiration oozed from his forehead. A discolored newspaper lay folded in the berth, which he seized and examined. It was dated January 1, 1895. He threw it down. "Can't be," he said, with a doubting, though piteous, half smile. "Seventy-five, eighty-five, ninety-five—thirty years. Nonsense. Where's the log-book?"

He found it in the mate's room; its last departure dated October 3, 1895. With brain on fire, he returned to the captain's room, and attacked the boat's library, tearing books from their places, examining the publishers' imprints, and throwing them down. They bore dates ranging through the years following the war. He burst the captain's desk apart, and rummaged for the articles. His name was not there. The last entered was "Jack Shiven, cook;" and the articles also were dated thirty years into the future. He crept on deck. He wanted air.

Not a breath of air ruffled the glassy smoothness of the ground swell which, sent by some distant gale, had thrown the "Avon" into its trough and was rolling her gently as she drifted north with the Gulf Stream. The sun was shining from a cloud-flecked sky, and in the air were all the mild warmth and softness of the Florida winter. But to this human soul, torn from its past, plunged alone and unguided far into the unknown, there was something unreal and unearthly in the aspect of the sea and sky. There was insufferable heat

and dryness to the air he breathed, and a new, metallic ring to the tinkling swash of the water as the boat rolled; and this sound, with the hissing of steam from the boiler, instead of relieving, seemed but to accentuate the intense silence of the ocean —which bore him down and crushed him.

"Who am I?" he thought, rather than uttered. "I'm not John Dorsey. I'm some one else. Who?"

He backed up against the side of the forward house. Off to the westward was a speck—the revenue cutter. It was a tangible reality, and his dazed faculties seized it. He traced back, painfully, the events of the morning. "She chased me out here," he whispered. "Who was that Dago? He knew me. Who was the nigger, and the crowd on the beach? They were not the crew—I'm not the mate." He walked aft. "Here I stood this morning—last night—when I was struck; and then—all at once—it was daylight, and I was here." He moved a few steps. "And nothing is the same." He noticed the broken wire-rope on the deck. "What parted the lift? It seems—yes—it must be—that is what hit me. I remember now; I saw it move on the deck. It must have knocked me senseless, and meanwhile the boat has had trouble. But they haven't mended the lift, and it was a hemp lift, too —and I'm still in her—no, I'm not—I'm not John Dorsey. I'm somebody else. Who am I? I can't make it out. Who am I?" He clung to the rail and screamed loudly and hoarsely, in an agony of terror. Then he ran forward, then aft, and forward again. He burst into the captain's room, examined again the face in the glass —which he loathed—and fled from it.

On the pilot-house was the boat's name, which he had not noticed in the articles. He saw it now for the first time. He sprang to the bow, and looked over. There, in block copper letters, where once had been the word "Petrel," he saw the boat's later name. Aft on the stern he read it again— "Avon, of New York." He seated himself on a hatch, steadier in mind now for the removal of the "Petrel" from the problem. As he sat there he noticed an anchor worked in india-ink on the back of his hand—the soft, white hand of Jack Shiven, the cook. He looked at it in amazement; then pulled up his right sleeve. There, close to his elbow, was a wreath, and within it the initials "J. D." He tore open his shirt, and on his breast found a mole. He sprang to his feet, raised his clenched fist, brought it down, and said, calmly and decisively: "I am John Dorsey. And this boat—" he scanned the fabric from trucks to curving deck with the eye of a sailor who loves his craft,—"has once been the 'Petrel.'"

As the noon hour approached he thought of an observation. "I know the latitude," he mused. "I can subtract that from the zenith distance and get the declination, and that will give me the month and day in the almanac. But what's the use? I'll know to-morrow, when I see the owners. The sun's well south of the line; it's the fall of the year. It was last January when my light went out."

He threw on coal, started the engine, and shaped a course for the Providence channel. All that day and the following night he gravitated from the wheel to the boiler and engine, and next morning, as the languid islanders were waking to their indolent existence, he steered into the west entrance of Nassau harbor.

On the highest point of the low shore was a figure that waved to him something red. He did not see it. Inside the harbor, he stopped the engine, while he puzzled over the mechanism of a patent windlass, which was new to him. Mastering this, he went on at half speed. The figure had left the rocks, and, still waving the red cloth, was hastening toward the landing. Close in as he dared go, he again shut off steam, pried the small anchor off the rail, dropped it, and after paying out a few fathoms, banked the fires, and hailed a shore boat. As he landed, an old woman in a red shawl was waiting. She flung herself upon him with a glad cry, and after a moment he knew her for his mother. But his greeting of her was rather a cold one, for by his chronology it was only a week since he kissed her good-by. Later, when questioned, he said: "I didn't know mother, at first; she had grown so old." She, on her part, declared, with streaming eyes: "I recognized Johnny the minute I saw him. And I always knew he'd come back in the old 'Petrel.'"

Dorsey did not go to seek the owners of the "Petrel." Men who professed to be friends of his, but who looked curiously old and weatherbeaten, talked to him in such a way that everything grew more uncertain than ever. Then, one day, as he climbed over the "Avon's" rail, a man emerged from the cabin, and with a stern countenance, though with a secret twinkle in the eye, advanced and collared him. "So-ho, my man," said he; "never been to sea, hey? Yet you can navigate.

Can't scull a boat ashore, but can run an engine, and steal a big steamer?"

He gave Dorsey a gentle shake. The next moment he was seated on the deck a dozen feet away, rubbing a smarting spot on his chest about as large as Dorsey's fist —which fist, as unused to such collisions as Dorsey was to being shaken, was also being rubbed. In his incomplete correspondence with his environment, he was still the mate of the "Petrel," dealing with an insolent member of her crew; for time had touched lightly the captain of the "Avon," and Dorsey recognized him as his old shipmate.

"The nigger was right," muttered the captain, as he arose; "mad as an Irish duke on a tater-hill." He started for the rail, and had nearly scrambled over when Dorsey seized, dragged him inboard, and seated him, not too gently, on a hatch.

"Now then, you sit right there and answer a few questions," said Dorsey, with his hand on the captain's collar. "They tell me it's a long time you and I were together. What do you know? What became of me after that shot from the Yankee?"

"Why, I don't really know, Jack," said the captain, resolved to humor his captor, whose maniacal strength prevented an escape; but his neck was nearly dislocated by the sudden shake he received as Dorsey thundered: "Don't call me Jack! Answer me!"

"I don't know; I s'pose you came here. You ran off with my boat; but that's all right; good thing you did; don't choke me, don't!"

Dorsey had shifted his fingers. "No nonsense. Where'd I go after we were taken?"

"We weren't taken. Don't you remember? You started the machine, and fooled the cutter, and got away. I s'pose you kept right on and brought up here."

Dorsey released him. "But that was in this boat. Do you belong in her?"

"I'm her captain and owner; and it seems I'm getting queer treatment from my cook. You've looted my cabin." The captain grew easier. There was no gleam of insanity in the earnest eyes that were fixed on him.

"Was I the cook? What was my name? Where'd I come from?" asked Dorsey eagerly.

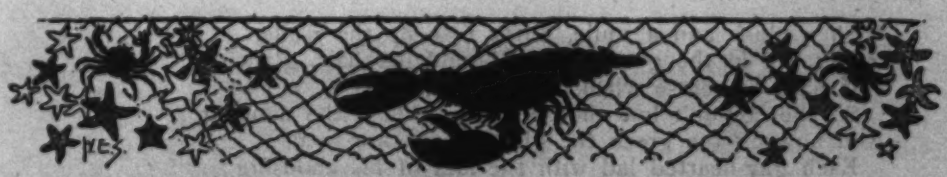
"You shipped in New York as Jack Shiven; that's all I know. You're not a bewildering success as a cook, but I'll admit you were a well-behaved man until lately. The fireman swears you're crazy." The grinning captain said nothing of his own doubts on this point.

"Jack Shiven," repeated Dorsey; "yes, that's what he called me. But, Captain, I meant the 'Petrel'—when she was taken—it was last week to me—but they tell me it's thirty years back—when you were 'fore the mast and I was mate; what happened? Where'd I go?"

"Wha-at?" exclaimed the captain, springing up; "you Mr. Dorsey? Not much! I'd know him with wings on."

"I tell you I am," said Dorsey vehemently. "My mother knows me."

"She does? Then I'll take it on faith. But," he seized Dorsey's hand, and began to shake it vigorously—"Mr. Dorsey, I might ha' known it—I might ha' known it, if I'd thought. No man on earth but John Dorsey would have got by that cutter. Why, it was a miracle, that's what it was. Takes blockadin' to develop a man. I s'pose old times brought you round. Yes, don't you know? You was stunned and couldn't remember. And you've seen your mother. I'd give this boat to have been at that meeting. Thirty long years, winter and summer, she's sat on those rocks, waiting for you, Mr. Dorsey, and now you've come!" The captain was winking hard. "Come below, Mr. Dorsey. There's only one thing that fits this occasion. If you'd smashed more furniture, you'd ha' found it. It was bottled the year you went under."



·KITTY NEIL·

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER· LL·D·

PICTURES BY MLATIMER·BROWN ·1894·

"AH, sweet Kitty Neil! rise up from your wheel;
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore-tree—
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley,
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing.
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she couldn't but choose to—go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipe to his knee,
And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's—
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all round, from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly—
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form—
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eye as he cries, with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

WHISTLER, PAINTER AND COMEDIAN.*

HIS REPARTEES AND STORIES.—HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—HIS ORIGINAL WAY OF ENTERTAINING GUESTS AND BAILIFFS.

I FIRST knew Mr. James McNeill Whistler many years ago in Venice, when he was quite unknown to fame. He had lodgings at the top of an old palace in the uttermost parts of the town, and many days he would breakfast, lunch, and dine off nothing more nutritious than a plateful of polenta or macaroni. He was just as witty, and gave himself just the same outrageous but inoffensive airs, as afterwards in the days of his prosperity. He used to go about and do marvellous etchings for which he could find no market, or else only starvation prices. When he was absolutely obliged to, he would sell them for what he could get; but he never lost the fullest confidence in his own powers, and, whenever he could, he preferred to keep them in the expectation—nay, the certainty—of being able to sell them some day at a high figure.

One of the pictures that he sold in this way for a few francs to a Venetian pawnbroker found its way some two or three years ago into a Bond Street shop, where it was priced at several hundreds of pounds. One of his disciples saw it there, and raved about its perfections to the artist, who at once hurried off to see it. He found some one on the point of buying it and a number of young impressionist painters vieing with each other in its glorification. "Look at the amazing value of that background," Mr. Sickert was saying to Mr. Roussel. "Yes, but what marvellous tones, what a melodious composition, and what exquisite delicacy of outline!" Mr. Roussel was saying to Mr. Sickert. "Verily, it is the master's greatest masterpiece," they were chorusing as Mr. Whistler entered. He deliberately wiped his single eyeglass with his silk pocket-handkerchief, and adjusted it in his right eye. He looked up and down the picture contemptuously, and grunted out: "Humph! Can't say I think much of it. Why, it isn't half finished." Everybody was hugely tickled, except the two disciples whose admiration had been so hastily repudiated, and the picture dealer who thereby lost his opportunity of making a deal. A discussion on the subject in the press prompted Mr. Whistler to write and denounce the picture as "long ago barely begun and thrown aside for destruction;" whereupon some one else wrote and quoted from one of Mr. Whistler's speeches the theory that "the work of a master is complete from the very beginning."

He used to go roaming about Venice in search of subjects for his etchings, and those who know all about it say that the charm of his work lies quite as much in the choice of subjects as in their execution. He used to make a great deal of mystery about his etching expeditions, and was rarely prevailed upon to let any one accompany him. If he did, it was always under the strictest pledge of secrecy. What was the use, he would ask, of his ferreting out some wonderful old bridge or archway, and thinking of making it immortal, if some second-rate painter-man were to come after him and make it commonplace with his caricatures? On the other hand, if some friend of his discovered an ideal spot, and asked him what he thought of it, he would not scruple for an instant to say: "Come, now, this is all nonsense, your trying to do this. It is much too good a subject to be wasted on you. You'd better let me see what I can do with it." And he would be so charming about it, and take his own superiority so completely for granted, that no one ever dreamed of refusing him.

Those who know Mr. Whistler now can scarcely imagine him anything but the cheeriest and most sanguine of mortals.

* James Abbott McNeill Whistler was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1834. He was educated at West Point, and then studied art for two years in Paris. In 1863 he removed to London, where he has had his residence most of the time since. In 1886 he was elected president of the Society of British Artists. His more notable paintings are "White Girl" (1862), "Coast of Brittany" (1863), "At the Piano" (1867), "Portrait of my Mother" (1872), "Great Fire Wheel" (1883), "Arrangement in Black" (a portrait; 1888), and "Arrangement in Gray and Green" (a portrait; 1888). For the portrait of his mother, first exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1872, Mr. Whistler was awarded the gold medal of the French Salon of 1884, and in 1891 the portrait was purchased by the French government for the Luxembourg gallery. Mr. Whistler is no less distinguished as an etcher than as a painter. In 1877 some of his pictures were judged very unfavorably in a criticism by John Ruskin. The artist thereupon sued Mr. Ruskin for libel. The judgment was nominally in his favor. He was awarded damages; but only for one farthing, and without costs.

JAMES ABBOTT McNEILL WHISTLER.

From a copyrighted photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn, London.

It seems as if no calamity could ruffle him, and as if there were no room in his delightful character for such a thing as vexation. But, like many light-hearted people, when he does let himself run down, he runs down farther than a prosaic person would do. I am told that at one time he and his model fully made up their minds to commit suicide together by jumping into one of the canals of Venice. They set the house in order, and started out on their dismal errand, but happening to meet a friend on the way, they forgot all about it.

Mr. Whistler's usual habit, when anything goes wrong, is to say: "Now, see here, this is all nonsense;" or to chuckle, and rub his hands, and say, "Tut, tut, tut, too bad! We can't have this sort of thing going on." As if bad luck were a thing to be reasoned with and coaxed to go away. I am sure there are very few people whom Mr. Whistler could not coax if he chose. He even succeeded once in taming a bailiff who was in possession of his house at Chelsea. When the man first appeared, he tried to wear his hat in the drawing-room and smoke and spit all over the house. Mr. Whistler soon settled that. He went out into the hall, and fetched a stick, and daintily knocked the man's hat off. The man was so surprised that he forgot to be angry, and within a day or two he had been trained to wait at table. One morning, when Mr. Whistler was shaving, a message was brought up that the man (he was always known in the house as "the man," as if he were the only one of his species) wanted to speak to him.

"Very well, send him up," said Mr. Whistler. He went on shaving, and when the man came in, said abruptly: "Now, then, what do you want?"

"I want my money, sir."

"What money?"

"My possession money, sir."

"What, haven't they given it to you?"

"No, sir; it's you that have to give it me."

"Oh, the deuce I have!" and Mr. Whistler laughingly gave him to understand that, if he wanted money, his only chance was to apply elsewhere.

"Well, I think it's very hard, sir," the man began to snivel; "I have my own family to keep, and my own rent to pay—"

"I'll tell you what I advise you to do," Mr. Whistler returned, as he gently pushed him out of the room; "you should do as I do, and have a man in yourself."

Soon after this, the man came and said that if he was not paid he would have to put bills up outside the house announcing a sale. And, sure enough, a few days after, great posters were stuck up all over the front of the house, announcing so many tables and so many chairs and so much old Nankin china for sale on a given day. Mr. Whistler enjoyed the joke hugely, and hastened to send out invitations to all his friends to a luncheon party, adding, as a postscript, "You will know the house by the bills of sale stuck up outside." And the bailiff proved an admirable butler, and the party one of the merriest ever known.

There is another bailiff story which Mr. Whistler is very fond of relating. Some one had told him that a mixture of snuff and beer had the property of sending people off to sleep. So he purchased a large parcel of snuff, and put the greater part of it into a gigantic tankard full of beer, which he sent out to his bailiff in the garden. It was a very hot summer afternoon, and the man eagerly welcomed his refreshment. Mr. Whistler was indoors painting, and forgot all about him. In the evening he said to his servant, "Where's the man?" The servant replied, "I don't know, sir. I suppose he must have gone away."

The next morning Mr. Whistler got up very late and went out into the garden, where he was astounded to see the bailiff sitting in precisely the same position as the day before. The empty tankard was on the table beside him, and his pipe had fallen from his hand on to the grass. "Hallo, my sleeping beauty," said Mr. Whistler, "have you been there all this while?" But the man made no answer, and all Mr. Whistler's efforts to rouse him were unavailing. Late in the afternoon he awoke in the most natural way in the world, exclaiming that it was dreadfully hot weather, and that he must have been asleep over an hour. Meanwhile Mr. Whistler had got some money together and was able to pay him off. Some hours later, when Mr. Whistler was sipping his coffee after dinner, in a very contented frame of mind, a ring was heard at the door, and the man rushed unceremoniously in. He was evidently in a great state of excitement, and began by asking Mr. Whistler what day of the month it was. "If that's all you want to know," was the reply, "you may as well go away again."

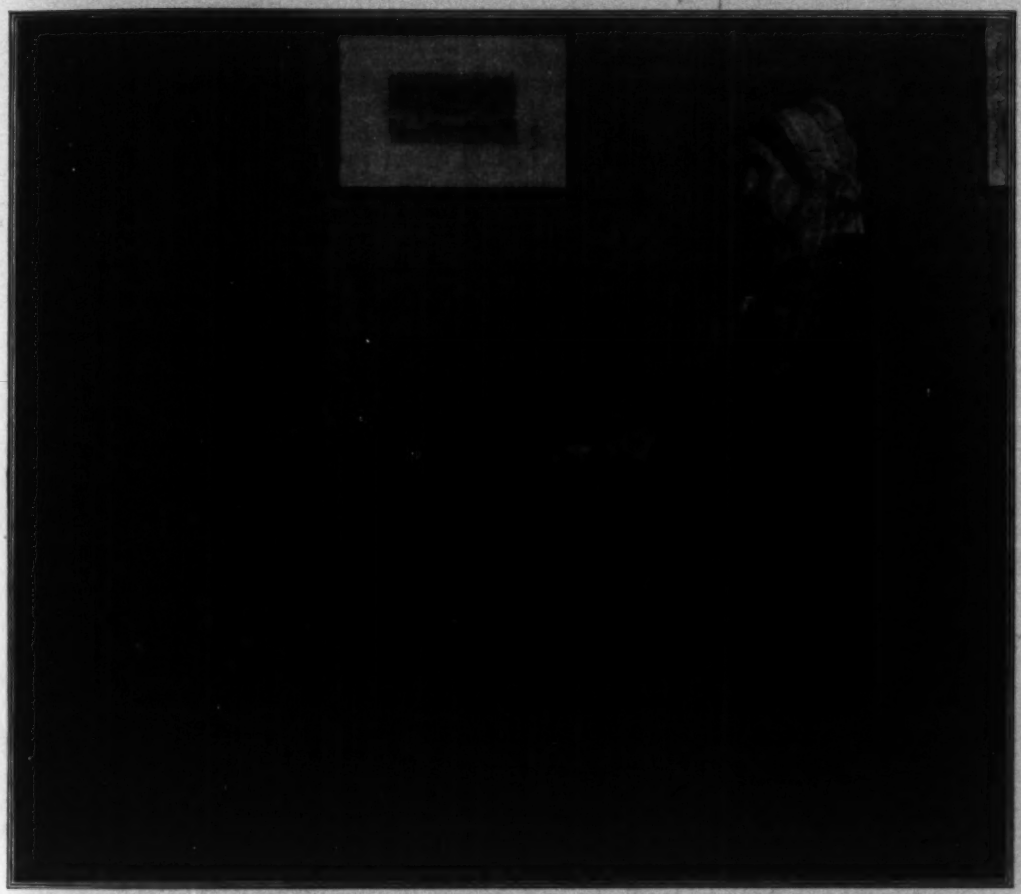
"Well, sir," the man said, "I can't make it out at all. Here you've paid me three days' possession money, and I could have sworn it was the sixteenth; but somehow or other, everybody tells me it's the seventeenth, and I see the evening papers are dated the seventeenth, and my wife's been blowing me up for being out all last night without being able to explain it. I told her I'd been here; but she said if I had, that would make four days' possession money. So I thought the only thing was to come and ask you, sir, what it all meant."

However, Mr. Whistler was not to be led into a confession. He gave him some more money, but he told him that, now his demands had been satisfied, the sooner he cleared out the better.

In 1879 the papers published details of "a petition for liquidation by arrangement" of Mr. Whistler's affairs, whereupon a wit wrote:

> "Of various 'arrangements' we've had an array,
> Black and white, gold and silver, tawny and gray;
> But of all the arrangements there yet remains one,
> And that's to arrange with the troublesome dun."

The secret of Mr. Whistler's difficulties would seem to be rather want of judgment than want of money. He commands good prices for his pictures, but of course he is liable to receive large sums at certain times and then receive none during long intervals. Like most painters, when he has plenty of money in his pocket he spends it profusely. He never kept any accounts in his life, or took the trouble to calculate what rate of expenditure fitted in with his income. He said to me one day, "You never know where you are with



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER. FROM A PAINTING BY WHISTLER, NOW IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.

This is Mr. Whistler's most noted work. The original was shown in the London Royal Academy of 1872, and was awarded a gold medal in the French Salon of 1884. In 1891 it was purchased by the French government for the Luxembourg Gallery, where it now hangs.

these beggars. I believe they are all in league with one another. Sometimes you are quite free from them for a long time. Then one comes with his little bill, and you write him a check. Then another comes, and you tell him it isn't quite convenient to pay him just now, but if he'll wait a month or two you'll see what you can do for him. Not a bit of it. He's as suspicious as an old crow, and says if you don't pay him at once, he'll serve you with one of those yellow papers, don't you know? Then you grumble, and write him a check too. This is all very fine, and you go on writing checks whenever they come, for a certain time. But there must be a limit to all things, and at last a day comes when you can't write them any more checks. Then it's the very mischief. Ha! ha! ha! Don't you know?"

Mr. Whistler's laugh is one of the most characteristic things about him. It is a weird, mocking, almost fiendish laugh, unique of its kind. Mr. Irving got hold of part of it when he appeared as Mephistopheles in Faust, and Mr. Whistler's disciples caricature it, as they do most of his peculiarities as well as his art. But the original is inimitable.

Much of his table-talk would be pointless in print, as it owes its chief charm to his voice and manner and gestures. His great delight is to startle people, and he will often say things simply because they are unexpected. An admirer once said to him, "Mr. Whistler, there are only two great painters, yourself and Velasquez." Whereupon he slowly winked his left eye, and asked, "Why drag in Velasquez?" A lady, raving about Thames scenery to him, said, "The whole trip was like a series of your superb etchings." "Ye-es," he replied; "nature is creeping up." There are certain phrases which he is always using,

such as "Don't you know?" and "What?" at the end of a sentence. His favorite adjective is "amazing," and he applies it to all manner of people and things in a really amazing manner. He is fully alive to the importance of a drawl in giving point to an anecdote. He used constantly to say to a man with a dreadful stutter, "You know what makes you so amazing is that stammer of yours. If it weren't too late, I should try to grow one like it myself. If I could stutter as you do, I should get off some astounding things."

It is impossible to be in Mr. Whistler's society long without hearing him talk of "getting off" amazing or astounding things, by which he means epigrams. He will spare no pains to get off a good one, and will lead up to it with the most painstaking ingenuity, so that it may at last be jerked out in a natural way. His best-known *mot*—when Oscar Wilde said to him, "I wish I had said that, Jimmy;" and he said, "Oscar, you will;"—was the result of days of preparation, and was carefully treasured up until the right moment came to "get it off."

Some of the stories that he invents are quite up to the mark of those which really happen to him. I remember one about his stuttering friend just referred to. According to the story, this man was in the habit of eating muffins for breakfast, and one morning he called his landlady, and said to her, "I—want—to—have—some—m-m-m-m-m—" It was no good, he could not say it. So, as was his wont, he began the sentence again: "I—want—to—have—for—my—breakfast—some—m-m-m-m—well, hang it all, crumpets." Then he had to have crumpets for his breakfast every morning, though he hated crumpets. At last he could stand it no longer; so he sent for his landlady again, and began drawling, "I—don't—want—to—have—any—more—c-c-c-c-c—" He wrestled and struggled with this word for a long time, but at last had to give up trying to say it in despair; and for the rest of his stay he had to go on having crumpets for his breakfast, though he got to detest the sight of them more and more every day.

Mr. Whistler's house at Chelsea was very pretty and artistic as far as it went, but, either through laziness or impecuniosity, he only furnished one room besides the bedroom during the first year or two of his stay. Everywhere you encountered great packing-cases full of pretty things, and saw preparations for papering and carpeting, but somehow or other nothing ever got any forwarder. What was done was perfect in its way. The white wainscotting, the rich draperies, the rare Oriental china, the pictures and their frames, the old silver—all had a charm and a history of their own.

All through the summer Mr. Whistler holds a kind of reception every Sunday afternoon in the garden at the back of his house. You meet all sorts and conditions of people there—men of light and leading in the world of art and literature; tenth-rate daubers who adulate him, and whom he takes pleasure in constantly snubbing; eccentric people who have taken his fancy; theatrical people—in fact, the sort of menagerie that could but rarely congregate at the same time anywhere else. He is the life and soul of the party, strolling about with a little child's straw hat on the back of his head, and a bit of ribbon in place of a necktie, and chattering away unceasingly wherever he can get the largest audience. He has a habit, when he is talking to any one, of gazing searchingly into his eyes, and literally buttonholing him; that is, holding him firmly by the buttonhole so that he cannot escape. His face is a remarkable one. It is covered with countless wrinkles, but is clear of complexion, and evidently very well groomed. He wears a well-curled gray mustache and slight imperial. His eyebrows are unusually bushy, and his glistening brown eyes peer out from underneath them like snakes in the grass. His hair is the most "amazing" part of his get-up. It is all arranged in separate curls, most artistically put together. They are all dyed black, with the exception of one, which remains quite white, and on grand occasions is tied up with a small ribbon.

When he goes out in London, he always gets himself up very elaborately, in a way that is sure to arouse attention. He wears a very long black overcoat, rather like that of one of the little men in the "Noah's Ark," and a French top hat with the brim standing straight out. In his hand he carries a kind of wand of bamboo about four feet long and very thin. His gloves and boots are very carefully selected, and of irreproachable fit. When he walks about the streets of London, he generally has a crowd of small boys in pursuit, and nearly everybody turns around to look at him with a smile as he passes. However, he very rarely walks, but usually goes everywhere in a hansom, except just in the very fashionable quarters.

THE EXTREME EDGE OF HAZARD.

By Clinton Ross,

Author of "The Countess Bettina," etc.

"A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span——"
—Othello.

"His end was so glorious, that I protest not even his mother or his mistress ought to have deplored it, or at any rate wished him alive again. I know it is a hero we speak of; and yet I vow I scarce know whether in the last act of his life I admire the result of genius, invention, and daring, or the boldness of a gambler winning surprising odds."
—Thackeray, in "The Virginians."

At Quebec, 17th *October*, 1759.

SO long it is, my dear Will, since we have had much time for penmanship, that now I am not quite sure how to hold a quill. This is an old sputtering point at the best; and, between that and an arm just recovering from a musket wound, I think you will have a passably hard time in deciphering what I am now putting to paper in this wretched, dismantled town. I look out over the wintry plain and the winding river bank where our batteries were. Now men and batteries and battalions have sailed, all, and we are left alone, and dismal—a set of ragged heroes—in the fortress for which we fought so long and despairingly. Ah, Will, I'm sick at heart! You in Surrey may be happy, or in London at a coffee-house, or at a rout near a powdered face (I swear you are very near it, if it be pretty); but here's only the sorry desolation of war, and dismal folk, and sour-faced infantrymen, and nothing to do in particular. Some, of course, amuse themselves in the garrison with play—there are men who would gamble in heaven or—the other place; but I detest cards almost as much as poor Jim Wolfe, who swore that the one game he could abide was piquet, because his mother played it. (I believe the only time he ever played was with that good woman, whom he adored in the same degree that he disliked cards.) Dear Jim Wolfe, Will, whom we used to love and quarrel with as boys; whom we knew so well; who had so frail a body and so mighty a spirit; who could madden you with his irritability, and again charm you with the sweetness of his changing temper; who would not surrender to adverse circumstance!

At the last, when all were croaking, Admiral Saunders said that he must put down the river, for winter was coming on; and the council declared, with long-drawn, deprecatory faces, for abandoning the siege.

Then poor Jim, our great Jim, General Jim, Will, thrust his hands in his belt, and walked up and down the room, his face pale, his eyes sunk (for he was off a sick-bed, and God knows how he could be there at all). "Gentlemen, we've had bad luck enough. I'll say nothing of Montmorency, and I have assured Admiral Saunders there that I was in the wrong—not he. But, God helping us, I say we must be, we will be on that height. Oh, I mean it!" said he, with a kind of quaver in his voice. "At least we'll have a last shy at the Canadas."

"And if that be only a shy?" asked one.

"Barring the few we shall leave on the Isle-aux-Coudres, all will sail down the river," said the General. He had stopped his saunter then, his fingers still in his belt, and they thought him trembling a little; till suddenly he turned about—this dear, ugly, sickly Jim, that we used to know rather differently (though always ugly)—and stalked out of the room. "How does he keep up?" murmured one. "How do we all keep up?" said Saunders, looking out of the window, where then a shell, off the Beauport shore, sailed, with a long tail of light, across the sky. Jack Jervis told me this afterward, whispering, "That man makes me sick!"

And we went off together to our duty, for the council was over for the day.

That day! How long it seems gone! Heaven knows when you may get this letter. Our mail service is not of the best. But the Canadas are England's through Mr. Pitt's strategy. Not the least of the great man's intuitions was choosing our Jim for general.

The particulars of the next days you know well, Will, by this time: how Montmorency was abandoned; how Montcalm

and Monsieur Vaudreuil were put in some perplexity by our feints. We were preparing for departure, and the last attack; though I, no more than any of us, knew what that was to be. The going up and down the river with the ebb and flow, the apparent descents on Bougainville's forces —these movements perplexed our sailors and soldiers as much as they apparently mystified those Frenchmen, with their painted savages and *voyageurs des bois*. I was working hard then. You would not have known me, Will. One had little time for sleep. As they say the Marquis de Montcalm said of himself, we were always "in our boots." Again the General was everywhere, observing, taking account of all that was done. But more was to be done, and what that was we whispered and talked over, Colonel Burton and I, at Point Levi.

The twelfth, I think, Colonel Burton himself came to me, as I sat over some hard bread and a mug of the poorest beer. (Its taste was delicious, Will.) "To-morrow is the day, Sir Charles," said he, shaking his great-coat, for it was raining.

"To-morrow," said I, on my feet.

"To-night for you, my lad. A boat is waiting off shore to take you to the 'Porcupine.'"

"From the General?"

"From the General, Sir Charles. You are relieved here. I am to march down the south shore to a point opposite Anse-de-Foulon."

"The General is with Captain Jervis, then?"

"On the 'Porcupine,'" said the colonel. "Good-night, Sir Charles."

He paused, rather brusquely, I thought.

"We have said 'good-by' several times in the last three months."

"But there has always been a 'good-morning' for us," said I.

"Humph, we are wicked, perhaps. Several better fellows than you or I never said the 'good-morning,'" answered Burton, shaking his coat again.

And I was in the "Porcupine's" boat, the oars rising and falling in the black water, the night now and then broken by the artillery. Above on the heights the quiet was singular. 'T was from below that suddenly a flashing shell might burst over the river.

"There're twenty-three offered," I heard a petty officer forward say.

"For what?" said I, turning.

"To lead in the enterprise, sir."

"The enterprise!" I muttered.

"It's them that needn't pray, and are not afraid of hell, sir," said the man. "Twenty-four are wanted. Hark ye, what's that?"

But I had no need of listening. Our ears were deafened with the steady roll of guns far down the stream.

"On the Beauport shore," said the men.

Did you ever see the blackness of a rainy, dismal night so lit, Will? Ah, you never did.

"Admiral Saunders is stirring up the Moosirs, sir," said my acquaintance in the bow.

But, as it proved, neither Captain Jervis nor the General was on the "Porcupine," where word had been left for us to proceed to Admiral Holmes's ship. It took a good bit of rowing before we came within reach of the "Sutherland," and the air was filled with moist, gunpowdery smells, and deafening reports, not alone from below but from above toward Monsieur Bougainville's position. The Frenchies were kept awake that night, except one Vergor at Anse-de-Foulon, who was a poltroon;—but of him later.

A little midshipman saluted, and told me the General waited me below. As I stepped into the cabin the sudden glare of candles blinded me. Then I saw Jim, our old Jim, and Jack Jervis. They were alone and very quiet. Jim's face was sunk in his hands. When he looked up I saw his eyes were strangely bright, like those of one with fever, while his cheeks kept their pallor.

"You're wet, Charlie," Jack Jervis said.

"Rain's as comfortable as powder," said I, throwing aside my top-coat.

"Do you wish you were in England, Charlie? I almost wish it myself!" said our friend the General.

"'Tis a pleasant thought," said I, softly; "yes, pleasant."

"Back in the old place—think of it!" The noise outside kept up apace. "Out of the infernal hubbub," he said wearily. But his tone changed.

"Jervis and you, Charlie, are good chaps—good friends when you are friends. I swear you will have another career some day than the army. I believe you're here now because old John Beechwood thought I'd look after you a bit."

"Out of the spirit of adventure, Jim," said I.

"But what has it led to? Only to disgrace, defeat. Your uncle chose a sorry fellow to be guardian."

"Your pains have reached to your brain, Jim," Jervis said, with a hand on his shoulder.

"Likely! Likely! I swear at my body sometimes. I'd better swear at my follies; though I believe those bitter days at Iverness counted for as much against me. I was a fool—often."

But when we tried to interrupt him, he laughed, his humor changing, as it did so wondrous fast at times, so that it took ready wit to follow him.

"Oh, don't bother. I have a plan. There's a slanting path up Anse de-Foulon."

"And twenty-four go forward. Let me be leader," I cried, catching at his spirit.

"But you must not. I intended ordering you down to Admiral Saunders, Charlie."

"Go I must, Jim! You must let me." I cried. "Let me have my share of the glory—"

"Or the ignominy—"

"Or the disgrace, with you, Jim."

"But how can I? Did not your uncle, that gruff old John Beechwood, do me many a favor? Shall I put his nephew in the way of dying—or of a heroism, maybe?"

"For that reason let me go with you," I said again. "Oh, Jim, don't deny me. Let me have command of the twenty-four. And let my men follow. I may not be so good an officer. I may be younger than Murray, or Townsend, or Monckton! But—"

"You shall have it, Charlie. Yes, man, you shall have it. I'll order yours from the south shore with Burton. If I succeed you'll thank me. If I fail again you can no more than share the dishonor."

"I wish I were in it," said Jervis. "I wish—"

"You must do something else for me, Jack," our Jim said. Then I saw he had something in his hand; and when he turned it to the light it proved to be a little portrait—painted very neatly, Will—of Kate Lowther. There, in the cabin of the admiral's ship, on the stormy, tumultuous night, was your cousin's miniature. And, indeed, it had been in all that long siege, because our ugly, dear General had worn it always."

"Give it her, Jack. That's all."

"But you will yourself."

"The chance is against me."

"Shall I say anything beyond?" said Jervis. He was rather clumsy that night, I think because he liked our friend, though we had been through so much, and together had laughed at death, and seen it at its worst—when some poor devil was crying in agony of a wound a thousand times keener than the direct thrust.

"Oh, she will know," said Jim. "She is one of the women who understand."

Nor did we smile at this lover-like remark, as we might have in a lighter mood, when at home, or in camp, some one passed the jesting story. So with unchallenged and unusual sentiment he continued:

"I never believed in women till that time at Bath, and—there's no woman like her, Jack."

"I will keep it till you ask for it, Jim."

"Till I ask for it! Why, sir, I don't believe I could drag myself back to England with this poor old body, should we get through—should we—"

He turned to us both then.

"You shall lead the twenty-four, Charlie, up the slope alone. Good-by, Jack."

A knock came at the door, "Major Stobo," said the aide-de-camp.

"Wait," the General said to me. "Ask General Monckton and Admiral Holmes to come below." These entered directly, not hiding entirely their distrust of the leader's despairing plan. He told them I had asked to lead the volunteers, and that my men should follow with Colonel Burton. For, he was pleased to say, my past service deserved this post. Will, he had ever a prejudice in a friend's favor.

The details you may know; how we understood a provision convoy was to be sent by Bougainville, and how in the darkness we swung stilly down stream, I in the foremost boat, nervous and not quite myself, he at my side. Below the guns of Saunders still sounded, but about was only the dip of oars.

If Bougainville's men noted, they doubtless thought it the usual feigning; so many times had they seen our boats go up and down with ebb and flow. Our General was very still, but I heard his voice muttering something, I think, of Gray, the poet:

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

As boys, we should have laughed at him. But in earnest danger there's incongruity in the farcical, though I have known the contrary.

"I wish I could have written such a line," said he.

I might have told him he could write a better; but one thought not of wit or discussion then. Our General talked his verse, as

he was so earnest a soul, Will—so changeable in means, and yet so steadfast at his main end; all the apparent changes were only to the set purpose. He would not be defeated. And at last he was taking what seemed simply the fool's chance. And we were eager to follow him—even those among us (not I, Will, you know) who, because he was not of noble birth, disliked to serve him who had won his own distinction.

At the left, the dark cliffs enveloped the enterprise with added gloom. The tumult from the Beauport shore far below quieted, when suddenly a hoarse voice cried:

"*Qui vive?*"

"*France!*" I answered, in the tongue you and I acquired at the Embassy in Paris, Will.

"*A quel régiment?*"

"*De la Reine!*" I cried again.

We held our very breaths. For supposing the provision convoy, told of by the deserters, had passed! But chance (God knows no chance, as the clergy say) favored. Bougainville, though we did not know this till the events long after, had countermanded his order, but had not sent notice 'long shore.

"They are deceived," whispered Colonel Fraser at my elbow. The General himself did not stir, for I stood close by him; when suddenly, with terrible distinctness, another challenge rang out from the heights:

"*Qui vive?*"

For an instant the tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. And then, in the accent you used to compliment, Will, I said again:

"*France; de la Reine.*" In louder tone I cried to that challenger to hold his tongue. "*Pour le Roi*"; the ship "Hunter" hung close mid-stream. Would they believe? Can you imagine, Will, how the oars strained in the stillness? But there was only the soughing water, and the pelting rain that froze on the cheeks. Around Anse-de-Foulon the boats pulled, on and on. Again we heard Saunders's batteries; and firing behind, farther up. Our boat grated on the pebbles, and the General and I leapt to the shore, tumbling and slipping over the icy stones. Above, far above the head-land, were scattered lights.

For a moment I pressed Jim's hand, while the volunteers crowded at my heels. "Up, every man as he may," I said, I think; and I was pulling myself up the slippery precipice, catching the bushes, sliding back, and crawling forward. I could have sworn I was hours in that steep way, though really I suppose the time could not have been longer than a quarter hour. At last the long climb ended, and I was breathless in a level space, surrounded by the little band, every man catching a gasping breath. Before I, indeed, could say a word, a half dozen sprang forward toward a cluster of tents, where the twinkling lights were. On the height a darkish dawn began to declare itself; running with my men we heard cries before; saw some springing from the tents. One, in a long white night-robe, I pricked in the heel with a pistol shot; the very Captain Vergor, as I found from his broken explanation. My men came struggling with two others, caught half-dressed and rubbing their heavy eyes. "You slept too well, Captain," said I to the prisoner.

"You are ze vakeful ones," spoke this little, dark, trembling fellow. The rain was now in torrents; but the dawn already showed the files of red coats forming behind; and there was our Jim, Will—his feebleness all gone.

"Quick! We must stop that!" he said, pointing to a height where firing had begun. "It's on our boats." That, my dear Will, the battery at Samos Point, a score of us silenced.

The rain was pelting, I have said; but no man minded the wetting of the dismal, hopeful morning. Not an enemy was now in sight since the battery at Samos had been choked. Company after company filed up the narrow path to the height. Three small pieces, drawn up over many obstacles, formed our artillery. The General paced up and down, erect, pale, wet—the keen, alert leader. We, the followers, felt repaid for all those months of ineffectual effort and inaction, for now we should achieve something. Yet we were in a most critical position. Bougainville was behind; Quebec before. Everywhere, noting every company, exchanging a word with some little officer, was the General.

Yet mostly he was silent, looking over his ground; and at last we knew that among the bushes and the cornhills of the plain between the St. Charles and the St. Lawrence our line was to be made. Though Colonel Burton and the rest of Webb's formed the reserve, the General placed me with Monckton and Murray in the van. The place we had so struggled for was not a mile away; but a little ridge (these Canadians called it the *Buttes à Neveu*) intervened. I was arranging my men when a white plume appeared above this line; a startled cry, a "*Vive le Roi!*" We blazed away, and saw their heels over the slope,

while the Highland slogan followed as glibly as their own facile tongues and as easily as their nimble legs.

So Monsieur Guienne's frightened detachment carried the news, I suppose, to Monsieur Ramsey in the town, and to Monsieur Vaudreuil and the Marquis. We had some little firing in the rear from Bougainville, and it fell still again. In all, some forty-eight hundred stood on that highland against all the Canadas. If they had known, how easily they might have cut us off! But they did not suspect. They could not understand that the General so dared fate. And his cool presumption won. It's difficult sometimes to separate foolhardiness from designing bravery.

I think, dear Will, his ardor animated every man of us. Once I had word of him in the wait, while we stood challenged.

"I am sorry you're here, Charlie," said he in the tones of our old days; "for it's death."

"Or glory," said I, almost repeating our words in the cabin of the "Sutherland."

"Glory's a phrase," said Jim. "It brings it to us to do as well as you."

"But they all have done well," said I. "Even you, Jim!"

"Humph!" said he, smiling—when some duty interrupted.

And how could they help it in such a crisis, when their nerves were stretched to highest tension? Men are not cowards when nerves tingle.

But all this you know, Will; how every man of us, down to a gunner, waited a hard fight, and death perhaps. Now the great Marquis—for great he was, Will, though a Frenchman—decided to charge alone. It seemed as if God in heaven watched us that day, and granted our leader the guerdon of his daring.

From the bushes, from the ground, were puffs of smoke; savages, and *voyageurs des bois*, and white uniformed skirmishers. The little cannon answered; but we stood still, firm and composed, waiting, waiting.

I saw far off a man on a dark bay horse, brandishing a sword, his wide sleeves flapping in the wind. The clouds parted, the strong light falling on him; and 'twas dark again, with the fain in our faces. "Montcalm," whispered one.

Our skirmishers were thrown before, behind; the light infantry called forward. Still we stood immovable in the van. We heard cries and musketry to the right and left. To the ground we fell (it's long after Braddock's, Will). Our hard-earned field-pieces did their work. A captain—one Tom Terwilliger, whom you knew, Will—rolled over on my right. And over the ridge we saw the enemy coming, the Canadians on the left, the regulars in the middle. On they strode, shouting, gesticulating, as the French way is. Captain Terwilliger groaned. I was too excited to notice him till, suddenly, I saw the General kneeling by his side, and feeling his pulse as if he were some dear friend, and saying gently:

"I'm sorry, Captain, sorry—we'll have you easier directly. Bravely, Captain, you have won promotion." He turned to me, "Tell Monckton to remember that, should I fail."

"Thank ye, sir," gasped poor Terwilliger. "I'm sorry that devilish bullet knocked me."

They appeared to stumble over each other, and from my distance I believe I could distinguish how each called on and swore by his particular saint. A Canadian and a white coat would rise out of the *mêlée*, the Canadian firing, falling to the ground to reload; those behind tumbling over him with more invocations to the saints to curse obstructions, and us in particular.

"Forward!" was the word to us.

"Halt!"

Perfectly still we stood, the disordered French line almost upon us. They were at our musket-tips when the order came. For an instant I was deaf, Will; the roar was like the explosion from a magazine; and when the smoke cleared—God save me from ever seeing a sight more horrid! Body was piled on body. Men cursed and struggled. In a manlier tone we returned their cries, the Highlander outyelling us all: "England!" "God save the King!" On we bore, on and on, the line behind pushing us as if we had wished to lag. Excitement carried us in a kind of frenzy. Men fought hand-to-hand, and fell—to rise again, and fight.

In some way I found myself in a clear space—I know not how I came there. I tried to raise my right arm once, but for the first time in this life it refused the order. My writing will show that musket ball, I think, Will, if nothing else. But then I didn't feel it or care at all. I still ran till I found myself almost alone, away from the crowd, and stumbling across one sitting on the ground. "The General!" called Lieutenant Brown of the Grenadiers. "Look out, man, the General has

fallen, and ye'll run him down." "Jim," I said then, coming to my senses. Four others were about him. I blessed the chance bringing me there.

"Lift him up, you fools!" I cried. For the first time the arm gave a horrible twitch, as I kneeled toward him, who appeared so spent.

"It's all over with me. Look to the enemy."

"They are looked to, sir," said Brown, who, glancing up, shaded his eyes with his hand; and, forgetting all, broke into a cry:

"God, how they run!"

As gently as we could we lifted the leader in our arms; but this hurt him, and almost reverently we placed him on the ground again. Then as men may with ebbing vitality, he raised his head convulsively—his eyes quite keen and sparkling.

"Who run?"

"The enemy, sir."

"Quick!" cried Jim. "Tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's down to the Charles Bridge."

"Go!" I whispered to the lieutenant of the Grenadiers. I would not leave him then. Jim's eyes seemed to comprehend me.

"And you, my Charlie? Are ye quite alive?"

"As alive as you, Jim. Ah, you must not be hurt!"

"But hurt I am. You'll see Kate Lowther?"

"Yes, Jim."

"Oh, it was Jervis who was to do that favor instead. You're here, Charlie; you would be here—and they run!"

"They run."

"God be praised!—It's over!"

For a moment he lay quite still, and not many moments after, "it was well with him," as some Latin or Greek poet—I swear I can't remember which—we read it when we were boys—said of the dead.

Of course you expected so much of him, and knew him better, as the dearest fellow. If faults he had many, we understood these to like them, because they were Jim's. You, as well as I, knew the dull, unconquerable perseverance which would not yield, however the world went. On a little thread of chance he hung his last hope, and won glory for England, and for himself—some talk at home, and a monument.

The rest you know. The Marquis, too, was dead. We marched at last into his poor, broken, strong place, and here Murray decided that I should remain. And here I am, rather sad, with a bad right arm, and shattered health, and a serious attack of *ennui*. When I think of England so far away, sometimes I'm heart-sick. I think of you in the minuet, and I see all of your life. I swear I can hear Molly's voice, and feel Ajax's cold nose against my fingers—and see his dumb, dog's eyes. (Perhaps he is dead by this time.) But I think you have had enough of this, when you may get it in the dear old house. You will have no need to think of poor glorious Jim. The world thinks of him now. Ah, if he only knew! I think he might be repaid for all his disappointments. But he dared, he won; and is no longer conscious of what he won.

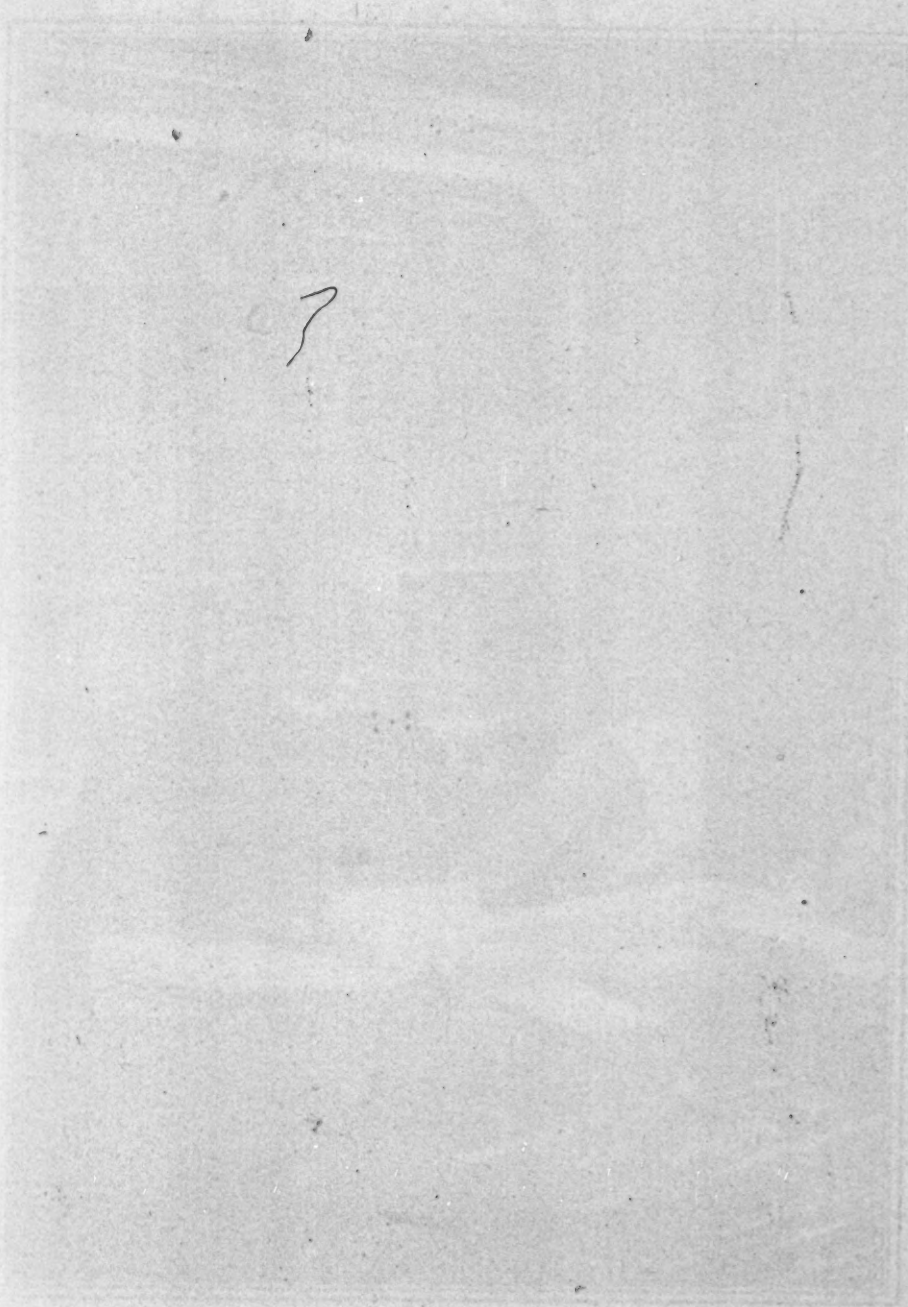
It's snowing outside. An icy wind blows up from the river. We find it lonely enough, and cold enough. But I suppose we should not care for these things—we have won the Canadas! Yet I don't believe we think so much of having done that as you. We wish we had some better beef and sweeter beer, and that we could see some people across the seas.

My remembrance to your cousins, the Lowthers; and with love to you and y'rs,

I am

Y'rs affec'ly and ob'nt'ly,

CHARLES.

LINCOLN IN NEW ENGLAND: A CORRECTION.

IN an article in the May number of this magazine, the report of a speech made by Abraham Lincoln at Worcester, Massachusetts, in September, 1848, was printed with the claim that it "had hitherto been entirely overlooked by the biographers of Lincoln." The Boston "Herald" has called attention to the fact that a brief account of this speech appears in the second edition of Herndon's "Life," in an excellent chapter on Lincoln's New England campaign of 1848 furnished Mr. Herndon by Mr. Edward L. Pierce, author of the "Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner." This chapter does not appear in Herndon's first edition, which was used by the author of the article in the May number. Morse, in his biography, states that none of the speeches of the New England campaign was reported, and no speech from this period appears in the "complete" collection of speeches edited and published by Nicolay and Hay.